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VOLUME 38

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April
1916

Marceau

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HAVERFORD, PA., APRIL, 1916.

No. 1

Announcement

On page 29 of this issue will be found a communication on "MILITARY TRAINING CAMPS" which we are printing with the hope of a wider publicity for this vital question.

A Spring Song

*Come forth, fair lady, let's away,
We'll roam this April day;
By footpaths known to us alone,
O'er hill and dale we'll stray;
We'll chase the flitting butterfly
And gather daffodils;
Come forth, the sun is in the sky
And shines upon the hills.*

*Come, lady fair, the moon is bright,
And silent is the night.
Tune thy guitar to yonder star
That sheds so pale a light;
Come sing to me a love song old,
And I will tell a rhyme
Of maiden true and lover bold,
Who lived in olden time.*

—Albert H. Stone, '16.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXVIII.

HAVERFORD, PA., APRIL, 1916

No. 1

Christ's Attitude Towards War

AT this time, when so many professedly Christian nations are engaged in the bloodiest war of history, the question of Christ's own attitude towards war assumes a compelling interest. Serious thinkers, alike in the countries at war and in those which are still at peace, are striving to reconcile the teachings of Jesus with the apparent necessities of the modern world. Now it is obvious that a satisfactory solution of this problem can be obtained only by an honest and impartial study of the life and teachings of Jesus, as revealed in the Gospels, not by vague and arbitrary conjectures about what Christ might have said and done, if He were alive to-day. And a careful examination of the Gospel records, without preconceived prejudice in either direction, will, I think, prove beyond reasonable doubt that the great Teacher of Galilee was an unqualified pacifist, an advocate of "peace at any price." There are two ways in which we may determine a man's attitude towards a problem: first, by his words; and, second, by his actions. Let us first consider the words of Jesus Christ which bear on the problems of war and non-resistance.

The Sermon on the Mount, as preserved in the fifth and sixth chapters of Matthew and in the sixth chapter of Luke, is universally regarded as one of the most decisive and significant expressions of Christ's thought. This sermon is simply filled with the plainest and most direct exhortations to passive submission, even to the most unprovoked and outrageous insults. "Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." "Whosoever shall compel thee to go with him a mile, go with him twain." Moreover, the Beatitudes, with which the sermon opens, exalt meekness and patience as the highest virtues. "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." Some of those who believe that Christ's teaching can be reconciled with defensive war maintain that these expressions were only meant for the rude and quarrelsome peasants who made up the major part of His audience. But the dangerous fallacy of this contention is

almost too obvious to need refutation. Nearly all of Christ's sermons were delivered to audiences of rude and uneducated peasants and fishermen. If the character of His audience is to rob these sermons of their universal significance, then no part of His teaching can be said to rest on a secure foundation. Another objection to applying the principles of the Sermon on the Mount to international disputes is based on the assumption that principles which hold good for individuals are not necessarily valid for nations. It is very difficult to believe, from all that we know of Jesus of Nazareth, that He ever intended to sanction any such Machiavelian distinction between individual and national morality. But, laying aside this consideration, we find that He expresses himself decisively on the question of defensive war in another place. In Matthew 22, the Pharisees ask Him whether it is lawful to pay tribute to Caesar. If Jesus had considered the ideal of national freedom worth fighting for He certainly would have expressed Himself against submission to Rome. If any war is justifiable, it is a war for the preservation of national freedom and integrity. Yet Jesus said: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." Certainly this answer was not based on considerations of cowardice and expediency. Jesus spared neither His own life nor those of His followers when principles which He considered vital were at stake. Therefore we must believe that He condemned war, even when waged in behalf of national independence.

A great deal is made of Christ's statement that He came on earth to bring, not peace, but a sword. But, in this passage, He goes on to say that families shall be set at variance, the son against the father, the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law, etc. As it can hardly be supposed that Christ wished to promote domestic pugilism, we can only infer that He meant to indicate figuratively the disruption of families which would follow the advent of His new religious idea. There are only two passages which have even a faintly militant tone. In Luke 22: 36-38, He advises His disciples to provide themselves with swords; and, when told that there are only two swords among His followers, replies: "It is enough." But, when we weigh against these two sayings alike His own conduct during His trial and the uniformly pacific attitude of the early Church, it is almost impossible to associate a militaristic flavor with His words. Moreover, in all the four Gospels, we have innumerable passages which impress on His followers, in the most unmistakable terms, the principles of forgiveness of injuries, love of one's enemies, and passive submission to wrong and injustice. It is not to be understood, from this last phrase, that Jesus ever advised His followers to acquiesce in or compromise with wrongdoing. On the other hand,

He exhorted them to protest against evil to the utmost, nay, even to lay down their lives, as He Himself did, in defense of truth and right. It is the use of physical force and violence as a means to resist wrong that He sweepingly and emphatically condemns.

The actions of Christ are quite as decisive as His words. In only one case can He be accused, by the wildest stretch of imagination, of using aggressive physical force. This one instance is, of course, the driving of the moneychangers out of the Temple. And here the provocation was certainly great enough to excuse and explain His departure from His ordinary rule. He saw the Temple, which to Him doubtless represented the highest spiritual aspirations of the Jewish people, turned into a paltry business house; He saw the worship of the true God cast aside for the worship of Mammon. Certainly this one example of righteous indignation cannot outweigh the lessons which we must draw from the rest of His life, and still more from His death. Attempts have been made to derive a justification for war from Christ's bitter denunciation of the Pharisees. But these attempts lose all weight when we stop to consider that these denunciations are never accompanied by any exhortation to the people to rise up and overthrow this Jewish spiritual oligarchy by force of arms. On the other hand, even when Jesus was being condemned by the foulest judicial murder, He made no attempt either to escape or to stir up popular feeling in His favor; but fell a passive victim to the bigotry and malice of His enemies. There were innumerable reasons by which Christ might have justified a longer continuance of His stay on earth. But He preferred to drink His bitter cup to the dregs, to die at the very beginning of His ministry, rather than to violate the principles of non-resistance, of overcoming evil with good, which were the very cornerstone of His philosophy. Can any Christian nation claim that the preservation of its life and integrity is more important to humanity than was the preservation of the life of Jesus of Nazareth?

In a case where the interest of the Christian clashes so obviously with his duty, we have, quite naturally, a flock of arguments to prove that Christ's disapproval of war was conditional and local, not absolute and universal. One of the most specious of these arguments claims that, while a Christian has no right to avenge his own personal injuries, he has both a right and a duty to avenge those of his friends and neighbors. Perhaps this argument can be most effectively refuted by imagining, for the moment, that Christ were alive to-day, a Frenchman or a Belgian. We can well imagine Him cheerfully exposing His own life in helping the maimed and wounded victims of the war by every sort of consola-

tion, spiritual and material. But can we imagine Him crouched in the trenches, waiting for a chance to kill some of the invaders, His face distorted with the frenzy of battle, His heart black with hatred and thirsting for revenge? Or, perhaps, leading a bayonet charge, consumed with the desire to hack, thrust, kill, destroy? The bare idea is so incongruous with every picture that we have of the life and character of Jesus that we turn away from it in horror and disgust. We have already considered the argument that Christ's active opposition to evil lends sanction to a righteous, or "defensive" war. Leaving out the fact that the ultimate responsibility for war is usually fixed after all the participants are dead and buried, that each side is always devoutly convinced that its enemies are the aggressors and that it is waging a righteous defensive war, leaving out these vitally important considerations, we still find that Christ did not regard war, and physical violence in general, as legitimate weapons in His warfare against evil. Rightly or wrongly, He thought that the persistent power of evil could only be overcome by the more persistent power of good; and His professed followers, if they are sincere, should certainly be ready to accept this conclusion and abide by the consequences.

Probably the most convincing argument against non-resistance, in the minds of many, is the wonderful spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice that is now being shown on every battlefield in Europe. It seems preposterous to assert that men, whose nobility and strength of character are so obvious, should be excluded from the ranks of Christ's followers. Certainly no honest or generous pacifist would wish to detract in any way from the credit that is due to men who are, every day, laying down their lives for a cause which they believe to be just and sacred. But, on the other hand, it seems sufficiently evident that, while Jesus Christ would have applauded the courageous loyalty to ideals that has sent millions to fight and die in the trenches, He would have bestowed on the whole theory of war His unqualified and unsparing condemnation. The question whether Jesus Christ and His followers dying the passive death of martyrs or Leonidas fighting to the last breath with his band of devoted Spartans represents the highest and most effective sacrifice for humanity and freedom is not to be settled lightly or hastily. There is much to be said on both sides. But for a man to profess faith in Christ as a divine and infallible Being in one breath, and to violate one of His most sacred and unmistakable injunctions in the next, is certainly gross and inexcusable inconsistency. Christianity is accepted too hastily and thoughtlessly by many of its advocates. If a man believes that Christ's doctrines of love, unconditional forgiveness of injuries, and

non-resistance, represent the highest possible ideal, then, and only then, does he have the right to claim Christ as his Lord and Saviour. If, however, he comes to the conclusion that these doctrines, however beautiful in theory, are impracticable and would actually promote wrongdoing and injustice in practise, then, however much he may revere other phases of Christ's life and teaching, he can hardly call himself, with justice, a Christian. For these beliefs are almost the cornerstone of Christ's philosophy; and the man who rejects them, in theory or in practise, not only rejects Christ as an infallible divinity, but also disclaims faith in Christianity as a power that is destined ultimately to conquer and subdue the world.

It is at once ludicrous and pathetic to observe the complacency with which some advocates of religion view the increase in devotional fervor which appears in time of war. That men are so ready to express dogmatic faith in Christ at a time when they are about to violate one of His most solemn spiritual precepts, should be, to true Christians, a source, not of satisfaction, but of regret and shame. The issue stands out with clearcut vividness. On one side war, patriotism, revenge of injuries, satisfaction of national honor; on the other side peace, internationalism, forgiveness of injuries, passive endurance of wrong and injustice. Only when the latter principles are carried out to the fullest extent can Christianity be said to stand forth as a prevailing, conquering world-force.

—W. H. Chamberlin, '17.

A Fragment from Sappho

*Selene has left the heavens,
The Pleiades too are gone:
'Tis night, and the moments hasten,
While I, only I, sleep on.*

—J. W. Spaeth, Jr., '17.

Isabella

(A GOTHIC FRAGMENT)

Note to the reader: *The following is based on an old Spanish popular superstition, that the teeth of those who have been hanged are very efficacious in bringing luck, which was illustrated by the Spanish artist Goya in his series of pictures entitled "Los Caprichos."*

ISABELLA lived in the little village of Torres in the northern part of Spain. Her parents were of the peasant class, and her sweetheart, Diego Galanini, told Isabella that he drove his mule back and forth from the city in order to sell the vegetables raised on his meagre patch of ground. Diego was wealthy for a small farmer, so wealthy that the fact caused comment among his neighbors. But whenever Isabella heard any of this gossip she would merely toss her pretty head and pass on without believing a single word of it.

One day Diego told Isabella that he would be gone longer than was his custom; in fact, for a whole fortnight. Isabella shed many tears on hearing this, and besought him to be very careful and keep out of all danger, particularly admonishing him to keep away from the wine shops, as she feared that one of those dancing girls of the large city would ensnare him, and then surely would her heart be broken.

When Diego kissed her in farewell she gave him a white rose to wear next his heart. What was her horror on seeing it turn to a deep bloody red! Her heart beat wildly, but she did not say anything about it to Diego, who apparently did not see that the rose had changed color, for he would laugh and call her silly. Isabella was like a child in many respects, but especially in one, she did not like to have anyone laugh at her fears and beliefs. So Diego went away and Isabella went sorrowfully back to work with a very heavy heart and a mind filled with foreboding.

Three days later there was a great hanging in Torres. A number of bandits had been surprised in their mountain cave, and two of them had been captured and brought to the village for trial. They were convicted and hanged on the day of the good San Sulpicio. On that same day at three o'clock (which was the time of the execution), when Isabella went to the well, two huge black birds flew over her head and the water which she drew had a rusty color almost like blood. Isabella was frightened, so frightened that she determined to do something desperate in order to dispel this shadow over her life and to bring Diego and herself good luck.

Old Juan, the inevitable oldest inhabitant, had mumbled many legends and superstitions to her as she passed and repassed him on her countless trips to the village well. One thing he had told Isabella which impressed her beyond all else. "My child, if thou wilt go to the tower where criminals are hung, and draw a tooth from the mouth of one of the corpses swinging there, thou wilt surely have good luck beyond all hope. There is, however, one condition; the deed must be done at midnight." Isabella had shuddered and believed.

A few moments before midnight, Isabella left the house unseen and ran quickly to the ancient execution tower. As she ran she heard an owl hoot three times; while, in a far-off section of the village, a dog howled dismally. She almost stopped as a shiver seized her, but for love of Diego, ran on toward the tower. Trembling, she climbed the winding stone stairs, where the moisture on the walls fell in sluggish drops.

Isabella vaguely saw two dark objects swaying slowly in the gentle night wind. She walked toward the one nearest her, with eyes lowered; then, as she came close to the corpse, she put her handkerchief before her face and felt for the gaping mouth. There was no turning back now; it must be done and done quickly, for the moon had slipped from behind the clouds and some late wanderer might see. Isabella was now tugging at a tooth in the dead man's upper jaw. Suddenly an unusually strong gust of wind drove the body against her, the handkerchief dropped from her nerveless grasp; and the moonlight shone full on the distorted, grinning, swollen face of Diego.

—Donald Galbraith Baird, '15.

Horace 19:7

*The few, faint streaks of snow have slipped away,
And sprouting grass repaints the meadows grey,
While budding trees
And Mother Earth slip on their garments new.
The pent-up tarn reflects the heaven's blue
And lightly flees.*

*The Graces dare, enraptured by the Spring,
To lead the Nymphs in lithesome dance and fling
 Restraint aside.*

*But seasons fleet, and hour that clutches fast
This sunny day, warn us that life glides past
 And ebbs the tide.*

*The chains of cold are loosed by zephyrs warm,
Now spring gives up her flowers to summer's charm;
 Time conquers all.*

*Soon autumn pours her horn of ruddy fruit,
Then winter—ah, so cold, so destitute—
 Holds icy thrall.*

*The moon will wax and wane above my head,
And shine upon my grave when I am dead,
 On lifeless dust.*

*But I am down with him who led our race,
With other shades—a dim, mysterious place
 Where all are thrust.*

*Have gods the power to add a single day
To our allotted span, or can they stay
 Time's fleeing feet?
An heir will scatter all the goods piled high,
And give to friends the wealth for which I vie,
 This my defeat.*

*The court of Minos sits in judgment grave
O'er your pale corpse, decked in its trappings brave,—
 Alas, poor soul!
Can noble blood or ringing tones of voice,
Or worthy life, reverse the fated choice
 When death takes toll?*

*Diana could not free her loved son
When once the shades of hell his soul had won,
 And thus the end.
Nor Theseus, though he strove with might and main,
Could break the coil of that encircling chain
 For his dear friend.*

—W. S. Nevin, '15.

Peace

JOHN SMITH, President of the International Peace Society, sat at his desk and gnawed his finger nails. Now and then he spat at the brass cuspidor placed near his arm-chair. The door that led to the exterior was locked. The two windows of the neat office gave a view of fuming stacks and tall buildings. Smith picked up a volume from the desk. It was a treatise on 42 centimeter guns. He gave a grunt of disgust and the book fell into the waste-basket. A key rattled in the door and it swung open. A gray, thin person, with fur overcoat buttoned to the ears, strode in. Smith jumped to his feet and an expansive grin spread over his countenance.

"Hello, Fourd, old man. Glad to see you. It's absolutely hopeless, isn't it?"

"Not quite," chirped the gray figure.

"Eh—oh, have it your own way," and Smith shrugged his expansive shoulders.

"Just ran up to make a wager with you. Have to catch the Forty-five for Pittsburg. The war ends on the 16th of this month. If it don't you resign and I am elected the leader of this movement."

"Done," grinned the President in an assured voice.

* * * * *

The streets were empty and silent. The darkness before dawn was intense. A shrieking motor whirled into the boulevard and stopped abruptly before the palatial residence of the President of the International Peace Society. A figure dashed from the motor and climbed the steps. By alternate ringing of the bell and pounding the door a sleepy servant was brought to the portal. As the iron and brass frame with its glass swung inward, the mysterious figure dashed past the single guard and ascended the stairway to the second floor. A thunderous pounding there brought Smith to his waking senses, and, minus spectacles and clad only in pajamas, he hastened out into the hall.

"Good heavens, man!"

"Not a word! Not a word! Read that."

A pile of papers were thrust into Smith's hands.

"But listen, Fourd—"

"Read them. Read them," shouted the excited figure as it did a fantastic dance about the dimly lighted hall.

"*New York Herald*. Ah! April 16th. Why, that's today! Some headlines, upon my word! PEACE DECLARED BETWEEN EUROPEAN NATIONS. GERMAN KAISER, RUSSIAN CZAR AND

ENGLISH KING ASSASSINATED BY INFURIATED MOBS.
What's this? Wireless from Sayville."

"Kaiser Wilhelm was assassinated today before the Imperial Palace in Berlin as he emerged after having made a personal guarantee of peace to the Allies agent. The English King was assassinated at almost the same time at Dover, whence he had gone to send a royal guarantee of peace to the Teutonic Allies. The Czar was killed about an hour later by a bomb thrown by an unidentified officer. The Czar had just left Petrograd in order to enforce his orders for an instant demobilization of Russian forces."

Smith sat down suddenly upon a nearby chair.

"No questions necessary," cried Fourd, rubbing his hands. "I did all that myself. Sit still and I'll tell you how."

"But how—why—where—"

"Quiet and listen. In January, 1915, I bought a building in one of the Pittsburg suburbs. I hired four of the most brilliant historians that I could procure and set them to work. In two months we had gathered together more information about the living rulers of Europe than I suppose exists anywhere else.

"I had the country scoured for men whose resemblance to the rulers over there could not be mistaken. Two were old actors, three were common clerks, and one was a business man. The greatest difficulty was to convince them that the game was worth the candle. As usual, enough money turned the trick. We started then to teach those men the most minute characteristics of their future selves. To teach them the respective tongues was very difficult. By limiting the number of phrases a satisfactory result was obtained. These phrases were pounded into the men until they could speak them fluently.

"Among other men that we engaged was a former barber to the Kaiser. From him we got the most intimate details imaginable. He was able to give us all the data necessary in that direction. Day and night our charges were under the watchful eyes of two theatrical managers imported from New York. Every movement they made was noted and criticized. We spared no expense. To illustrate how minute our work was I might mention the fact that Harris, the man chosen to impersonate the Kaiser, had to undergo a surgical operation in order to produce the shriveled arm and fulfill the specifications of the ex-barber. A bacteriologist from a prominent medical school produced for us wonderful pigment relations in the skin.

"Meanwhile the most carefully organized movement that ever was attempted was moving steadily onward in Europe. My agents

were better informed of the movements of the Czar and the Kaiser than were their own staff officers. I had two men in the personal staff of the French President directly under my thumb. In order to conceal my real purposes, I chartered the Ozcar II and loaded it with peace propagandists. I sailed as far as Copenhagen, and, having scattered my picked men successfully, I returned to America.

"Almost impossible as it seemed, the plan was successful. A week ago the real rulers of the nations at war were replaced by my men. We disfigured the captured and placed them in asylums, where their insistence upon their real identity only made them seem the more insane to their attendants. My men remained as much secluded as possible. We had allowed a few days to cover the delay accidents might have occasioned. On the appointed day universal peace was made by the apparent rulers."

Fourd stopped and his face gradually lost its excited flush. He leaned forward upon his hands. The lines in his face deepened. Smith watched him in an awestruck silence.

"After all we are human beings and we err sooner or later. We were clever. We did a marvelous task, but three of our fellows have paid with their lives. A ruler safely starts a conflict, but human savagery, once aroused, cannot be quenched in a moment. They have suffered for their fellow men. All that was in their power have they done for their fellows. It's up to you, Smith, to go ahead now. If we are ever to have international peace it must come now. I have spent all that I had and can do no more."

Smith sighed and walked toward a small writing table. He scribbled out a few words and handed the slip of paper to Fourd. It was his resignation. Below his signature was the brief statement, "Recommending as my successor Henry Fourd."

—*H. P. Schenck, '18.*

Roses

(A PLAY)

" . . . *Un baiser, mais à tout prendre qu'est-ce?
Un point rose qu'on met sur l'i du verbe aimer.*"—Cyrano.

CHARACTERS

Count Robert du Gar d'Eschelonnes, a Norman knight.

Imogen, his wife, niece of Duke Robert of Normandy.

Ermintruda, a maid of Falaise.

Francois Villon, the poet.

Place. The garden of the Inn of the Purple Dawn at Falaise in Normandy.

Time. Evening.

The scene is laid amid a mass of roses. On the left a plot of grass and a portion of the path which surrounds the garden: narcissi, lobelias, heliotropes and dahlias. On the right, roses and roses. Near them stands Francois Villon. He is seen looking up at the balcony, walking to and fro and absent-mindedly pulling petal after petal from a rose in his hand, murmuring, "Amat, non amat," as

The curtain rises.

*Francois. Come, my Lady! In the garden, with the flowers and the night,
I am holding sweet communion. Many stars are beaming bright;
In her haven in the heavens palely shines a lovers' moon;
Fraught with fragrance, fresh the flowers, this perfumèd night of June.
Stars are sprinkling silver stardust—round my head their halo
gleams—
And the music of the fountain, plashing to mute mermaids' dreams,
Adds a sentimental something, soft and soothing. Hear it sing!
Nature kindly looking on us, generous gives everything
Which she thinks may help her children, make men mad and women
coy,
Add more zest to the slow zephyr, add more pleasure to our joy.
Red the roses, Ermintruda, yet your lips are redder still;
Bluer than the sky the blue is which your beauteous eyes doth fill.
Come, I pray you . . .*

*Ermintruda (appearing on the balcony and leaning over the rose-colored
balustrade).*

Is it Francois?

Francois (bowing).

Yes, he waits on you below.

Ermintruda (truly feminine). Have you been here long?

Francois (gallant). Not very; I came here an hour ago.

Ermintruda (idem). Really?

Francois (idem). Since then I've been waiting . . .

Ermintruda (idem). Really . . .

Francois (idem). For you to appear,

Praying that you would not fail me, waiting for the lady dear,

Who has caused me wide to wander, wending my way to Falaise.

Now again—dear heart!—I see her. Happy day! O day of days!

Ermintruda. Really?

Francois. In the city's turmoil, of my sweetheart I have thought;

In death's danger, in dire duels, your name on my lips, I've fought,

And, with that name as an armor, not a sword in France could touch

My poor, love-sick heart . . .

Ermintruda. Oh, really? Do you really love me much?

Francois. Love you, Lady? Who could help it? Love you, Lady! Let me tell

How I love you . . .

Ermintruda. Francois, tell me . . .

Francois. As a yellow asphodel

Shines the moon. Mother of lovers, beam benignant on our bliss,

Whilst narcissi sweetly slumber. What's the rhyme I seek in-is?

Ermintruda (sweetly). Really, Francois, I can't tell you, for no rhyme you want, I wis.

Francois. Then perhaps I have forgotten, for I'm careless and remiss.

Such—we'll say—my love is, that I, though master of the rhyme, Cannot find words to express it—this most tender love of mine.

Words fit to bespeak thy beauty too big are to leave my mouth,

But my thoughts, too deep for verses, seek the soft, sweet winds of South;

Both contain the rich aroma of the garden where I stand,

And the wings of words unspoken to the fairest in the land

Fly, and love the flying so they check their ardor and their heat,

Gaining grandeur, soaring up, they lie submissive at thy feet.

Ermintruda (fingering the roses on the balustrade, coyly).

Do you think for you I came out, or to see how yon bush grows?

Mayhap I ignored your beauty and prefer that of the rose.

Francois. "Crede quod habes et habes": think you have it and you will.

Hear the Latin phrase I've quoted, which, methinks, is not too ill Suited to your question . . .

Ermintruda (a trifle serious). Francois?

Francois. Yes, my Lady, at your nod.

Ermintruda (*grave and naive*). Tell me, Francois, do you pray much; have you made your peace with God?

Francois. I'm a godless wight, my Lady, scatter-brained, vain, quick and rash;

For a word I'd write a rondel, for a look a valet thrash.

I love drinking toasts to friendship, lover, husband, son or wife, (*Rather sadly*). Ever-drinking, ever-loving, ever-singing: Villon's life. (*In a tone of badinage*). Here I am melodramatic! Silly, sentimental fool!

Francois Villon sentimental! It must be the garden cool

And the perfume of the flowers, conjuring the past's perfume.

What! art crying, Villon? Never—get thee gone, disturbing gloom!

As I spoke—will you excuse me—childhood memories arose.

Please forget it . . . Sentimental! Really, it is but a pose!

Cares are mine no longer, for my only worry is, I fear,

What, good heavens! can have happened to the snows of yesteryear?

Ermintruda. Cher Francois! Still, what you tell me is, I fear me, very bad.

Francois. But a king of future poets will call me "sad, bad, glad, mad."

Sad I am with satiate sadness: saddened soon by Spanish wine;

Bad—I brag not of my badness—if I'm bad the blame's not mine;

Glad with good, gay gladness ever—glad I sing and glad I dance;

Mad with madness of meridian: Gascon heart, O life of France.

(*In a lyrical outburst*).

Thus shall sing a future poet,

All the world shall hear and know it,

Writ in letters living longer than the roses at my side . . .

All my shame: they shall forget it,

And my fame: I shall have met it—

Met my mistress: Song that soothes me; met my meet, melodious bride.

Hard, hurt heart, with lewd loves broken,

Sad tears shed and wise words spoken,

All to end in shameful scorn and sorrow'd sighs and sombre strife,

Sweetest songster of all ages,

"Plume-plucked jail-birds," wines and rages,

This, alas! poor, priceless poet, was your sad and misspent life.

(*A silence*).

Ermintruda (*ardently*). Fair Francois! forget your failings, leave the tavern's boorish brawl.

Come to me for help and leave the joyless jails and gallow's gall.

Come, the past shall be forgotten!

Come, adieu to all that's rotten

In this world. I'll be your mother, lover, sister, sweetheart: all . . .

Francois (sadly). Sweetest, kindest, fairest Lady, would that I could
but accept,

But I've tried to do it often . . . Promises are made, not kept . . .

Oh, my Lady . . .

Ermintruda. Francois, Francois, I will live with you and do

Anything you ever ask me: faithfully I'll go with you

Anywhere . . . I love you, Francois . . .

Francois (in the same tone as Ermintruda used earlier: out of pleased curiosity).

Really?

Ermintruda.

Yes.

Francois.

Dear Lady, say . . .

Ermintruda. I have ever loved you, Francois, since that dear, delightful
day

When I saw you first. One day when on my way to grand'messe I
Stooped to sniff the radiant rose, while you, singing, passed me by.

Oh! the love when you came, Francois! But I quickly hurried
thence

And I saw you near the roses, as I leant against a fence.

Hot and red and shamed I was—yet happy that of interest

I had been to Francois Villon—sire of songsters, bard most blest.

You—you looked at the red roses, then at me, then at the ground,

Drew your smooth, short sword and struck it: the whole bush that
grew around,

In your arms you gaily brought them, leaving unadorned the tall
Tree beside it: Roses, rosebuds, rose-leaves, twigs, branch, thorn
and all.

Francois (with winning protest). But your lips had touched one, Lady,
and the petals met your face;

To prevent its profanation, I removed all from the place.

(A pause).

I can love you from a distance, reflex of your lovely soul,

And the light of that soul's beauty, will make me an aureole

Round my head to wear, and light me. I'll think that I am sublime

Since your sacrifice I took not—and made a little good mine.

A voice from within the house. Ermintruda . . .

Ermintruda.

I am coming.

The Voice.

Ermintruda . . .

Ermintruda. I must go.
Francois. Oh! my Lady!
Ermintruda. Farewell, Francois.
Francois. Will you have me leave you so?
Ermintruda. Well, dear lover?
Francois. Just a token of this blessed night of bliss;
 Just let my lips meet yours, Lady—now the rhyme I sought you wis.
Ermintruda. No, dear Francois. (*She pulls a branch toward her and brings a rose to her lips.*)

But full gladly from my balcony above
 I will throw this rose I've kissed, and you will keep it for our love.
 Short but sweet-lived it's been, dearest. Take it; I throw it to you.
 Keep it by you alway, darling; have it whatso'er you do.
 Good-bye, foolish, dearest lover—farewell, mad but loving knight . . .
Francois. Farewell, Lady! Splendid, beauteous vision in the pale
 moonlight . . .

(*She waves her hand and disappears. Villon walks around the garden: thinking Ermintruda is looking at him from behind the lattice-window and he affects a serious attitude. In reality he is gay—madly gay as ever. His lackadaisical attitude is charming. Enter Imogen du Gar d' Esche-lonnes, who stands in the centre of the stage, waiting for him to see or speak to her. If he sees her he makes no movement or shows no sign of it.*)

Imogen (angrily). Francois Villon.

(*Stamping her foot.*) Villon!

Francois. Lady, pardon, prithee, pardon me.

As you passed by me I saw not; see, I'm down on bended knee,
 Begging for forgiveness, Lady; your displeasure I'll dispel. . .

Imogen (fiercely). Silence, traitor! Silence, villain! Silence, horrid hound
 of hell!

(*Without giving him an opportunity to speak.*)

Francois, I am a lady of high caste;
 Normandy's noblest blood boils in my veins,
 And I came here to warn you that your pains
 To hide that I'm the one before the last

(*Fiercely.*) Are lost. Ah! I can see your bondsman brow
 Flushed with fell fervor of a snappish serf,
 And in your acts I see the bobbing bow
 Of a cute courtier, face foul with scurf,
 Kissing his liege-lady's beautiful hand,
 The whilst he looks for others he can squirm
 Before and love. Ah! not alone in land

Of fiction do we find within a worm
Lodg'd beauty, kindness, gallantry and love.
And, sorry knave! the whilst you kiss'd my glove
You lov'd the silly servant Ermintrude.
Low fellow, churl, immoral, base and lewd!

Francois. Not so. You have not seen that faery face
Which e'en your viper's claws would have disarmed,
And as you mention her you do disgrace
To her. My love, woman, you have not harmed.
(*Enter Count Robert. He stands to the right, arms akimbo, listening.*)

And when you speak of her! Oh! every time
It seems as if upon a glorious rose
A snail had left its sickly sperm and slime.
So when I hear you speak, my wildest woes . . .

Imogen. Silence, shrewd serf! Hark well unto my speech,
Low sycophant! dull dog! cross-canker'd leech!
Myself, the highest lady in the land,
Deceived the one who had received my hand
In wedlock. Fool! I gave myself to you, (*Robert starts*).
Thinking you loved and understood and knew.
Instead—the gold for which your love you sold,
Rotten and old your body'll turn to mould.
And healthy, you— my bounty rots you now.
Avaunt! Be gone. I loathe your liar's brow.

Robert. Because a comely churl's tricks cute
She fancied, she gave herself to the brute!

Imogen. Robert!

Robert. But why with such a hang-dog low?

Imogen. It was not very many years ago
That, as the sun bathed with its ruddy rays
This rude, rough rock of flowery Falaise,
A tanner's daughter, sitting on the grass,
Her washing did. Duke William came to pass,
And as this lusty young maiden he saw—
For Norman gossip caring not a straw—
He looked and loved and lived with her through life.
And from this tanner-minx, not e'en his wife,
"William the Bastard" was born. 'Twas not long
Before, having his mother's temper strong,
This lad which common, lowly huzzy bore,
From "Bastard" came to be "The Conqueror"
Anon. (*She moves toward the door*).

Robert. But why was thus my Lady's sentiment . . .

Imogen. Nobility must needs return the compliment. (*Exit*).

Robert (*beating the inn-door*). Mistress Ermintruda, come. For I
Would fain speak two words with . . .

Ermintruda (*appearing on her balcony*). My Lord and why?

Robert (*brutally*). We're both hoodwinked and in his matter rife
Francois Villon deceives you with my wife.

Ermintruda (*speechless at first, then furious*).

What!

Robert. Hist! they come here to converse a while.

Hide thee on thy balcony quick and I'll . . .

(*His words are lost as they disappear. Enter Imogen and Villon*).

Imogen. No doubt Robert is planning how to slay

You, Francois.

Francois. Ah! at last I've found a way . . .

Imogen. A way?

Francois. The way, Lady, to finish all
My lurid life's ill-luck, and, back to wall,
I'll fight thy husband with but half my breath
And fleet, flags flying, flounder to my death.

Imogen. Francois, I understand not. Bitter bliss
Was ours, but e'er we part . . .

Francois. Lady?

Imogen (shy).

A kiss.

(Francois does as she asks. Ermintruda has not heard anything, but sees this conclusive proof of his guilt. She signals to Robert. Imogen sees him coming and exit).

Robert (sword in hand). Stand, villain! Draw thy sword, I'll run thee through.

So then to love, as well as life, adieu!

En garde! Coward! ha! you'll not run from me.

Francois. Poor fool! Think you Villon would ever flee?

(Robert is en garde without having saluted).

Francois (saluting and getting en garde). No doubt you do not know, ill-mannered brute,

When gentleman one meets, he should salute.

(They begin sparring. The fight is even and very fast).

Francois. Ermintruda, as I'm fighting, tenderly I think of you,
While this doughty dolt is trying your poor lover to run through.
Ne'er in battle ever beaten, gay and glad I greet me end,
In death-duel I salute you. Good-bye, kindest, sweetest friend.
Though this villain I could thrash quite thoroughly in but a trice,
I prefer to act as you did and to make a sacrifice;
Yours I can't accept, so, Lady, the best way to solve all this
Is to die and in death dream of having had your lover's kiss.
Ah, farewell, dear Ermintruda . . .

(Robert lunges and runs Francois through. The blood spurts out, staining his frayed, sky-blue cloak). I'm hit . . . No! Why should I die!

'Twould be sacrificing honor. Look out, villain, you will lie
Under turf. Shall Francois Villon let a nincompoop and knave
Send him to his death? No, never! my light life, by God, I'll save.
Shall I let him slay me? Never! Shall I let him even try . . .
No, it needs a better man than he to kill a man as I.
No, no, no, a million noes! Ha! villain, take care. I guard . . .
Flushed my face is . . . Heart fast flutters . . . in my hair I have
the nard

Which the Muses use full freely their dear poet to anoint. . .

(He leans against a post near the right end of the stage).

Ah! I'm fainting . . . Parry . . . Quarta . . . now I'll run my
tested point

Through your heart . . . Sixte . . . Tierce . . . Secunda . . .
Watch me, ladies . . . See, I thrust

This man back . . . Bon voyage, fellow . . . Just before you die,
a trust

I have for you: Love to Peter! No, you'll go the other way . . .

So, I'll meet you soon . . .

(He lunges. Robert falls back, run through by Francois, who sheathes his sword, and leans back, rubbing his hands together with huge glee. But he is very pale, and the blood still flows freely).

. . . By Jove, it has been a successful day.

Ha! the villain's dying now, and why? No doubt because he knows

That the poet Francois Villon on his heart aye has a rose!

(Enter Ermintruda). Ermintruda, have I fought well? If I have, it
was for you . . .

Ermintruda. Devil take thee, perjured lover! Craven death was but
your due.

Francois. What? Come back, my Lady.

Ermintruda (crossing the stage). Never: so, farewell, I wish you joy.

God protect some other maiden whom you will no doubt decoy

As you tried on me . . . *(Exit).*

Francois (clutching his breast). My Lady, oh! . . . I'm wounded . . .
here . . . yes, thrice,

Once by sword-thrust, twice by love-thrust. What a silly sacrifice

I have made . . . Perhaps 'tis deadly. . .

Imogen (coming in from right). Hell-hound! coward, you have slain

My dear husband . . . God forgive me! . . . Mater Sancta,
heal my pain!

O, you villain!

Francois. Lady!

Imogen. Silence! In four hours get you hence

Or my uncle, Lord Duke Robert, will make you the consequence

Bear, and hang you, bastard craven. . . *(Exit).*

Francois (ash-pale, bespattered with blood, swaying right and left as if drunk).

Ha! listen! this woman grieve!

When, while he lived, her great object was her husband to deceive.

No! the only decent women . . . come from Paris . . . from the
Seine . . .

Oh, my breast! . . . I'm bleeding freely . . . Oh, excruciating pain!

Ah! I hope indeed I'm dying . . . I pray this be my last breath,

Though it's often been predicted that on gallows I'd face death.

Deep night comes . . . I cannot see you . . . Lady dear, what did you say?

That you loved me . . . Ermintruda . . . think, dearest, 'twas but to-day

That I almost kiss'd you . . . Lady . . . Hélène . . . Jeanne . . . Arsinoé . . .

Juliette . . . Marie . . . Laure . . . Erdingoute . . . Lewd lurid loves I've known.

Me all women loved so dearly . . . but to-night I am alone.

I feel cooled and calm and quiet . . . Peaceful freshness I have found.

Never had such soundless slumbers . . . Shining peace and sleep profound . . .

I am well . . . I pray I'm dying—that I never shall awake

From this dream . . . Misericordia! Angels my poor soul do take

Up to Heaven—then I know that I must be stark raving mad!

Angels for me! Why, I'm crazy . . . crazy . . . Sad . . . bad . . . mad and glad. . .

Ermintruda . . . you have left me . . . Your lips are not here, I fear . . .

(As he topples over, a blood-sodden rose falls from beneath his cloak. He tries to snatch it and falls heavily to the ground).

What . . . Madre de Dios! . . . happened . . . to the Snows of Yesteryear?

CURTAIN.

—Jack Le Clercq, '18.

Hotel Stuff

BARBARA BELL lay slouched in one of the large leather chairs of the exchange, with her slim legs stretched before her in a way that her mother had often condemned as unbecoming in a young lady of thirteen years. But Bab was thinking, and mothers, and public opinion, and manners, and legs were all equally far from her mind. It was August, and all summer her bubbling spirits had been slowly but surely sagging, first under her mother's kind but terribly intellectual companionship, and then under the smiles and caresses of the "old men" and "old women" in which the hotel abounded. To be sure, many of them were of the younger married set, but they might as well have been knitting grandmothers, and decrepit grandfathers as far as Bab was concerned. They could not play with her, or laugh and cry with her, over the problems of her young but very keen little life. They tried so hard, especially the older ones, to come down to her level and be "chums," but the effort which they spent at it was too pitifully obvious to Bab, and she would usually slip away to the backyard and talk to the Italian stable boy, or feed the chickens and the old pet crow who hopped moodily about his big cage, always hunting for a hole to escape through. She liked the crow because he looked so weatherbeaten and wise. He seemed to be eternally thinking about something serious. Bab would stand with her little fingers clutching the wire cage, in a vain endeavor to break through his cold, strutting indifference, and make him take some notice of her. She finally had to give him up as hopelessly unsociable. The stable boy wasn't very promising either. He could not speak English, but she would hold weighty conversations with him, just imagining what his answers were, from the eloquent expression of his beaming face and the few English words sandwiched in here and there. He was so big and brown and strong: it was wonderful the way he pushed the horses aside, when he entered their stalls; his nonchalant manners with the mighty bull fairly made Bab gasp in admiration. He could do things, this Pedro could; he didn't sit around and smoke and read and eat the way the men in the hotel did.

"If you could only talk to me!" Bab would murmur, gazing despairingly up at his smiling white teeth and handsome Italian eyes.

But it was not Pedro who held her thoughts this day. It was a new cavalier who had arrived the night before, and of whom she had caught one fleeting but all-sufficient glimpse. He was wonderful! His hair was light and brushed straight back from his broad, manly forehead. He was ruddy-cheeked, with an easy, careless look about

him; yet there was a suggestion, in the square chin, the firm mouth, and in his sturdy figure, that he was master of himself and of situations.

He had just gone upstairs with his mother and the trunks, leaving Bab in a distinctly unsettled frame of mind.

"I wonder if he'll like me," she pondered deeply. "He must: I'll make him: mother can stand a rest from me, I guess, and you, and you, and you, will have to," she meditated, glancing alternately at several of her "would-be" chums, who were sitting about the lobby.

At dinner that night she discovered him with his mother, at the table just inside the door. Hers was at the farther end! But she managed to give him a casual look as she passed by—and saw, to her delight, that he was suddenly all attention. Bab wore her best hair ribbon, a pink dress, white silk stockings, and carefully whitened pumps—a sight pretty enough to make any normal boy of fifteen hesitate and look up, with his soup spoon half-way to his mouth.

During dinner Mrs. Bell gave her small daughter several surprised, inquiring looks for her self-absorbed silence. This far-away look in her eyes was unusual.

"Why so quiet tonight, Barbara?" she inquired at length.

"Why—I'm hungry," lied Bab, attacking fiercely some fish which she did not want.

She was really contriving how to meet with the least possible delay this "cavalier" who had come to rescue her from depressing old age. In the brief time during supper she had mentally been on two long walks with him,—told him fully of her loneliness, and received his unconditional and complete sympathy.

"But suppose he isn't like that at all!" she thought tragically, as she arose from the table.

She didn't dare look at him on the way out, for she could feel his eyes on her. His name was David Wells and his room was No. 65, according to the register. She caught the clerk's eye on her while she was looking at it, and turned away blushing. Then she sat off in a far corner and pretended to read a book.

When she looked up again her heart began to thump, and sent the color surging to her cheeks. David was walking slowly towards her, hands in his pockets, looking as unconcerned as though she were an infant and beneath his notice. He sat down almost beside her, crossed his legs, folded his arms, and said calmly:

"How long have you been in this place?"

Barbara opened her mouth, but no sound came, so she shut it

ain and simply stared at him. She had not dreamed that she would be embarrassed.

"Aren't you going to talk to me?" he demanded, with a kind of injured surprise.

"Why,——yes!" replied Bab desperately.

"'Cause if you're not, I'm not going to sit here and watch you quietly like a boob. I told mother this place was an old ladies' home! The fellers at school all said so, but she said it was 'healthy.' I told her I wasn't sick, but would be if I stayed here long. I wanted some fellers to go round with this summer. Mother's all *right*, but she can't play ball, an' she can't swim, nor scrap—'cept with her tongue."

"There aren't many young people here," Bab agreed timidly. Somehow this boy took her breath away.

"Many? There's two, I think!"

"You mean you and me!" murmured Bab, uncertainly.

"That's right!" he retorted in a half-disgusted tone, which wounded her already humiliated feelings.

"I was afraid that you might be horrid. Who told you you could talk to me?"

Then she bit her lip, blushed angrily, and left her surprised companion to meditate in peace over his lack of tact, and ignorance of the ways of women's hearts: for he had not meant to make her angry.

Bab sought refuge with her mother, whom she found in her room. Without a word she flopped on the bed and burst out crying.

"Why, Barbara, what's the matter?" exclaimed her mother.

"I hate this place," she sobbed. "I want someone to play with, besides homely old men."

"But why this sudden outburst?"

"It's been this way all summer. I can't stand it any longer. There's nothing to do, nowhere to go, no fun of any kind!"

She was seizing excuses at random, for she was far too proud to tell the truth. Her emotions had conquered her all of a sudden without the usual palpitating warnings. She had been merely angry when she left David, but once in her room, her crushed hopes became too heavy for her sensitive young temperament. However, the causes for her grief could not bear maternal probing, and the tears were rapidly disappearing when her mother finally answered the plea.

"Darling, it has been lonely for you this summer. I've realized it: but you're on the go so much during the winter, it won't hurt you. There's a nice-looking boy who has just arrived here today. I shall

try and have you meet him: I'll speak to his mother tonight. Don't cry any more, dear!"

"O—er—thank you, mother!" stuttered Bab.

Then, stung by the hypocrisy of her remark, she took a hurried leave before her guilty conscience could betray her. It was impossible to tell her mother that she already knew David, without confessing the disastrous conclusion of this impromptu relationship, so she retreated to the backyard and talked in doleful tones to Pedro, whom she found washing the hotel bus. He would at least keep quiet and not say mean things. He was the best "cavalier" after all: ignorance had its advantages; talking *at* him was more pleasing than talking *to* some people, because he at least could keep quiet and smile; and that was better than cold-blooded answers.

David, in the meantime, was grinding his teeth and pacing the floor in a torment of self-accusation for having been such a fool as to queer himself with the only girl in the place. As soon as she left him, he realized two things, that he was distinctly the loser, and that she was extremely attractive even when angry.

"I'm a fool with strange girls!" he muttered disgustedly as he marched up and down in front of the stairway, hoping that she would come down. Then he remembered her words, "I was afraid you might be horrid." She had thought about him previously, anyway. Perhaps there was still some hope!

After supper that night the climax came—the beginning of the end. David, hair slicked back, shoes shined, clothes carefully brushed, sat so peacefully beside his mother, that she half suspected something unusual was going to happen. The exchange was filled. All the "old" people were on parade, reading, talking, laughing, and digesting their dinner. Bab was still in the dining-room, and David was watching the door, wandering what she could find in there that was fit to eat. It was his appetite that was gone this evening.

At last she emerged, looking so adorable that it made him sick to look at her. He crouched back in his chair like a guilty thing, afraid of the public gaze. His eyes followed her with a hungry, hopeless stare.

"What a nice little girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Wells.

David was too undone for words. If he had said anything it would have been a tragic, monotonous, "Hell! Don't I know it?"

She passed by him without so much as a turn of the head, and David sighed bitterly. The change in him had been rapid. First he saw her and admired her looks, then she got angry at him and he respected her, and finally, she ignored him and he worshipped her.

As for Barbara, it was no diplomacy on her part that made her adopt this plan; she could not have done otherwise. Her previous hopes about him had been very high indeed; then he had come up to her so suddenly that her presence of mind deserted her. She had let him go too far in his blunt ill manners, before squelching him. But she could squelch, if she had to, which fact was admirably demonstrated by her exit from the dining-room.

She was so careful to keep her eyes before her that she passed by him into the waiting-room, without noticing that her mother had stopped. Her heart began to thump fearfully when she turned around, and recollected the promise. She peeked carefully out the door, and saw her mother chatting quietly with Mrs. Wells, while David watched her with the eyes of an escaped criminal.

"Barbara, come here, dear!"

"Oh!" muttered Bab, clenching her little fists. "Why didn't I stay out of sight!"

There was nothing to do but face the music!

"I'll show him I'm not afraid of him anyway!" she thought determinedly, and tripped out to her mother with a gaiety which was all on the surface.

David, pale and shrinking, arose and stood before her, head bowed.

Mrs. Bell introduced them. Barbara grasped his limp hand firmly, and immediately felt that she was mistress of the situation.

"How do you do?" she said sweetly. "I'm so glad someone my age has come here to stay. I'd been longing for someone to play with."

"Have you?" gasped David eagerly. "And you're not angry?"

"Me? Angry? What about? Who with?" she answered calmly.

The mothers looked at each other.

Barbara gave him a glance that put new life in him. He rose to the occasion finally.

"You—you looked furious when you came out of the dining-room," he patched up; "I—I thought I never was going to meet you."

The mothers smiled at each other,—the wise, superior smile of those who understand children and their simple but vital affairs.

Mrs. Bell took her daughter's hand tenderly.

"Now I hope you'll be contented, dear. I know you've been lonely here. I didn't realize it at first."

"And you too, David!" chimed in Mrs. Wells; "take the grouch and throw it in the ocean. You've been unbearable since we arrived yesterday."

Barbara had fought hard for self-control. The color came and

went from her cheeks. It was frightful to be pitied for loneliness in front of David who had treated her so.

They were standing sheepishly beside each other—David humble, Bab with a sickly, worried look—while the two mothers beamed upon them.

"I think they make a good pair, don't you?" said one to the other.

Bab tried to laugh, but David, knowing what a poor specimen one half the pair was, could not even smile.

And still they stood! "Something must be done!" thought Bab nervously. David showed no signs of intelligence.

"Let's go and play shuffleboard!" she said, impulsively turning to him.

"Yes, take him away, Barbara; he's been an awful nuisance to me," laughed Mrs. Wells.

Then, scarce knowing what she was doing, she seized him by the hand and pulled him down the corridor, away from the staring crowd. When they were well out of sight Bab stopped, dropped his hand, and leaned wearily against the wall.

"Guess I'm too tired to play shuffleboard," she murmured, half trembling with nervousness.

Then suddenly the boy was on his knees before her, with her hand pressed to his lips.

"I'm sorry for—for being a fool," he mumbled, "and you're a—a darling!"

"I thought you didn't like me at all!" said Bab tensely, withdrawing her hand.

"Why did you pull me out here then?" inquired David wretchedly.

"I was going to make you," she answered in a low voice.

"Make me! Good night!" he cried, and caught her in his arms, with a new-born enthusiasm.

"I didn't think it would be this easy!" she blushing confessed as he released her.

"Now don't get angry again, because I'm not really a boob, and I'll prove it to you," he earnestly declared.

"I'm not angry, but you *were* mean at first."

"Why, I only just met you tonight," he ventured uncertainly. "Let's pretend that anyway! They think so."

"Who?"

"Our mothers."

"I—I almost lied about it too," said Bab guiltily.

"You couldn't lie!" returned the boy worshipfully. "Come, let's

go out for a walk. I hate this Hotel Stuff. It's the same everywhere. Old hens sittin' round the walls an' watchin', like glooms!"

"I'll take you out and show you the crow if you'll promise not to wake him."

Hand in hand they slipped out by the side door. They stood together before the cage and watched him,—still dark, and half hidden in the shadows. They did not wait long, but turned around, arms about each other, and walked slowly away into the cool night, while the crow unfolded his head from his battered clipped wing, and watched. Crows are wise old birds, and tell no tales. He knew what was up, and said to himself,

"I won't be bothered with her any more this summer."

—Colby Van Dam, '17.

Indoors at Night

*Indoors at night, when drifts the snow,
And winds in moaning pine trees blow,
A fragrant pipe, an easy-chair,
An oft-read book at hand—I'll swear
No god can further joy bestow.*

*The shadows quiver to and fro
As gleams the fire with fitful glow,
There are enchantments in the air
Indoors at night.*

*Faint, misty shapes from darkness grow,
And melodies sound soft and low,
As poets sing of sad despair,
Or chant a lay of maiden fair,
While nightingales repeat their woe—
Indoors at night.*

—W. S. Nevin, '18.

The undersigned Alumni desire to call the attention of the undergraduates to the appended extracts from the Bulletin of the Military Training Camps, Eastern Department, U. S. Army, 1916, Plattsburg, New York.

We wish to take this opportunity to bring these camps to your attention, as we are heartily in favor of the movement of which they are a part. We feel, too, that though Haverford is essentially a Quaker College, it is but fair to the men there who are not Friends, to form their own individual opinions of the value of these camps and to attend them, if conscientiously approved.

Furthermore, in Europe, training and organization have proved to be absolutely necessary for efficiency, whether in the fighting line itself or in that branch of service which the Friends themselves have been willing to undertake. These camps provide training for such service, as, for example, a hospital corps.

Additional and complete details can be had from J. B. Drinker, 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Correspondence and expression of opinion are solicited.

W. P. Morris, '86	F. M. Eshleman, '00
P. H. Morris, '87	S. W. Mifflin, '00
J. W. Sharp, Jr., '88	E. H. Boles, '02
L. J. Morris, '89	J. B. Drinker, '03
A. M. Collins, '97	H. N. Thorn, '04
A. C. Maule, '99	A. H. Hopkins, '05
H. S. Drinker, Jr., '00	

MILITARY TRAINING CAMPS EASTERN DEPARTMENT, U. S. ARMY

1916

Plattsburg, N. Y.

SECOND CAMP JUNIOR DIVISION—JULY 5 TO AUGUST 8

QUALIFICATIONS

The Junior Division comprises: (a) undergraduates of colleges and universities; (b) graduates in 1916 of colleges and universities; (c) students in public or private schools who have reached a grade equivalent to senior class, high school; (d) graduates, under twenty-one, of such schools with above grade.

OBJECTS

The objects of these camps are:

To help equip properly qualified men to fill the great deficiency in commissioned officers that would immediately arise in case of national emergency, by giving them four or five weeks of intensive military instruction in the field under officers, and with troops, of the Regular Army;

To foster a patriotic spirit and spread among the citizens of the country some knowledge of military history, military policy and military needs;

To instil in four or five weeks of healthy outdoor life the habits of obedience, discipline, command and self-control that are the prerequisites of efficiency in every business or profession, and to send men back from the camps better prepared to take care of themselves and of others.

EXPENSE

\$22.50 for Junior Division, exclusive of uniform, which costs about \$10, and railway fare.

OBLIGATION

The obligation to defend the country in case of need already rests on all male citizens of military age. Attendance at a military training camp neither increases nor diminishes this existing obligation.

HISTORY AND VALUE

In July, 1913, the first training camp of the Regular Army for college and high school students was held on the field of Gettysburg. In the same year a students' camp was also held at Monterey, California, and in 1914 and 1915 similar camps were held in various parts of the country.

In June, 1915, a corresponding movement was started among the younger professional and business men, and resulted in the Plattsburg training camps for business and professional men of 1915, with an attendance of 1800 men.

Like the student camps, these camps were held with the approval of the War Department, and under officers and in conjunction with troops of the Regular Army. A high standard of morale and substantial military results were attained.

Indirectly the Plattsburg idea brought about a similar camp at

Fort Sheridan, Illinois, attended by over 500 men, and similar movements in various parts of the country.

Plans are being made for sectional camps on a large scale in the summer of 1916. Unquestionably the "Plattsburg idea" has had great influence throughout the nation in developing a sense of military obligation among the young men of the country, and the present indications are that at least 30,000 men will attend these camps this summer.

The aim is to give men of average physique four or five weeks a year of intensive military instruction under officers of the Regular Army, so that at the end of that time men of no previous military experience will, at least, have learned the rudiments of military organization and discipline, and use of the military rifle, and become somewhat familiar with the equipment, feeding and sanitary care of an army in the field, and the handling and control of men in maneuvers.

No examinations are held, but at the completion of the training recommendations are made by the company commanders as to the efficiency of the attendant, and certificates of competency are issued by the commanding officer and filed with the War Department.

Your attendance will not only help equip you to discharge with greater efficiency an existing obligation, but your example by deed will be of inestimable value in arousing your community to the need of military preparedness.

These camps also bear the endorsement of Major-General Leonard Wood, and of the Advisory Committee of University Presidents, consisting of

President John C. Hibben, Chairman, Princeton University.

President A. Lawrence Lowell, Harvard University.

President Arthur Twining Hadley, Yale University.

President John H. Finley, University of the State of New York and Commissioner of Education.

President H. B. Hutchins, University of Michigan.

Superintendent E. W. Nichols, Virginia Military Institute.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, University of California.

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President A. C. Humphreys, Stevens Institute of Technology.

President H. A. Garfield, Williams College.

President George H. Denny, University of Alabama.

President Henry Sturgis Drinker, Lehigh University, Secretary.

QUALIFICATIONS

Applicants must be (1) citizens of the United States or have taken out their first papers, (2) of sound physical condition, capable of the severe physical work of drill, and maneuvers with full infantry equipment; eyesight normal or corrected by glasses.

In addition, applicants for the Junior Division must be at least eighteen years of age and qualify in one of the following classes:

- (a) Undergraduates of colleges and universities.
- (b) Graduates in 1916 of colleges and universities.
- (c) Students in public or private schools who have reached a grade equivalent to senior class, high school.
- (d) Graduates under twenty-one of such schools with above grade.

LOCATION

The camp will be held near Plattsburg, New York, on the shore of Lake Champlain, adjoining the military reservation of Plattsburg Barracks, now garrisoned by the 30th Infantry.

TRANSPORTATION

Plattsburg is on the Delaware and Hudson R. R. between Albany and Montreal. It may also be reached by boats of the Lake Champlain Transportation Company. Special rates will be made for those attending the camps.

EXPENSE

Junior Division. A deposit of \$22.50 (to be made on reporting) for mess, and \$5.00 to cover loss or damage to Government property.

If there is no such loss or damage the \$5.00 deposit will be returned at expiration of camp.

INOCULATION

It is strongly recommended that the typhoid prophylaxis inoculation be taken at the camp or before, if preferred. (No charge for this treatment at the camp or for approved applicants at Governors Island, N. Y.). Not obligatory.

INSTRUCTIONS

The instructors are officers of the Regular Army. Each Company will have attached to it one or more sergeants.

The purpose of the camp will be to give each attendant as much of the fundamental education of an officer as can be imparted in the

duration of the camp. A certain definite outline will be prescribed for all, including infantry training and rifle practice.

Special opportunities will be offered for training in various branches of the service, Cavalry, Artillery, Engineers, Signal Corps, First Aid, Camp Sanitation, etc.

ORGANIZATION

Attendants at the camp will be divided into war strength companies of Infantry commanded by officers of the Regular Army, whose duties cover not only those of instruction, but also supervision and the health and general welfare of their commands. Attendants are on a Cadet basis.

EXAMINATIONS

No examination is required, but the regular officers on duty at the camp will make such recommendations as to individual qualifications as they may deem proper, to be filed with the War Department.

For further information apply to

OFFICER IN CHARGE,

Military Training Camps,

Governors Island, N. Y.

Sonnet

*Like as the ship that bravely puts to sea,
And tossed by many gales yet holds her way,
With stormy-petrels crying on her lee
And decks a-wash with flying foam and spray,
One time approaching near Earl Godwin's sands,
Her 'wildered compass' needle madly twirls
And she is lost, if that her pilot stands
On's course, and does not quickly shun the swirls.
One time on homeward voyage gladly bent,
She meets the wild North-easter's angry blast,
And when his blust'ring wrath is fully spent,
Within the haven's calm she sails at last.
Thus, like the ship that sails upon the main,
Man's life is checkered o'er with joys and pain.*

—Donald Galbraith Baird, '15.

A Woman's Argument

JOHN BRADSHIRE strode down the street leading to the home of his fiancée, with quick, nervous steps. He went deliberately ahead, looking neither to the right nor to the left. He heard two people mutter, "Slacker," as he passed, and his face grew hot. A girl stepped up to him and handed him a white feather. Bradshire cringed and brushed by. Two men in uniform looked at him with eyes full of scorn. His petty temper was almost at a white heat. Why should he go to war? He was going to enter the ministry, and his soul shrank from the idea of fighting. Was war not against all Christian principles? Why could not these people who called themselves Christians realize that? Even Marian had urged him to go, and when he had tried to argue and explain, she had grown cold and scornful. In the past few days their relations had become quite strained.

He mounted the steps and rang the bell. Miss Mercer was at home and would see him. He had been waiting but a few minutes when Marian entered the room. Her dark eyes and black hair formed a beautiful contrast with her dress of pale pink and lace. Her girlish, inviting mouth was straight and firm. She greeted John without a smile. John looked admiringly at the enchanting, womanly figure and said,

"You look adorable, my dear. Pink is very becoming to you."

She looked squarely and defiantly at him and answered,

"Khaki would be more becoming to *you*."

John winced, clenched his teeth, and grew red. "Listen, Marian, why will you not see things from my point of view? You know that war is wrong—"

"No," she interrupted, her soft eyes flashing an expression of pride and rising anger. "Sometimes it is right. Anger is also wrong, but righteous indignation is right."

Thoroughly exasperated, John began to argue with her. "But can't you see that war is against all Christian teachings?"

"No," she flung back at him, shaking her pert head. "You may as well argue that the punishment of a thief who would attack you or your home, is contrary to the commandment, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' You claim that you are a Christian,"—the derision in her eyes made him flinch. "To-day Christianity is being attacked, and men would destroy it. Isn't Christianity worth fighting for? Is it wrong to fight for what is right? If it is wrong and unchristian to protect women and children from being barbarously murdered; if it is wrong to protect honor; if it is right and Christian to leave the women

of your country open to the raids of savage beasts,"—her bosom rose and fell excitedly—"then I renounce Christianity!"

The veins in John's temples stood out like cords, for what she had said cut him to the quick.

"Marian! you don't realize what you are saying. You don't understand what you are talking about. Let those who believe in war fight, and those who believe in peace be men enough to say so."

"*Men!*" Marian's full red lip curled in scorn. "If those creatures are *men* who refuse to fight when the honor of their country is at stake; who refuse to protect their womenfolk"—she paused, and spoke slowly, so that the full significance of her words might not be lost—"I will never marry any 'man.'"

John was taken aback with her statement. He burst out excitedly, "Marian, you don't mean—"

The glitter in her eye as she drew herself up, stopped him.

"I mean exactly what I have said." She turned and left the room.

* * * * *

Private Kilroy, after a very strenuous day in the trenches, was crouching over a fire with a frying pan in one hand, from which issued a cheering, appetizing odor of bacon and beans. With his back to the fire, Sergeant Bradshire was warming his hands by the blaze. The lines about his mouth were drawn and hard. The flames cast deep shadows in his cheeks. But about his thinly-drawn mouth, there was something of a free, careless air; an expression we see on men who dare anything and fear nothing, nor take account of what the results may be. Only a few weeks in the trenches, he had been made a sergeant on account of his fearless courage. He was admired by all the men for his daring, and seemed to fight with a religious enthusiasm.

Kilroy turned to him, and, shielding his face from the heat of the fire with his hand, said, "A terrible thing is this war. When it's over, and I've got settled, and my son William has grown up, I'm going to make a minister out of him, so that he won't have to go to war."

Bradshire smiled grimly, and said, "I was going to enter the ministry before the war."

Kilroy handed him a sliver of bacon. "Well, what stopped you?"
"This damn war, of course."

—*Russell N. Miller, '19.*

ALUMNI

DECEASED

'76

Chas. A. Longstreth, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., died of pneumonia on March 9th. He was treasurer of Haverford Monthly Meeting and Preston Reading Room Association. He was active in many charitable enterprises, and his loss will be deeply felt.

By the bequest of Edith and Walter Scull, of London, the estate of their father, Gideon Scull, '43, will at the end of one year come into the possession of Haverford College. The value of the estate is about \$100,000. The only condition to the bequest is that Haverford establish a course in English constitutional history.

The estate of Anna Yarnall, which was left to the Haverford College library about one year ago, consists largely of real estate near 69th Street Station, West Philadelphia, and is valued at a sum between \$50,000 and \$100,000.

The second *Alumni Quarterly* for the year 1916 will contain the following:

An article by President Sharpless about the new College buildings to be built, and other College affairs.

Reviews of books by W. S. Hinchman, '00; W. R. Dunton,

'89; Jas. Whittall, '10; Hinchman, '00, and Stork, '02; and E. Shaffer, '15.

A letter from Lawrence J. Morris, '89, on the "Value of Summer Military Camps for College Students."

A letter from John L. Scull, '05, discussing the place at which the Alumni dinner should be held.

A resumé of College activities since the appearance of the past *Quarterly*, by D. C. Wendell, '16.

We quote from the *Haverford News*: "An address by President Sharpless on 'Military Training in Schools and Colleges' appears in the proceedings of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory School of the Middle States and Maryland, 1915."

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Society for the Promotion of Liberal Studies, held at the Hotel Adelphia March 25th, Geo. A. Barton, '82, spoke on the "Value of Latin for Oriental Studies." H. J. Cadbury, '03, took part in the discussion.

R. M. Gummere, '02, is chairman of the program committee of this society.

The following Alumni were present at the banquet of the Joint Athletic Committee at the College

on February 25th: J. Sharp, '88; A. G. Priestman, '05; C. C. Morris, '04; H. H. Lowry, '99; A. C. Wood, Jr., '02; R. M. Gummere, '02; H. N. Thorn, '04; J. L. Scull, '05; W. Rossmassler, '07; E. N. Edwards, '10; A. M. Collins, '97. President Sharpless was also present.

President Sharpless spoke before the West Chester Branch of the League to Enforce Peace on February 29th.

The Haverford Association of New York held its annual banquet March 22nd at the Columbia University Club, Grammercy Park, New York. David Bispham, '76, presided. President Isaac Sharpless was one of the speakers of the evening. Musical selections were rendered by two of Mr. Bispham's friends. Thos. M. Osborne, warden of Sing Sing Penitentiary, who was present as a guest, gave a most interesting talk on the new methods of convict treatment in operation at Sing Sing. Leonard C. VanNoppen, '93, who is Lecturer on Dutch Literature at Columbia University, read a number of his sonnets. The title of one of these sonnets was "The Kaiser's Mus-tache." W. W. Comfort, '94, spoke on "The Desire for a Rational Religion among College Men." R. M. Gummere, '02, explained the work of the Haverford Extension Committee. Christian Brinton, '92, spoke about decorative

art at Haverford and the influence of the Haverford atmosphere on Maxfield Parrish, '92.

It was decided at this meeting to offer a Haverford scholarship of \$200 per year to a boy from New York City or vicinity, the money being raised by subscription from the New York Alumni.

The Baltimore Alumni banquet was held March the 31st at the University Club. The president of the Baltimore Association is H. M. Thomas, '82; Secretary, Hans Froelicher, '12.

'65

A new edition of the Yiddish translation of Professor Allen C. Thomas' *History of the United States* is in press and will soon be issued. This translation was first published in 1902 by the Jewish Press Publishing Co. of New York.

'70

Charles Wood, a minister of the Church of the Covenant in Washington, D. C., published in 1915 a book entitled, *Some Moral and Religious Aspects of the War*.

'92

Christian Brinton has presented the College library with a copy of his illustrated book entitled, *Impressions of Art at the Panama-Pacific Exposition*. Mr. Brinton served as a member of the International Art Jury at the exposition last summer.

'96

Douglas H. Adams has been appointed coach for the Haverford Baseball Club for the coming season. Mr. Adams is the headmaster of the Winchester School at Longport, N. J.

Paul D. I. Maier has recently been recorded as a minister by the Society of Friends.

Arthur F. Coca is editor of a new medical journal on "immunology" published in Baltimore, Md. and London, England.

'97

Alfred M. Collins lectured at the University of Pennsylvania Museum, March 15th, on his journey across South America. Many of the ethnological specimens obtained on this expedition have been added to the University collection.

'98

W. W. Cadbury is author of an article, which appeared in the December issue of the *Alumni Register* of the University of Pennsylvania, entitled, "The Mission of American Universities to the Chinese."

On February 26th Dr. W. W. Cadbury lectured at Brown University on "The Christian College of Canton, China." Dr. Cadbury is a member of the faculty of that institution.

'00

Grayson Mallet-Prevost Murphy has been made one of the vice presidents of the Guaranty Trust Co. of New York, the largest trust company in the United States.

Walter S. Hinchman, master of English in Groton School, Groton, Mass., is author of a book on the History of English Literature.

'02

C. W. Stork has gone west on a lecturing trip, being scheduled to speak on subjects relating to Scandinavian literature in Minneapolis, Minn. From there he will go to California, not, however, for the purpose of lecturing.

A. G. H. Spiers has accepted a position as head of the Collegiate Department of Romance Languages at Columbia University.

Doctor Spiers has recently re-edited with D. C. Heath & Co. his text of *Eugenie Grandet*.

A son was born March 22nd to Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Cookman.

'03

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hoskins on February 23rd at McMinnville, Oregon. The boy has been named Lewis Maloney.

Dr. H. J. Cadbury has written several book reviews for the *Har-*

vard Theological Review and the
Theologische Literaturzeitung.

'08

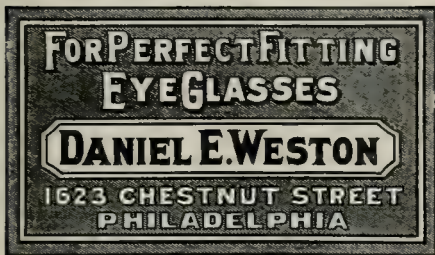
The annual dinner of the Class of '08 was held Friday evening, March the 3rd, at Haverford. Those present were Brown, Burt, Bushnell, Edwards, Elkinton, Emlen, Guenther, Hill, Leonard, Longstreth, Pearson, Strode, and Wright.

'13

Richard Howson has given up his position with the Philadelphia Electric Co. to take one with the firm of Howson & Howson, Patent Attorneys. Mr. Howson is living in Wayne, Pa.

'15

E. R. Dunn has accepted a position as assistant in Biology at Smith College beginning next fall. Moreover, he has been appointed a member of the Board of Governors of the Ichthyological and Herpetological Society which was recently organized at the American Museum of Natural History in New York.



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The Haverfordian

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May

1916

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *tenth* of each month during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

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VOL. XXXVIII

HAVERFORD, PA., MAY, 1916.

No. 2

Announcements

We take pleasure in announcing the election of Henry Paul Schenck, '18 to the board of editors.

Mr. Stone has kindly permitted us to use his oration delivered in the Senior-Junior Oratorical Contest on April 28th.

A Thought at Evening

*In the fragrant dusk of a springtime eve, I paused on the crest of a hill,
Calmed by the myriad voices of spring, lulled by a rippling rill,
For Nature was speaking around me, and everything else was still.*

*From the high hill's crown, I could look far down on a city that lay below:
As the light of day, turned to darker grey, I watched its first lights glow
With an amber light, through the gath'ring night, as they lent it a soft halo.*

*And the lights looked gaily inviting, but the lights they told a lie,
For the gold of the city is tarnished gill, and its laugh is often a sigh,
And its very air is filled with filth that pollutes God's pure, clean sky.*

*So at break of day, I shall make my way to the country's streams and fields,
In Nature's church, in a grove of birch, I shall pray to the Power she wields,
And lie at night, 'neath the stars' dim light, and know the rest she yields.*

—Edwin F. Lawrence, '17.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. XXXVIII.

HAVERFORD, PA., MAY, 1916

No. 2

Shakespeare and Human Nature

THERE are few men to whose memory the whole world unites in doing honor. The homage of a nation is usually confined to its own heroes. Few are the men whose services have extended directly beyond the confines of nationality. Mention the name of Washington, and the American nation rises with one accord; Nelson and Wellington, and the Englishman is flooded with memories of Trafalgar and the bloody fields of Waterloo; Bismark, and the German knee bows in reverence to that giant whose mighty arm welded a group of hostile states into a world empire; Napoleon, and the Frenchman recalls the story of the little Corsican who waded through the blood of his fellow countrymen to the throne of France, and from this pinnacle shook the foundations of Europe. But breathe the name of that spirit of Avon, gentle Will Shakespeare, and nationality is forgotten, prejudices fade in the sunlight of universal admiration, and in every corner of the globe where the torch of civilization throws its beam of light, the human heart and knee are humbled.

Wherein lay the power of this man whose memory is universally revered, the force of whose genius has permeated succeeding generations and dissolved the spiritual boundaries of nationality—whose three hundredth anniversary we are now commemorating? "I am a man," said Terence: "aught that pertains to man is not foreign to me." Human nature is fundamentally the same, and has been throughout the history of the human race. Those forces that stirred the feelings of the ancient Greek on the billowy main of Ionia awake similar emotions in our breasts; the religious ecstasies that thrilled the hearts of the Hebrews, thrill our hearts; and the cold, calculative logic of the Roman lawgiver appeals to our intellects as keenly as it did to those of his listeners in the Forum. The barbarian is moved by the same fundamental emotions that move the civilized man. The emotions of fear, anger, hate, love, joy and sorrow are as firmly implanted in his nature. The poet Keats unconsciously expressed this idea perfectly in his "Ode to a Nightingale":

*"I hear—perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn."*

Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice," speaks a universal truth, applicable to any nationality or any race, when he asks: "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die, and if you wrong us do we not revenge?"

Nations may be divided by language and customs, racial antagonism, geographical boundaries, commercial interests, hereditary and environmental influences, but through every individual of any race or clime runs the common thread of human nature. Human nature is a universal language, and when one speaks in that language he is speaking a tongue that the whole human race will understand. Of this language Shakespeare was a master. Through this language he appeals directly to all men. This common element in man rises to majestic proportions. Aught else beside it is of an ephemeral nature. The empires of the earth are but the outward signs of its activity, and compared with it in a temporal sense are but the structures of a day. Greece, Rome, and Carthage abode their destined hour and sank into ruins, but this eternal pulse of humanity has throbbed on through the ages.

In order that a man may be fully equipped to do his best service in life, it is essential that he should have a very complete understanding of his fellowmen. To do this he must be able to read human character accurately. In order that the wheels of everyday life run smoothly and the maximum amount of friction be eliminated, it is necessary for one to adjust himself to the other man's point of view, to sympathize with him in his sorrows, overlook his weaknesses, share in his joys. The man with broad sympathies and a deep understanding of human nature, has it in his power to teach his fellowmen who lack the power of insight, these fundamental truths. This is the calling of the true poet and dramatist—to broaden the sympathetic imagination of man. The dramatist who has the power to delineate human character accurately and truthfully, can render an invaluable service to humanity, for that power is given to but few. The more a man understands of human nature, the richer, fuller and wider is his own personal life. It becomes easier to adjust himself to other men, his life is more useful, and his influence broader. Limited as most men are to a comparatively small sphere, they are denied the opportunity, the power of insight and of observation essential to the development of a well-rounded personality. But from the riches of the drama one is able to supply this deficiency, and his own

character is the richer for it. In this field Shakespeare is the supreme master. With prophetic insight he has analyzed the character of all types of men under the stress of the whole gamut of human emotions. His characters live, breathe, move. They are not puppets or marionettes. Given a situation, a set of circumstances, and the result is not a haphazard or arbitrary outcome due to the dramatist's caprice. It is the logical and inevitable end of such a character under such a set of circumstances. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Let us turn for a few moments and glance at some of the different types of characters which Shakespeare has so admirably drawn. Say that you have a friend with a bluff, sturdy manhood, fearless and plain-spoken, impatient to the point of rashness, to whom honor is dearer than life. Do you not better understand and appreciate the fine qualities of that friend when Shakespeare brings before you the energetic, daring Hotspur, who finds

*"it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks" ?*

Such a character is not the cobweb of the master's imagination, but a faithful portrayal of a type that passed under his keen observation, and that lives today as surely as then.

In Hamlet, Shakespeare has sounded the very depths of human nature. Into a network of circumstances he has placed a man with delicate sensibilities who feels it his duty to avenge the murder of his father, but who lacks the moral will to execute his revenge. In touching the philosophy of life, Shakespeare sounds a universal note. It is not an isolated instance where Hamlet, weary with the sordidness of life, its barrenness, his soul wrenched upon the rack of hard duty, cries out in his perplexity:

*"To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?"*

In this soliloquy Shakespeare has raised a question that baffles the intellect, and though the human mind will never find a solution for it, its appeal will continue to be as universal.

Shakespeare is never a mere moralist. He never comes down to

the footlights and preaches a sermon. But in so far as the tragedies of life point out that the way of the transgressor is hard, just so far does Shakespeare show the inevitable results of evil. Macbeth, the ambitious man, with remorse gnawing at his very soul, is the victim of his own weakness. Therein lies the tragedy. What is life to a man who has spoiled its sweetness, and tastes but the bitter dregs? A barren moor, a desert sand, a worthless bauble. For Macbeth the game is played and lost, and despair wrings from him his bitter estimation of life:

"Out, out, brief candle!

*Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."*

In the character of King Henry the Fourth, Shakespeare depicts the scheming, wily politician,—clever, cold, deceitful, relentless in his undertakings, but withal efficient, and master of the situation. Yet Henry's wrongful seizure of the crown was a constant thorn in his very soul, and as he feels the hand of death settling upon him he cries in remorse:

"How I came by the crown, O God, forgive."

"Lear" is perhaps the greatest of all tragedies, because it deals with a condition of life that is common to all men—old age and its attendant infirmities. An aged king foolishly divides his realm between two ungrateful daughters and reaps the reward of their ingratitude. The strength of Shakespeare's tragedy lies in the fact that it is not a thing imposed from without, not the result of an overmastering fate, but the result of a weakness in character. "The gods" do not "kill us for their sport," but "of our pleasant vices make instruments to plague us." There are no scenes in all literature so pathetic as those in which the old gray-haired king, who has banished the one daughter who really loved him, begins to see the true character of Goneril and Regan. With consummate skill Shakespeare by degrees brings the horrible truth to a climax, where it bursts upon Lear with brutal force, leaving him stunned and bewildered. Heartbroken, he cries:

*"You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger;*

*And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. . . O fool! I shall go mad."*

Iago is unquestionably the prince of villains in all literature,—cunning, intellectual, dissembling and subtle. His villainy is all the more hideous for being executed behind a smiling mask and under the cloak of friendship. "Who steals my purse," says Iago behind his smiling mask, "steals trash; but he who filches from me my good name, steals that which not enriches him and makes me poor indeed." Once his subtle insinuations have poisoned the open mind of the credulous Othello, we see the hideous face of the real monster, and feel the venom in those terrible words:

*"Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday."*

The jovial Falstaff, whom Coleridge so aptly characterized as being not "a degraded man of genius, but a man of degraded genius," with his rogueries, his lying, cheating, bragging, and tipling of sack, is a familiar character in life. His congenial philosophy and wit are contagious, and with all his faults he solicits our sympathy. Shakespeare shows that even this degraded man has a spark of the divine; that, intermingled with all his coarseness and sensuality, there are lovable and manly traits in his character.

Among the many points which substantiate Shakespeare's title as the greatest modern poet and dramatist, are two in particular in which he has few rivals. These are his treatment of minor characters and his faithful portrayal of women. Shakespeare brings upon the stage no minor character who is not stamped with a personality and individuality that mark him from all others. This all the more clearly shows his deep and penetrating understanding and appreciation of the richness of human nature. Bardolf, Pistol, Dogberry, and Verges are as clearly differentiated as Othello, Hamlet, Macbeth, and Lear. Shakespeare's wonderful galaxy of women are a charm in themselves and a credit to the master's genius. Portia, the wife of Brutus, is a splendid type of matronly womanhood, as is expressed in her speech to Brutus:

*"I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife."*

Portia of Belmont is the charming, cultured woman of high society; and the romantic Rosalind, the lovable Viola, the witty Beatrice, and the high-spirited Kate are true types of women who pass under our daily observation.

The widespread interest that is being shown in the commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's death, clearly indicates the power his genius holds upon the minds of civilized lands. It would be an impossible task to attempt to estimate his influence upon the life of the world. His worth has been tested in the crucible of time for three hundred years, and he has enriched every mind that has drunk at his fountain. Shakespeare's imagination has fructified all fields of modern literature. He is an inspiration to youth and a solace to age. By his power of insight he has explored the darkest recesses of the human soul and has enabled us to see an element of good in all men. He has broadened our sympathetic imagination and taught us to appreciate those hidden human qualities that lie beneath the surface. His gentle humor has sweetened the well-springs of life, and the world is better because Shakespeare passed through it. Time has not withered the laurel wreath that binds his brow, but the passing years have all the more contributed to its freshness. The dust of the ages will not bedim his fame, but carved in the white marble of immortality it will pass through the succeeding generations, each of which will rise in its turn to *crown him anew, the immortal poet.*

—Albert H. Stone, '16.

At the Zoo

*Macaws that flash their colors gay,
And cockatoos that scream dismay,
Attract the few who slowly stray
With listless gaze.*

*Oh shama, that with swelling throat
Above the din trills a sweet note
And sings of India far remote
And endless spring,*

*Fate can no harm to thee impart,
These bars will never brand thy heart,
Still wilt thou act thy meagre part—
So too can I.*

—W. S. Nevin, '18.

Konrad Von Wallenrod: A Dramatic Sketch

(One of the most interesting and little known conflicts of the Middle Ages was the struggle for supremacy between the kingdom of Poland and the Teutonic Knights, a German military order, which, under the pretext of spreading Christianity, attempted to conquer and Germanize Poland and other Slavic territory. This struggle, which was terminated by the decisive victory of the Poles at Grunwald, in 1410, produced the story, true or legendary, of Konrad von Wallenrod. True or false, the story has been immortalized by Adam Mickiewicz in a great dramatic poem, from which Chopin derived the inspiration for his *G Minor Ballade*.)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Konrad von Wallenrod.

Ulrich von Jungingen: Grand Master of the Teutonic Order.

Siegfried: a young Knight of the Order.

Pan Yan Krechowski: a Polish nobleman.

Helena: his daughter.

Time: The fourteenth century.

SCENE I. *A mild spring evening. The garden of Pan Krechowski's castle. Enter Konrad and Helena.*

Konrad: Helena, it is hard for me to put my feeling for you in blunt, clumsy words. I am a plain, rough soldier, more used to fighting than talking. I can only tell you, in the simplest way, that I love you as I have never loved anyone before. When you are near, I know neither father, nor brother, nor kinsman—no, not even our own Poland. In your beauty and goodness I have found the inspiration for everything that I have done, and tried to do, for our motherland. This is a poor, awkward wooing, I know; I must hope that your own love and sympathy will supply the many things that I have left unsaid.

Helena: Konrad, the finest speeches that ever were made could never sound as sweetly in my ears as the story of your battles and victories over the cruel Teutonic Knights, who are striving to enslave our country. I would be a degenerate daughter of Poland, indeed, if I should let the soft words of a flatterer compare with the manly deeds of a hero! I am only too proud and happy that you have chosen me as a partner and helpmate in your great work of Polish liberation.

Konrad: My Helena! My sweet dove! (*They embrace*). I would rather enjoy one hour of your love than crush the Teutonic Knights to-morrow!

Helena: It is only by crushing these German invaders of our country that you can win my fullest and highest love.

Konrad: For that prize I would go through the flames of hell itself!

Helena: Only save our beloved Poland from these tyrants, Konrad; and my love for you will go beyond that of Isolde for Tristan.

Konrad: Why do you hate these Knights so bitterly? They have never come into this part of Poland, have they?

Helena: No, it is not a personal hatred that I feel against them. I wish to see them crushed and destroyed, because they are now crushing and destroying our Poland, because they are stifling that Polish national life of ours, which, to me, is the most sacred thing in the world. To defend that consciousness of national life we must give up everything: life, honor—yes, the hope of eternal salvation itself!

Konrad: Life, honor, salvation! I had never thought of it in those words, Helena; but now I see that you have expressed exactly what I feel about Poland. Our motherland is dearer to me than life, or honor, or salvation; dearer than everything—except our love.

Helena: Even that must yield to our greater, nobler love of a common land, a common ideal. I would die this instant, if we should be threatened with eternal separation; but, if our love should be required as a sacrifice on our country's altar, we must be prepared to make that sacrifice.

Konrad: No such terrible conflict will take place. Our marriage, the accomplishment of our love, shall be celebrated by the joyous pealing of the bells that proclaim the final liberation of our countrymen from the German yoke. I will depart to-morrow, Helena, not to return until the pride of the Order is crushed in the dust.

Helena: And I will bestow on you the reward of victory in advance. *(She places on his head a garland of roses, which she has been plaiting. They embrace as the curtain falls).*

SCENE II. *The same evening. A room in Krechowski's castle. Enter Konrad and a strange knight).*

Konrad: What is the pressing business that you have with me? *(The strange knight throws off his heavy cloak, revealing his white mantle, marked with the red cross of the Teutonic Knights).*

Konrad: A Knight of the Cross!

The Strange Knight: Not merely a knight, but the Grandmaster of the Order. I am Ulrich von Jungingen.

Konrad: Since the rules of your Order forbid you to fight duels, I cannot think of any other business between us.

Jungingen: I know that you have always hated our Order with the blind rage of a pagan barbarian. We have been trying to bring civilization and Christianity into Poland; and it is only your senseless, fanatical opposition that has thwarted our purpose. Surely you must see that your desperate courage can only postpone our inevitable triumph. Even if we relied on human means alone, we should have little trouble in conquering this savage country. But the cause of our Order is also the cause of Christ.

Konrad: Do not blaspheme that holy Name by calling on it to justify your attacks on our free country. This high-sounding talk about Christ and civilization is nothing but a hollow sham, a pitiful lie to cover your greed and selfishness. I have seen too much of your Order not to be convinced that it is nothing but a pack of hypocritical robbers.

Jungingen: Look at the question more sanely, Wallenrod. You know, as a soldier, that we have better discipline, better arms, and more military experience than your bands of Polish peasants. It is only your remarkable military genius that stands in the way of our complete victory. If you will come over to us the cause of Poland will be lost: and we will bestow on you the richest gift in our power.

Konrad: Say one word more, and I will run you through where you stand!

Jungingen: Don't play the chivalrous fool, Wallenrod. Think over the chance that is being offered you before you reject it. I am an old man now, certain to die within the next few years. You need only join the Order to be assured of the next Grandmastership. Look at your narrow, circumscribed life here, exposed, as you are, to the jealousy of a sovereign and the envy of hundreds of equals. As Grandmaster of the Order, your power and resources will be practically unlimited. You will be the most powerful man in eastern Europe. The most efficient military organization in the world will be absolutely at your disposal.

Konrad: You mean that I will have complete control of the Order?

Jungingen: Your authority will be absolute and unquestioned.

Konrad: Then, I accept!

Jungingen (in a loud voice): I receive thee, Konrad von Wallenrod, as a soldier of Christ, into the Order of the Knights of the Cross. (*Enter Pan Krechowski and Helena*).

Krechowski: What mummery is this?

Jungingen (triumphantly): Your strongest champion has decided to abandon the sinking cause of Poland and to join our Order.

Krechowski: Konrad! Surely this is a base lie, a slander! You cannot think of deserting us!

Konrad: My decision has been taken. I am now one of the Brotherhood of Teutonic Knights.

Krechowski: Only think, Konrad, of the battles that we have fought together, of the blood that we have both lost—for Poland.

Konrad: You can say nothing that will change my determination.

Krechowski: Farewell, then, Konrad. If my own daughter had stabbed me to the heart, I would not have suffered as I suffer now; but I will not visit you with any theatrical curses or vows of revenge. The cries of the thousands of Polish widows and orphans that will be the offspring of your treachery, the thought of the heroes, dead and living, who have devoted their lives to our country, the voice of your own conscience, these will be the proper avengers of your unnatural treason.

Helena: Traitor! (*Pan Krechowski and Helena depart*).

Konrad: Life, honor, salvation! (*Departs with Jungingen*).

SCENE III. *A vast plain, near Grunwald. Enter the army of the Teutonic Knights, marching. At the head of the army rides Konrad von Wallenrod, accompanied by Siegfried, a young Knight of the Order.*

Siegfried: At last the great day of glory and triumph is at hand.

Konrad: It is at hand, indeed.

Siegfried: There can be no doubt of the result?

Konrad: None whatever.

Siegfried: Ever since I have joined the Order, I have been hoping and praying that I might fight the last great battle for Christ and His faith at your side.

Konrad: At my side! But I had intended to send you back to the reserve division, with a message.

Siegfried (smiling): I knew you would do everything in your power to keep me out of danger. But surely you remember the promise you made me, after I saved your life, to grant any request I might make.

Konrad: And your request?

Siegfried: To fight in the first rank of the battle, at your side!

Konrad: But think of the danger, the likelihood of death.

Siegfried: Dear master, I can never express my gratitude for your constant love and care for my life and happiness. But surely you must see that the danger of my request is nothing compared with the dishonor of being in the rear, like a coward or a traitor, when our cause is about win its final victory.

Konrad (aside): My God, my God, must I drink this cup also? *(Aloud).* If you must come with me, Siegfried, remember the solemn warning that I am now giving you: not to go into this battle.

Siegfried (surprised): You speak as if you were not confident of victory. Have we not always beaten these Poles, even when our forces were much smaller?

Konrad: A battle is always in doubt until it is won.

Siegfried: We are Christ's soldiers; and under His banner we cannot fail. How my dear mother will rejoice when she learns that I have had a part, however humble, in the great work of establishing our holy faith in this pagan land!

Konrad (aside): I must make my heart harder than my breastplate. *(Aloud).* I must leave you now, Siegfried. If anything unexpected should happen, remember that it is no disgrace to flee from the field that is hopelessly lost. *(The army has now advanced into a huge valley, or ravine, surrounded by hills. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, a large Polish army appears, occupying all the heights. The Knights cry out, in anger and astonishment)*

Konrad (riding to an eminence, in a loud voice): You pious robbers, you hypocrites, you bloodthirsty tyrants, at last your punishment is prepared. Not one of you will escape from this field; and it is I who have brought this destruction upon you—I, Konrad von Wallenrod, the Pole. *(He tears the Grandmaster's cross from his mantle and casts it on the ground. The Knights rush upon him in a frenzy of hatred and terror).*

SCENE IV. *The battlefield, several hours later. Huge heaps of corpses, streams of blood, piles of broken armor and weapons. Konrad lies on the field, mortally wounded; near him Siegfried, also breathing his last.*

Siegfried (as he sees Konrad): Traitor! Judas! To-day you have murdered fifty thousand soldiers of Christ. Never, since our Saviour Himself was betrayed, has there been such a deed of infamous treachery. If I had only known what was in your mind before the battle! O, mother, mother, what news will they bring thee of this day! Pray for the soul of thy poor son, murdered by the most accursed villain that ever walked the earth. *(Dies).*

Konrad: So my life ebbs out. Deserting the noblest woman in the world, betraying the most devoted friend that ever lived, cursed as a traitor by friend and foe alike, the sooner I leave this wretched world the better. My throat is parched, my head grows dizzy—well, I have heard that the worst pangs of hell are reserved for traitors. This life a slow crucifixion, the next life a hell, my grave despised, my memory dis-

honored, and—for what? (*He sinks down in utter despair. Gradually, slowly, the strains of the Polish national hymn become clearer and clearer*).

Konrad (*raising himself and speaking in a tone of exalted passion*):
And yet I rejoice in the torments that I have suffered; I exult in those
that I am about to undergo: for I have freed thee, my Polish motherland!

(*As he sinks down in death the Polish anthem rings out triumphant
over the bloodstained battlefield*).

—W. H. Chamberlin, '17.

The Ghost of the Mountain Pine

*I grew in a crevice
Near a lonely mountain top—
In a crevice.
And the wind tore my arms
Till I wept with dripping sap—
In the wind.
The smiling summer sun
Baked the rocks about my roots—
In the sun.
The rain and frosty nights
Made an armor round my form—
In the night.
Then the spring's thawing winds
Loosed the mountain's load of snow—
In the spring.
Oh, I was in the spot
That the slide must needs pass o'er—
In that spot.
And the crevice where I grew
Split and quivered as I fell—
Into space.*

—H. P. Schenck, '18.

Hennery

THE wind howled around the hitching posts outside. The stove, red and sizzling, formed the nucleus of a very select gathering.

In other words, the evening mobilization of all the males in Simm's Crossing was completed. Old man Simm stood complacently behind the counter and with unerring aim struck the sawdust cuspidor at frequent and regular intervals, a feat only accomplished after much practice and one that drew admiration from the younger male population of the village. A silence of several minutes had produced a marked effect upon old Hicks. He gazed at the bunch of over-ripe bananas suspended from a hook, then at a row of canned goods whose labels were in a precarious condition, and finally at a talking machine, the latest addition to the stock of "Simm's Emporium." Old Hicks' goatee moved tremulously and his head went back until the prominent Adam's apple protruded above the red, woolen muffler. He played with a lock of the gray hair which curled from under his heavy fur cap, looked first over and then under his spectacles and then loudly cleared his throat. The silent circle became immediately attentive, as evidenced by the careful perusal of their respective feet.

"Yaas, yaas, yaas," murmured old Hicks, "things ain't what they used to be."

Universal silence betokened general assent to these sentiments.

"Now you take back when I was young and kept company with the gals, a feller had to amount to something. I 'member how us young fellers back in '71 had a wrastlin' match over at Jake's barn an' I'll tell yu the gals wudn't hev much to do with a feller that couldn't do anything at all in that kind uv a thing."

Everybody nodded their approbation. It was the weekly sentiment of old Hicks. The assembly always felt relieved when this ordeal was safely passed. Hicks waited until a fresh bite of plug tobacco could be taken by his audience and then proceeded.

"Nowadays they harp on books and larnin', but 'way back things was different. These here colleges an' things is what spoils everything. Si Cook over by the old dam sent his son Hennery to one of these here fool places where they teach yu to smoke cigyrettes an' where they show yu how to wear Sunday clothes every day en talk so a body can't make out head nor tail what you're talkin' about. Hennery graduated all right, but, Jimminy, how he did carry on when he got back! Why, he well-nigh ruined the whole blamed place with his fool notions.

"First thing he does when he gets home is tu teach all the fool gals

a new way tu dance an' durn ef those fool women would dance any other way after that. The young fellers just had to stand around an' look clumsy. Well, you bet that made them fellers awful sore an' they laid fer him out back of old William's Grove. Four or five of them jumped out on him. He took it as some kind uv a joke an' durned ef he didn't clean up that bunch in no time at all. Some way they got from the heathen, they say. A feller what knows how kin tie yu all up in a knot.

"The worst thing Hennery did was to argue with the parson. Yes, sir, the parson didn't know whether he was comin' or goin'. They was goin' to have a spellin' bee over in the schoolhouse. Hennery said spellin' bees was no use; since people had typewriters they didn't have to know how to spell. He said that the only thing to do was to give a play. The parson got terrible sore an' the Temperance Union held a special meeting, but Hennery told the gals how nice they'd look in their costooms an' other things what most on us had never heard of. Well, sir, do yu know, them there gals just carried on until they got the parson to let them go ahead. Squire Hawkins, who'd been judge fer the spellin' bees fer years, was mighty sore at first, but Hennery said he could be stage manager an' then the squire was tickled nigh to death. Hennery made the Sewin' Circle sew a lot of blankets together, an' then durn ef he didn't take the old man's 'lectric motor what he got when the ram busted that pumped the water to the barn. He rigged up a curtain an' run it up an' down with that there motor.

"Such carryin's-on as was around that place fer a month! The gals what was in the show wanted new duds to show off in the show, an' the gals what wasn't in the show, they wanted new duds to show how nice they'd have looked ef they was in the show. Jake Williams was tellin' me as how he spent almost five dollars on that there red-haired daughter of his, fer clothes en things. Guess he was sorry afterwards he spent so much on her, because she got scared an' forgot all her part.

"What made things worse was the fact that Hennery said the gals would hev to wear paint an' powder on their faces to make 'em look all right. The parson's wife got sore at that, but Hennery was sure clever. He told her as how she had dramatic ability and what not, an' durn ef the parson's wife didn't go over to Hennery's side too!

"Well, the night of the show all the buggies in the county was drawn up around the Masonic Hall. Hennery was at the door in some kind of a rig with a shirt that stretched down almost to his pants an' long tails on his coat an' a smile all over his face. Such a buzzin' an' talkin' as was in that hall I never heard in all my born days. Well, they had the town band there, an' they started up with the 'Conquering

Hero Comes,' but the audience thought it was 'America' an' everybody stood up an' began to sing, 'My Country 'Tis of Thee.'

"By-an'-by, when Hennery had got his motor to workin', the curtain riz right up. Everybody just gasped. They had the stage fixed just like a regular room. Josh Reynolds' son was the villain. Hennery had him all fixed up with a big black mustache an' Josh wouldn't believe it was his son. He had an argyment right out in the hall there with me about it. I couldn't convince him nohow. In the first act the gal got lured from home by the villain. That made Josh so sore that he said if it *was* his son he was goin' to 'tend to him when he got him home for cuttin' up that way right in front of all the neighbors. In the second act Sadie Smith stepped right on Mary Perkins' dress an' tore it. They ain't spoke since, to my knowledge. Squire Hawkins kept peepin' out from one corner of the stage all the time to see if he could find his wife in the audience. He got too close to the wires what led to Hennery's motor an' got a shock. He yelled out, 'Fire!' Everybody made a run for the door.

"By the time everybody got back in, it was time for the third act. Right off as soon as the curtain went up the villain started in to worry the gal what he had lured from home. The gal she got down on her knees an' begged for mercy an' said she wanted to go back to home an' mother. Some of the women bellered right out loud an' took on somethin' awful so you could hardly hear what was said on the stage. Hennery had Spike Leonard tied on a rope over the stage where you couldn't see him. Spike had a big tub full of torn-up newspapers an' he dropped a handful at a time down an' it looked just like snow. Widow Haines thought it was snow an' went right home to cover up her strawberry beds. Pretty soon the villain pulled the gal around by the hair. The gal shrieked somethin' terrubul. Two women out in the hall fainted an' such a commotion you never saw. Spike heard the racket, but he was tied up with the rope to the ceiling an' couldn't see nothin'. He wriggled around until he dropped the tub full of snow. The tub hit the villain right on his head an' he fell right where he was. The people thought it was all in the show an' started to cheer and clap. Hennery started the motor an' the curtain came down. It took them about five minutes to bring the villain around an' then he an' Spike had a set-to an' both on 'em got black eyes.

"Hennery went out an' made a speech, an' everybody staid while the band played somethin' or other. When the band stopped playin'

an' they put the horns an' things in their boxes, everybody got up an' drove home. Yas, sir, Hennery sure did play hob with folks around here."

—H. P. Schenck, '18.

Horace (Book 2, Ode 10)

*A tranquil voyage of life you'll have, my friend,
If you don't sail where dim horizons bend
O'er restless waves, nor yield to fear of gale
And hug the shores that wait the ship to rend.*

*Whoever cherishes the golden mean
Is free from life's vain cares, he lives serene,
For neither hut nor palace bears his name,
Untouched by sordid want or envy's spleen.*

*The tallest pine receives the tempest's blast,
And towering walls crash down in ruin vast,
While rugged cliffs and mountains soaring high
Are reft when lightnings hold the world aghast.*

*A heart, iron-bound, can stand a losing game,
And knows when fortune smiles, that luck's a name
That vanishes when just within our reach,
As winter's snow before the sun's hot flame.*

*If hard-luck now is following your track,
Some day the gods will cease the cards to stack.
One hour Apollo aids my lyric muse,
The next—he has me on the sick-bed's rack.*

*So in your voyage let not your courage fail
When all is dark and rages loud the gale,
Or if you scud along with breezes kind,
Take my advice—go furl the swollen sail.*

—W. S. Nevin, '18.

Louis Pasteur: A Tribute

TO determine the greatness of a man it is essential to consider, not only the time and circumstances in which he lived, but also the motives which actuated his deeds.

We hear much of men who sacrifice themselves to destroy others—they are called brave and their deeds noble; but let us consider a man who sacrificed himself for the alleviation of human suffering.

In the sixth and seventh decades of the last century, when Europe was in turmoil, Pasteur was prosecuting his researches in Paris; he was laboring with the fever bacillus in the dingy cellars of that city. There in seclusion, unknown and unappreciated, he started his work for mankind. Strangely enough, Pasteur began his research by a study of the micro-organism in the plebeian drink, beer. His vision was gratified by a view of the unwelcome visitor that was threatening the beverage, and he found that in its extermination, which he effected, the brew could be restored to its pristine perfection.

Next his attention was called to the silk industry, which had been threatened by a disease among the silkworms. There again he found the micro-organism the cause of disease. Now he argued that since in his researches the disease of the beer and the disease of the silkworm had been directly ascribed to micro-organisms, why not all disease? He proceeded to investigate cattle plagued with the horrible disease, anthrax. Here the bacillus was again found to be the cause. Thus the outcome of his labors was the science of bacteriology; it showed that disease was not the wrath of God; that it was not, as the venerable Grecian physician, Hippocrates, suggested, due to "Divine Air"; but that it was a tangible proposition, workable by humans.

Louis Pasteur must stand in history with a glory that is almost transcendent. He is the author of the Gospel of the Body. He brought to focus that old idea that cleanliness is next to godliness; he has raised mankind from the suppliant to the corrector, from ignorance to confidence; and his personal life, characterized by the simple word "purity," is exemplary of the highest in man. His conception of his responsibility to the world was notably expressed when he said, "God grant that by my persevering labors I may add a little stone to that frail and ill-assured edifice of our knowledge of those deep mysteries of Life and Death where all our intellects have so lamentably failed."

And is it not pleasant to reflect, amidst the din and strife that to-day permeates Europe, upon a man who worked quietly, persistently, and so successfully for us? How much more glorious is the humanitarian genius

of Pasteur, laboring to dispel the maladies that have led so many astray in their religious conceptions, than the military genius of a general in a carnal strife, bowling over civilization and wrecking artistic Europe beyond reparation!

All of us have heroes, but who is there that is more worthy of our deepest devotion than Louis Pasteur? When we consider the ravages of disease, does it not strike us supremely to feel that human genius is surmounting it all—that the mysteries of Life are not closed to us, but that we have not disclosed them? His labors were more than scientific; they were more than humanitarian; they possess a savour of religion in their healing effect upon the human mind.

Nature represents the wisdom and handiwork of God, and to be blind to its interpretation is a form of skepticism. Then let us honor in our hearts the great scientists who have interpreted nature for us. As the eminent English physician Dr. Osler suggests, "How much it adds to our religion to know and to really understand that Newton showed us the new heavens; that Darwin showed us the new earth, and that the labors of Pasteur have led to the physical redemption of mankind!"

—T. P. D. 1919.

At the Grave of Schopenhauer

*Immortal pessimist who dared to see
The pain and not the joy in life, from heights
Of lonely intellectuality!
Repose in peace, for thou hast fought thy fights
And lived thy Hell while yet upon this earth.
Great Scholar, happiness and love to thee
Were but illusions destitute of worth,
Marriage a snare and life but misery.
Few people knew thee; yet thou did'st become
The confidant of Goethe's peerless mind.
While many still mistrust thee, there are some
Who, reading thy plain truths, do seem to find
A comfort and an honest sympathy,
And strange relief from sham philosophy.*

—Edwin F. Lawrence, '17.

The Psychology of "Roughing It"

A VACATION! What does a vacation do for man but give him a permit to break away from the beaten path and try for a while the simple life? There are many ways in which this can be done. Some men carry this "back to nature" idea to the limit and start off on their trips equipped only with toothbrush and frying pan, while others will go to the opposite extreme and transplant into the wilds a veritable little palace, which they laboriously spend their time fixing up—exulting that they remembered to bring the napkins and toothpicks, but raging because they forgot the sheets for the beds. And yet even this latter type have been known to enjoy their form of "roughing it" when they have gone about it with the right spirit.

A vacation has not truly begun until the moment a wheezy little two-car has dumped us and a few duffle-bags on a tiny platform and then continued on its staggering way back to the civilization we have just left. Our imagination readily pictures it pulling into the gray, grimy train-shed, and we are so sickened by the recollection of that old ferry-smell and the uproar from clanging chains and crashing trucks that we involuntarily throw ourselves into the reality surrounding us in order to free ourselves from our illusions.

Pitching camp is always one of the most interesting incidents on any trip. The task has a certain novelty about it, and, besides, we are always free to engage in a lively speculation as to who were the last occupants of our site. Our first guess is tramps, since we reason that no real campers would leave such eyesores as cans and paper lying around, we ignoring entirely the probability of our leaving it in even a worse condition during the rush of a last-minute get-away.

By the time we have arranged our sleeping bags for the night and have gotten in a stock of the two old standbys—wood and water—night is already beginning to close in and the stomach of the brute rumbles eloquently in behalf of its aching void. There is something especially fine about the first meal in camp. Nature presents the first and sharpest of those keen appetites which make anything taste good; the dishes and utensils are clean for once and not embossed with fragments from previous meals; and, finally, we feast on those delicacies which we have brought with us and which we decide will surely spoil if we keep them any longer. And another cause for the success of the first meal is the fact that everybody is liable to turn in and help prepare it just out of mere novelty, while afterwards—especially when there is a pile of dirty

dishes looking one in the eye—desertions take place with remarkable alacrity.

At last, when we have heard the steak broiling in the pan and the old can-opener getting in its deadly work on everything from condensed milk to asparagus tips, then our “still small voice” summons us to squat informally around the “table” and go to it. We speak little; grunts of approval nodded in the direction of the cook and curt requests for more do not strain our vocabulary; it is seldom that truly complete satisfaction has to be expressed vocally.

And now, with the silencing of the inner man, comes the period of contentment and relaxation. The world has no troubles for us; we lay aside the dishes for the Geni to wash over-night; and, stretching ourselves before the fire, we lazily kick into subjection the smouldering logs.

Many times has it been noted what a remarkable power the camp-fire has to draw out eloquence from the backward tongue. Conversation, however, develops but slowly and is started by modest and yet all-expressive remarks such as, “Isn’t this the life!” and “Think of the poor devils at home!” Yet the dizzy heights are reached eventually and before sleep brings on that groggy feeling we have discussed all the deep mysteries in our limited category—even down the long path from women to Heaven! Of course, it is not to be expected that we keep completely clear from happenings at home, and we find ourselves wondering perhaps how certain social functions will possibly get along in our absence. Again, here is a favorite place to rake mutual acquaintances over the coals and analyze them as one would a “chem” problem. And so the thread leads on until each vein of the conversation has reached fields never dreamt of by the author.

If there is a sufficient number in our party, song is certain to break forth spontaneously in one form or other, but if our party consists merely of a few we are aware of the hollow echo which our voices bring from the dark, wide expanse surrounding us. Night impresses us as one of the most impressive and awe-inspiring phenomena of Nature, and, drawing together, we instinctively lower our voices in respect to this vague power. A chorus of night noises is topped by the whistling of the hylas, and this shrill orchestra accompanies with its irregular refrain the drama which the shadows in the woods are playing before our awakened imagination. Under the awe of such surroundings a compelling force leads us to strip both thought and speech of all superficial and to reconstruct our thoughts on a more natural level which we feel to be base-rock in truth.

But it is not until we have rolled up in our blankets and each individual is left to his own thoughts that the transformation becomes com-

plete. The fire has grown as weary as ourselves, and, relaxing into its own slumbers, leaves on the surrounding boughs but a pale yellow sheen which only intensifies the surrounding darkness. At such a time the reflecting man feels with redoubled conviction the helpless position of solitary man on this earth and his unsequential position in Nature's great scheme. His imagination despatches his brain on the wildest of journeys. He suddenly calls to mind those years when his mother used to persistently entreat him to take his overshoes and umbrella with him in order to protect himself against such terrible possibilities as colds. He smiles to himself at the thought of his recollecting such childish trifles; what had ever made him bring up this memory? Oh, yes, he had been thinking of it in comparison with the bravery he was now showing in sleeping out in the open this way. In such a manner does his mind wander at will amid meditations and reflections until, tiring of its own exertion, it permits its owner to fall asleep and is content to continue its activities at low power through the medium of incongruous dreams.

Thus goes the first day of our trip—as do also probably the others—until the fateful one arrives on which we dig out our stiff collars. We receive them without protest as a very fitting symbol of the bondage of the civilization we are about to re-enter, and we do not wonder that the first act of a so-called "civilized" Chinaman on the approach of illness is to throw away this article of dress.

The final and greatest point about our trip, however, is that, after our return from a stock of natural and unalloyed pleasures, we have many new thoughts around which to build for a lasting happiness in the future. We fled for relief from artificiality and its conveniences, and found our joy in the simplest forms of Nature; and Nature, in return, taught us her oldest truth: that between material comforts in life and happiness in life there is a vast gap which most men never leap.

—*Kenneth W. Webb, '18.*

College Pests

THE FRESH-AIR FIEND

I fain would be a peaceful guy, and start no fights, but always try to turn the other cheek. I have no natural thirst for blood, I don't enjoy slinging mud,—in fact I'm very meek. But then there is an ancient saw which says it is the final straw that breaks the camel's back; and although, as a general rule, I'm patient as an army mule, a mule will kick, alack!

When mercury falls to ten below, and all is white with sleet and snow, and I am almost froze; and on the register I sit to coax the blood to flow a bit, and thaw my frostbit toes; some fresh-air fiend comes blowing in; jerks up the windows with a grin, and starts to reel it off about the microbes and the germs, bacteria and angle worms, that in the air we cough. Sometimes as I crawl into bed (the mercury down as afore-said, and snow six inches deep), this pest both windows opens wide, the transom and the door beside, so he can better sleep. And I lie shivering all alone, as cold as some antarctic stone, and those deep thoughts I think about the pesky fresh-air fiend, if from my mind they could be gleaned, would not look well in ink.

—Albert H. Stone, '16.

Stormy Sunbeams

*I will not write a word to Spring;—
I will not to her chirping sing,
Of birds in April on the wing;
I will not write a word to Spring.*

*The dusty swirl of winds, in Spring,
The green-tipped buds on vines that cling,
And clouds that checkered brightness bring,—
I will not write a word to Spring.*

*The stray white flakes a-whispering,
Of bloom or snow down-idling,
The sun—then sheets of sleet that sting;—
I will not write a word to Spring.*

—D. C. Wendell, '16.

The Seasons and the Life of Man

SWAYING our lives from without are two great influences—that exerted by the earth in its physical aspect, and that by other human beings. We live with nature and with ourselves. But if the radiation of magnetic influence from man to man be free and rapid, equally free and rapid, for in the same current, must be the passage of the nature-influence, caught and reflected by all. As no other influence is thus traceable to a definite source, this, then, may be considered the one great fact—partial though it be—in human existence;—that the life of man is moulded by nature.

Man himself, it is true, is never entirely conscious of this; but always, however unconsciously, has he testified by word and deed to the reality of it. In the days of his primitive simplicity he was so directly, so individually dependent upon nature, that everywhere, through his daily struggle against her, and, especially later, through his co-operative labor with her, he was brought to look her in the face, carry her in his mind, formulate ideas about her,—and thus to admit her hand to the shaping of his character. Then, in leisure moments, when his earliest artistic tendencies, however inspired, emerged from his soul and found visible expression, the same influence held sway over him; he saw, not a new world, but new aspects of an old,—and his first works of art were definitely suggested by the long-familiar forms of earth about him. He thought, prayed; but philosophy had its beginnings in the contemplation of nature, and religion its roots in the worship of her. The religious exaltation of the Psalms, would it not be colorless, unrealizable, without the fruits of a rapt communion with nature to make it glow with reality and color? A similar worship is vibrant in the souls of all great men, and in the greater over-souls of nations; and is revealed in their language, which, in moments of inspiration, owes its nobility and universal appeal to a beauty or spirit of nature which it embodies and which gives it soul. The stories of the Great Spirit told among the North American Indians are eloquent, because so simple and direct, of this, the universal influence, which is held over us by the aspect of the material veil with which nature conceals from our eyes the ultimate spiritual universe. And though these expressions of speculation, worship, and faith are primitive and childlike, the force then working in them works now in the maturest and profoundest utterances—when sincere and heart-felt—of the great philosophers, poets, and religious teachers of the day.

But not alone they who see and analyze, feel and experience. Still,

in the midst of our walled and paved, artificial, and often sordid civilization, we pass our lives, all of us, hand-worker and seer, in a world of unconfined sunshine, rollicking breezes, illimitable space,—as well as in a world of bottled light, distributed air, and low partitioned enclosures of a rigid narrowness: of potent, living essences, as well as of spiritless, unavailing concrete masses of brick and stone and steel. The mere warmth of the sky, the fragrance of the air, the crispness of the grass, even, may have as great an effect upon our lives as the cold, daring ugliness of skyscrapers, the sickly scent of ballroom flowers, or the clink of flashing silver on the counter. The reason we are not more clearly perceptive of this in ourselves, is, that we have no opportunity of comparing ourselves with others, for they also are under the same influence. None of us can know what we would be without it.

Instead of thither following the metaphysicians to what may be but a futile verge upon the incomprehensible, it is of far greater interest to stand where we may behold that which is both useful and open to our understanding,—in the actual visible realm in which man *does* meet with nature.

In our temperate climate the seasons are the most striking and tangible phase of nature's operations. Nights and days occur wherever we know there are men; and, though they may be of extraordinary length, as in Norway, their recurrence, no less there than elsewhere, is rigidly periodic, and their variation in length through a reiterated cycle, over a law-bound curve: while here, in our part of the globe, besides these regular exquisite stanzas into which she has formed the earthly portion of her sublime poem, endless, yet ever complete!—nature has here in addition arranged her work into four mighty cantos, which are boundless,—regular in recurrence and succession, but varied in length and in spirit—a vast panorama of change!

But, not to lose sight of man in our enthusiasm, what is the relation of all this to his life? Has he no other concern with it than as it affects his business, his material welfare, his practical existence? No other interest in it than as it provides a convenient subject for his conversation? Eternally, not a sun shines without brightening more hearts than it enriches coffers! Not a storm beats without chastening more spirits than it wrecks homes! And not a single empty conversation about the weather can be heard but is emblematic of a real and abiding interest in the natural world around us. The weather may at times have only the remotest imaginable effect upon our work, while it is scarcely conceivable that it could ever fail to have one both direct and powerful upon us. Not all men are cheered by a bright ray of sunlight, but those only

are not who make harsher the discords within them by cursing it as the bitter irony of nature who has no sympathy with their ill-fortune and distress,—and thus come also under its influence in spite of themselves. But together with this direct influence, however, is always the indirect, or that acting through changes effected in the definite plans and activities of our lives; and this influence is so often the nourishing one, where the other, though the only one that appears to the philosopher, is merely an outgrowth from it, that it is for science rather than art to study them apart from each other. Particularly with the seasons is it necessary to regard this double influence as one harmonious process.

And now thus to follow nature as she conducts us from one to another of the realms in her universe, the successive periods during which she wraps us in peculiar atmospheres, sprinkles us with certain opiates and tonics, all of one kind until we need a change, when she administers the next treatment,—now to follow the great march of the seasons by the dwellings of man.

To get the full effect of it all, we will best begin at what seems almost a real beginning evolving from the circular endlessness of nature—in mid-winter, the time when nature is secretly marshalling, beneath a barren, sluggish exterior, the energizing forces for all the vital activity and lavish abundance that are to come. Only a few terrific blasts shot into the air, and a strong, open-work grip as of steel laid upon the land, give sign to the inhabitants of earth that beneath the calm, passionless surface through which they pass, lie unseen and illimitable forces. But when these rare blasts die down, and the ice yields to the softening snow, we largely relapse into our former unconsciousness of anything but the peace and satisfying simplicity on the surface of things. Even that seems somewhat vague and removed by its very definiteness and tangibility.

Enter upon a typical winter landscape under the quiet transformation of a soft fall of snow, and consider the gentle charm which broods on the scene. Is it not a charm of cosiness, of restful contraction of vision, hanging over all things like an unbroken veil? The leaden sky, unlike the deep blue, or fairy-tinted, mystically piling clouds of summer, tempts us to no deep, searching, wearisome gaze into depths of the far unknowable, but drops above like an immovable pall, dark, dull, and unalluring. One glance and we lower our eyes, to raise them aloft no more, content with the bit of earth surrounding us. Here, too, all wandering and distant looks are gently repelled by the influences of the land in harmony with those of the sky. The sameness of tone of the very near distance envelops us with a pale band so unobtrusive as to

scarcely attract our notice, and yet so powerful as to virtually constitute our horizon. Near at hand the blanketed fields urge our eyes to withdraw still further, and come to rest on the little circle of snow-laden trees and bushes drawing around, overhanging, and encompassing us. Here, at last, we find a complete, though plain, satisfaction and rest. Thus it is that in all our pictured recollections of winter, appears no extensive panoramic view of broad country, or distant glimpse of mountains, such as summer memories abundantly yield us; but many a restricted bit of close-at-hand scenery,—a snow-weighted thicket, a barren hill-top, a small skating pond encircled with bushes, a bend in the road piled high on either side with drifts, or merely some heaps of snow before our doorstep. Moreover, there are few, even of these, that come back to us in definite individualized detail. The finesse of natural beauty is often blurred by the snow, with its vague, generalizing curves and sweeps; and therefore winter scenery offers less enticement than that of any other season to close-range curious observation in search of beauty. Even one striking exception,—a forest of glittering trees, with every branch and twig coated with sparkling transparent ice: so that every tiny vista loses itself in a delicate frosted tracery—as exquisitely delicate as the spidery network of tentacles sent out by the ice crystals from the grassy banks of a brook; and every slender treetop flames in the sun as though the white light of its soul leaped up to the skies through pendulous fairy battlement of ice,—even such wizardry as this is too fantastic, too unreal, too evidently transient, to be brought fully home to us. Only for a few poetic moments, has it, perhaps, a meaning. We soon forget and ignore. And so it is seen how in winter nature drives us back from her distances, and attracts us but little to her vicinities. As we turn to the closest objects the same interposing veil is drawn over them as that which caused us to turn from the farthest. And, in addition to all this, the very air produces upon us, through our nostrils, the same effect as the sky and land through our eyes. In the air of spring, summer, and autumn is something intangible and seductive, arousing a desire which is nearly satiated, even, only in summer, and never entirely so; while in that of winter, especially when heavy with the taint of snow, is almost no intoxication of things hidden or half-sensed. An atmosphere damp, without warmth, without fragrance, with an almost matter-of-fact responsiveness to the needs of our breathing, it fully satisfies, without stimulating, the senses, deadens attention, and, with the cosy environment meeting the eye, is a powerful depressant of interest in things that are not forced upon our notice.

What, then, is the corresponding change induced within us by this

temporary narrowness of vision? Do we not fall back from our straining toward soaring, hazy ambitions, and our striving toward unattainable or distant ideals? Having no sun in the heavens to remind us of far-off glories in the spiritual heights, we look no more for them, and turn to the inspiration of humble duty and virtue. And no sunshine beating upon us, we feel less strongly the emanation of soul-rays from beyond earth, and seek out, instead, the warmth of the human heart. Our thoughts, as we trudge homeward of a winter's evening through the soft snow, are occupied with the successes or failures of the day, the pleasures promised for the evening, or, possibly, with plans for a day or two ahead; and our hearts, when we reach home, responsive to the gentle comforts and blessings of our really snug state as mortal, and the joys and privileges of our human brotherhood. So society comes into full swing, and we grow to look at the great universe beyond man's immediate interests, as, through a window, into the night; and at man's little world of houses, only as we hurry here and there within it.

Naturally, as our thoughts and aspirations do not soar, we are much steadier at our work. Now, if ever, we are drudges. Toil replaces toil, until we are beginning to deny ourselves even such little rest as good work requires. Duties of all kinds become, for a time, more real. Family cares engross our attention. We are accepting our share in the labor of humanity,—but we are rushing toward the brink of our capacity, we are exhausting our energy as individuals, and we have ceased to draw from the vital sources of supply. Further, we are becoming unambitious, self-complacent, narrow-visioned; and our sense dulled to some of the finest things of life. Nature means less to us, and she has now no wild flowers and rapturous birds in her fields and woods, to attract us, and no thunder and lightning in her heavens to startle us into worship. Love, with her frolicsome fancy gone, has ceased to delight our gentler natures. So it is the higher poetry, the gossamer romance, of life, that we are now on the point of losing. We are even, perhaps as a result of this, becoming a trifle more animal in some of our tendencies such as in being abnormally under the influence of our stomachs. On the other hand, we are not developing ourselves so much muscularly, and are growing feeble in lungs and weary in back. We need swimming, tennis, canoeing, walking, or baseball in back lots. Lastly, we have come to attach too much importance to clothes and other trifling paraphernalia of society. We need to roam the woods in running trunks and jersey, or work on a farm in overalls, or go fishing in our oldest trousers with conspicuous suspenders. Even in a summer hotel, clothes are not taken so seriously as in a mid-winter ballroom. One's straw hat needs to be

chosen with care, and is no doubt a frivolous article, but it is not so deceptively, so overwhelmingly imposing as a high silk.

We are, then, by the end of winter, overworked and dull, with abnormal tendencies leaning to the animal state on one side, and to the over-refined and artificial on the other. We need the balance restored by a great awakening, another mighty rebirth, which will set free the suppressed and perverted parts of our natures, that they may force to co-ordination the inordinate tyrannical, parts. For this is needed a fresh infusal of the enlivening germs that arise only from the infinitesimal, multitudinous activity of natural life in full bloom.

The very depths of our natures feel the call with the first breeze that has in it the unmistakable, ineffable wine of the springtide. We are at first brought into the possibility of a cure by a soothing and alluring languor, stealing into the heated restlessness of our minds, sapped dry with work and worry, and reopening our senses, physical and spiritual, to all the tender sweetnesses of existence, which we have long ceased to enjoy, almost forgotten. Love blooms once more with the flowers—the necessary youthful blush of love, not the deep, steadfast affection, which, though unrelinquished through the winter, had almost lost its essence of the divine, and had been living on last year's diminishing, un replenished fruitage. No longer are we satisfied with the aims and projects brought to definiteness by the firelight; we want to feel the spiritual magnetism, the impelling spark of desire which emanates from the luminaries of thought, idea, beauty, as mightily as rays from the all-acknowledged, irresistible countenance of the mystic summer moon! Now is coming the time to stroll in the fields, eddy down the rapid, thrill with the falling canoe, penetrate to the religious sanctity of the hermit thrush, or merely step into the dooryard and inhale the rich odor of the lilac blossoms—all are part of nature's plan, and any one has power to open the gates into gardens of bliss whose depths we cannot fathom. All nature has a meaning now. The clouds are perpetual delights.

So, through the long, long summer we acquire a healthy, splendid delight in the joy of living. We are pleasant, cheerful, and good-natured because it is easy and natural to be so; but we are laying up stores from the very sources of goodness which will enable us to do many things by-and-by when they will not be easy.

As the last dog-days are stilling our desire for more, we are beginning to prepare for more vigorous, less sensual autumn; when earth is not so lavish with sweets and is instilling our souls with a sterner strength, a more chaste communion with beauty. Such are the lingering late-autumn sunsets, of whose loveliness man can scarcely speak. Their

exquisite tints float upon the very pinnacle of nature's glory; there is nothing further of pure beauty on earth. No human love, no strain of music, is as these. We are given no loftier glimpse into beauty's ultimate, highest domain!—and are led to look beyond this world and life to give a goal to our longing for that beauty which is forever above the visible, a higher and ever higher beauty.

This is the reason we are able to drop back again to the old routine and short-sighted drudgery of winter. We have seen and felt to the end of mortality, and glimpsed a beyond; and we must work long and dully before we can exalt our spirit to behold such things anew. But, in the meantime, not in total darkness is our work. The well of nature's bounty is never frozen to the bottom. The dying sunsets of autumn will now and then burst forth again late into winter, with a yet rarer gleam; the sleet storms build ice-tabernacles for the sun to glitter in; the brook fresco, with his quaint devices, the garment of snow and sheaf-ice upon his bosom; a song-sparrow with summer-like joy sing to the keen, ice-bright dawns of winter. But these are occasional; for the most part the landscape will be monotonous, and we wrapped unseeing in the mists and vapours that arise from human industry, absorbed in the failure or success of our enterprise, recreated only by the pleasantries of human intercourse, interested only in problems of human life. All that is in us we give to the race, until, with the return of spring, nature reclaims her homage, and once more offers her gifts, inviting us to drink her honor in a cup of her own quintessinal wine—a draught dipped from the gushing mainspring of seasons, of beauty, of life.

—*Charles Hartshorne, '19.*

THE UNEASY CHAIR

ONE is prone to studiously avoid calendars at this season of the year. The fateful numerals are a reproachful reminder of the few weeks remaining in the collegiate year. The torpor of the winter's hibernation is gradually thrown off and that word Regret, like a sprig of fennel, slightly embitters the Cup of Life. But we shrug our shoulders and mutter, "'Twas ever thus," with philosophic resignation, and continue in the paths we have trod. That's one delightful attribute of philosophic resignation—like an ancient city of refuge, whenever we are in straits, it is ready with open gates and welcome on the mat. For instance, someone asked our Business Manager why we didn't offer a prize for the best short story in a proposed contest. "Well," he said, "you know what Sherman said about *war*—and *poverty* is worse." Then someone made a slighting remark and we held a board meeting for philosophic resignation. The purpose of a college magazine was discussed and the unanimous consensus decided the main motive was to keep out of trouble. After offering a prayer for money enough to publish the next issue, someone proposed the following toast to the Business Manager:

"To one who with artful word enveigles from unwilling Alumni the almighty dollar. Bravest of the brave! Thee we salute."

"For the mightiest symphony heard in the land,—

With all due excuses to Mahler;—

Is the music whose notes are not made by the band.—

It's the song of the evergreen Dollar."

GREEK CHORUS (sung by Alumni Editor)

"On me you depend. Were it not for me you would not exist. To me you sing."

The members of the Board became so enthused over this lyrical outburst that they began to scribble furiously. Some of the results were as follows:

MEMBER 1.

The past was full of sorrow,

The present full of pain.

The unsuspected morrow

*Will be today again.
My heart was full of yearning,
My head with hope was burning,
My hand the leaves were turning,
But sad has been my lot.
For just reward I'm earning,
As sadly I'm discerning
The time I've spent in learning
To know that I know not!*

MEMBER 2 (who is still in the romantic stage).

*Have you ever stopped to listen
To the murmur of the sea
Sobbing low;
When the sunlit waters glisten
And the white-capped breakers flee
To and fro?*

*Have you ever gazed in wonder
At a distant mountain peak
Crowned with snow:
As the avalanches thunder
Tear-like down the Titan's cheek
Long ago?*

*Have you watched the colors changing,
And the outpost gold rays fly
In the west;
While the scudding white cloud-dragons
Race to lairs beyond the sky
Sea-caressed?*

MEMBER 3 (who has recently delved into the mysterious realms of
Egyptian archaeology).

*Thou sherd of Amenartes! crinkled, old,
And fragile as the shriveled autumn leaf,
What mysteries are veiled within thy script?
Dost catch the moment gleam of queenly eye;
Or glimpse the horrified face of awful hag?
Or haply in a transitory thrill
The scent of sacred Isis' perfumed breath*

*Caresses soft thy cheek; and leaps thy heart
To seek the houri in the vale of death.*

MEMBER 4 (affected with *febris veris*).
*The wild March wind has settled down
 Constrained within the northern cave.
 The wand'ring geese have northward flown,
 Their banks the snow-fed rivers lave.
 The air a solemn stillness holds,
 Uncertain to ascribe the change
 To winter which the earth enfolds,
 Or to warm airs that eastward range.
 The sun is burning in the sky.
 Warmth pervadeth everything.
 And on a maple-tree near by,
 A robin flutes his note of spring.*

MEMBER 5 (light lyrics a specialty).
Villanelle.

*Your name I will tell,
 But no more I'll reveal
 Villanelle.*

*If yours is the spell
 I over me feel,
 Your name I will tell.*

*Remember, I fell
 On a slippery peel,
 Villanelle?*

*You giggled—and, well—
 If that way you feel
 Your name I will tell.*

*Oh! giddy gazelle!
 You make my head reel,
 Villanelle!*

*You've sounded my knell.
 If your love I can't steal,
 Your name I will tell.*

*I can't do you well,
But leastwise with zeal
Your name I will tell,
Villanelle!*

MEMBER 6 (confirmed optimist).

SIC SEMPER VITA

*Said the entrepreneur to his wife in the car,
As they sailed past the men in the field,
"How I envy their lot! They are free! They are not
Brought up to command but to wield."*

*Said the clown with regret, as he mopped off the sweat,
To the overalled lad by his side:
"Just look at 'em! Gee! It's a wonder to me,
How they get enough money to ride!"*

*So if in a "mood" you're inclined to be rude,
And regret that you aren't like your neighbor,
Just whistle and grin—tho' it seems like a sin.—
For the meed of success is hard labor.*

ALUMNI ED. (solus).

"On me you depend. Were it not for me you would not exist."

CHORUS OF EDITORS

*There is only one flower in the waste of life.
That flower is Hope.
Who shall say what is the substance of Hope?
Many are its forms, but each is beautiful, and none knows whence it arises,
nor the horizon beyond which it shall sink.
Onward, onward, O Hope, to a power unattained!
Till finished our race, and the night shades are rushing down.*

ALUMNI

DECEASED

T. Wistar Brown, to whose generosity and unselfish interests Haverford College owes an unbounded gratitude, died at his home in Villa Nova, Sunday, April 16th. Mr. Brown had during his career contributed upwards of half a million dollars to our College, and had been closely connected with it during a period of sixty-three years. It was sixty-three years ago that he was made Manager of Haverford College, and for the last twenty-five years he had been serving as President of the Board of Managers.

Mr. Brown was a man of great breadth of interest, who, in spite of having stopped school at the age of sixteen, held the greatest admiration for the cultural phases of higher education, and did much to promote them at Haverford. He once stated that he had used to believe that Greek was of most value in an education, but had since changed his mind and held philosophy to be so.

Such was the man who after ninety years of useful life has passed away.

The following appeared in the *Public Ledger* on Monday, April 17, 1916.

T. Wistar Brown, vice president of the Provident Life and Trust Company, and for twenty-five years president of the Board of Directors of Haverford College, died suddenly at his home in Villanova yesterday morning. Advanced years is the only cause ascribed to his death, which came as a surprise to both his friends and relatives. Although in his ninetieth year, Mr. Brown was still actively engaged in business, and only last week appeared at his office in this city.

Mr. Brown was widely known in business circles. Besides being an official of the Provident Life and Trust Company, he was a member of the firm of John Farnum & Co., commission merchants, of this city, and secretary, treasurer and director of the Berkshire Manufacturing Company. As a director he had been associated with the Central National Bank, the Mortgage and Trust Company of Pennsylvania, the Reliance Insurance Company, the Westmoreland Coal Company and the Manor Gas Coal Company.

For more than fifty years Mr. Brown was a member of the board of directors of Haverford College, and for twenty-five years president of that body. He was also managing director of the Bryn Mawr Hospital, and chairman of the board of directors of the Pennsylvania Hospital.

During his life Mr. Brown contributed liberally to hospitals and institutions of learning. The south wing of Haverford College was erected at his expense in memory of his son, Farnum Brown, who died in 1893. Later he also contributed for the erection of the north wing.

Mr. Brown was a scion of an old Quaker family, long resident in Philadelphia and its suburbs. He was a member of the congregation of the 12th Street Meeting House of this city, and of the Haverford Meeting House, near Haverford College. In some ways he rigidly observed the Quaker custom, and would never permit a telephone to be installed in his home.

Mr. Brown is survived by two daughters, Mrs. George R. Packard, of Villanova, and Mrs. H. S. Leach, of New York.

The funeral service will be held in the 12th Street Meeting House.

We regret to announce the death of Charles R. Jacob, '84, of Moses Brown Friends' School, Providence, R. I. Mr. Jacob was born in Maine in 1863. He entered Haverford College in 1881, and at his graduation in 1884 was elected spoon man of his class. He won the Alumni Prize for Oratory. He was editor-in-chief of THE HAV-ERFORDIAN. After his graduation from Haverford he studied two years in Europe. For the last twenty-five years he has taught French and German at Moses Brown School, and was one of their most able teachers.

Mr. O. M. Chase, Registrar of Haverford College, has been arranging for the publication of a special issue of the College *Bulletin* of an entirely novel sort. To quote from its preface, "It presents some recent photographs with a brief description of the College, its resources, ideals, and activities." The photographs are those used in the *Athletic Annual* and, in addition, two panorama views of the campus, and interior views of the dining-hall and the club-room in the Union. The booklet will be printed on buff paper, and covered with buff eggshell paper on which the College seal will appear in colors.

As we have previously announced, the Haverford Society of Maryland held its annual dinner at the University Club of Baltimore on Friday, March 31st. We are indebted to the *Haverford News* for the following account: R. M. Gummere, '02, was first speaker of the evening, giving an exposition of the work of the Alumni Extension Committee. Talks were given by Mr. E. R. Smith, Headmaster of Park School; Mr. Woodruff Marston, Senior Master of the University School for Boys; Frank W. Cary, '16, and Douglas Waples, '14.

Henry M. Thomas, '82, president of the Association, presided as toastmaster. Throughout the course of the dinner musical selections were given by a quartette consisting of C. M. Froelicher, '10; Hans Froelicher, Jr., '12; F. M. Froelicher, '13; and D. Waples, '14.

A letter was read from Felix Morley, '15, who is serving with the Friends' Ambulance Unit in Belgium.

The Association decided to establish a \$200 scholarship for Maryland boys.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Wm. R. Dunton, Jr., '89; Vice President, Richard L. Cary, '06; Secretary-Treasurer, Hans Froelicher, Jr., '12; Executive Committee—the above officers, and, in addition, H. M. Thomas, '82; Richard J. White, '87.

The Founders' Club dined at the College on the evening of April 8, 1916, and then proceeded to their business meeting. An engraved certificate of membership was decided upon. The annual meeting of the club is to be held in February preceding the dinner at the Franklin Inn Club. Among those present were the following: J. P. Magill, '07, president; R. M. Jones, '85; Ralph Mellor, '99; H. J. Cadbury, '03; H. A. Dominovich, '03; R. M. Gummere, '02; T. K. Brown, Jr., '06; Dr. Jas. A. Babbitt; Hans Froelicher, Jr., '12; Chas. T. Moon, '12; Jos. Tatnall, '13; H. W. Taylor, '14; E. C. Bye, '15.

The New York Haverford Alumni dined at Browne's Chop House, New York City, on April the 5th.

President Sharpless is serving on the Advisory Board for The Religious and Educational Motion Picture Society of Philadelphia.

F. Mitchell Froelicher, '13, is director for the coming summer of Camp Tunkhannock, Pocono Lake, Pa., and Hans Froelicher, Jr., '12, is manager. The following Haverfordians are council members of the camp: Douglas Waples, '14; James Carey, 3rd, '16.

Harry A. Dominovich, '03, is in charge of Camp Megunticook,

Maine, for the coming summer. Among other officers of the camp are D. Lawrence Burgess, '04; I. C. Powley, '12; Rowland S. Phillips, '14, and Oliver Winslow, '16.

Doctor Randolph Winslow, '71, Professor of Surgery in the University of Maryland, and Caleb Winslow, Registrar of the Medical Department, represented the University of Maryland at the annual meeting of the Association of American Medical Colleges held in Chicago on the 8th of February. A resolution was offered by the Executive Council of the Association that, beginning with the first of January, 1918, a minimum standard of two years of college work should be required of incoming freshmen. Doctor Winslow read a paper setting forth the scarcity of physicians in rural Maryland, due to the advancing requirements, and urging that a change be made only after mature thought. In discussing the paper, he stated that he was in favor of the additional premedical year, but advocated postponement of the change until medical colleges have had an opportunity to adjust themselves to new conditions. After a warm fight the resolution was adopted.

Professor Winslow was retired from the Executive Council, having completed twenty years of continuous service. It is highly probable that he has done more to direct the policy of medical

education during these twenty years than any other Alumnus of Haverford.

In April Doctor Winslow will have completed his twenty-fifth year as a member of the Faculty of Physic of the University of Maryland. At the present time a movement is afoot to celebrate this anniversary in a fitting manner. During his long and active professional career, Professor Winslow has been a prolific writer on medical subjects. He is a fellow of the College of Surgeons, a member of the American Surgical Society (membership limited to one hundred), a member of the Southern Surgical Society, likewise of many State and local medical societies. In spite of all these honors, the proudest achievement of his life, and the one that he looks back upon with most satisfaction, was making the first cricket eleven as a slow bowler.

'92

Christian Brinton acted as judge and awarded the Shillard gold medal at the annual exhibition of color work at the Plastic Club, Philadelphia.

'96

J. Henry Scattergood recently succeeded in raising \$50,000 for the Christiansburg School (Va.) for negroes at its fiftieth anniversary.

L. Hollingsworth Wood has

moved from 43 Cedar Street to 20 Nassau Street, New York City, where he is continuing his practice of law in association with Messrs. Edwards, O'Loughlin and George.

'00

John A. Logan, Jr., Major in the United States Army, was one of the American officers engaged in examining the British steamship *Sussex*, which was torpedoed in the English Channel.

'02

William Wilder Hall was married on March 29th at Lakeville, Mass., to Miss Elsie Willis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Munroe Willis.

A daughter was born April 8th to Percival Nicholson at Wilmington, Del. She has been named Nell Gray Clayton Nicholson.

'09

Charles B. Thompson, M. D., has recently resigned his position in the Phipps Psychiatric Clinic of the Johns Hopkins Hospital to become Executive Secretary of the Mental Hygiene Society of Maryland.

Edwin Shoemaker has announced his engagement to Miss Martha Clawson Reed, daughter of Mrs. Charles H. Reed, of Philadelphia.

Lawrence C. Moore has announced his engagement to Miss Helen Paschall, of West Grove, Pa.

'10

W. P. Tomlinson will attend the Teachers' College of Columbia University this summer and next year, studying Administrative Education—incidentally for a Ph. D. degree.

In the recent Shakespeare number of *Life* was a rondel by Christopher Morley entitled, "When Shakespeare Laughed."

'12

Hans Froelicher, Jr., was unanimously re-elected President of the Class of 1917 in the Law School of the University of Maryland.

Henry M. Thomas, Jr., who will be graduated in medicine at Johns Hopkins University in June, has been awarded an internship in the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, Mass. The award was made after competitive examination, and covers a period of two years' residence.

'13

The Class of 1913 held a supper at Lauber's Restaurant on the evening of March 24, 1916. The following were present: Crowder, Diamant, Hare, Hires, Howson, Maule, Stieff and Tatnall.

S. W. Meader is now holding a position with Reilly and Button, Chicago, Ill. His address is 1725 Wilson Ave., Chicago.

Paul G. Baker has announced his engagement to Miss Emily H. Porter, of Philadelphia, who will graduate this year from Wellesley College. Miss Porter is the sister of Oliver M. Porter, '13.

Mr. Baker is working with the Westinghouse Electric Co., and lives at 805 Maple Ave., Turtle Creek, Pittsburgh.

Norris F. Hall and J. M. Beatty, Jr., have each received substantial scholarships in the Graduate School at Harvard for next year.

'15

Paul K. Whipple has recently accepted a position for the remainder of the scholastic year as instructor in Latin at the Asheville School for Boys, Asheville, N. C. Mr. Whipple had been engaged as a teaching fellow at the College up to this time.

E. R. Dunn is author of an article entitled, "Two New Salamanders of the Genus *Desmognathus*," which appeared in the April 4th number of the *Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington*.

E. M. Bowman has been appointed an instructor in Pennsylvania State College, where he will

teach first-year French, and either first-year Spanish or second-year French.

George H. Hallett, Jr., has been awarded a Harrison Fellowship at the University of Pennsylvania for next year.

Elmer Shaffer has an article in the *Zoologischer Anzeiger* for January 25th, entitled, "Discocotyle Salmonis, Nov. Spec. Ein neuer Trematode an dem Keimen der Regenbogenforelle."



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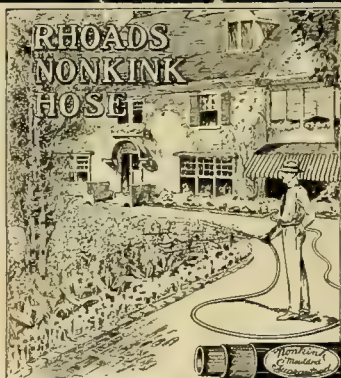
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The Haverfordian

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June
1916

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *tenth* of each month during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

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VOL. XXXVIII

HAVERFORD, PA., JUNE, 1916.

No. 3



God is Love

*Not to the God of Love, ye hostile lands,
Direct thy prayers: and not to Him who brought
The creed of love and peace to men—who taught
By love and not by sword—lift up thy hands.
Thy prayers are blasphemy while swords and brands
Are turned against thy brothers. Ye have wrought
But death and hate, and Europe's blood for naught
Hath stained the frozen steppes and desert sands.
Thy god is clad in mail; his creed is hate,
His priest is death, his altar greed, and hearts
The sacrifice, and tears and dying groan.
Thou hast relapsed into a barbarous state;
Return unto thy ancient pagan arts,
And pray to senseless gods of wood and stone!*

—Albert H. Stone, '16.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. XXXVIII.

HAVERFORD, PA., JUNE, 1916

No. 3

"The New Poetry"

UP until recently contemporary verse consisted of lines and phrases of pretty design used to plug the hole at the end of a short story and serve the same decorative purpose as a tailpiece. But the past few years have produced poets worthy of the name. Writers with something new to say are all around us.

Just what the new philosophy states is not clear; here and there we can obtain a glimpse of their doctrines, but the new poets are satisfied to depict without comment what they see, whether it is a rose, a summer day, or a human life. Observation is made king, and thought is thrust to a subordinate position. A cup is offered you, brimming with life, which you can season to taste.

The imagists are the only group of the oncoming poets who have an official doctrine. This has been assailed from all sides and critics have defined free verse as "verse that has to be given away." We may not like the way they are solving their problems, but poetry is poetry, and even if it is not poetry to the reader, it has been poetry to the writer.

Miss Lowell, the chief exponent of the school, has characterized the imagists as having these aims:

To use the exact word in the language of common speech.

To have freedom in choice of subject.

To present an image.

To produce a poem that is hard and clear.

To concentrate.

The imagists believe that they are doing what Chaucer, Shakespeare, Blake, Coleridge and Henley have done. They believe that what they feel can be better reproduced if certain useless and artificial parts of the language be omitted.

Free verse has a certain haunting quality that is irresistible; it is the sudden evocation of magic, as this from the "Green Symphony" of J. G. Fletcher:

*"Far let the timid feet of dawn fly to catch me:
I will abide in this forest of pines:
For I have unveiled naked beauty,
And the things that she whispered to me in the darkness,
Are buried deep in my heart."*

Granting that free verse is no longer an experiment and that nearly every modern poet uses it in addition or to the exclusion of regular verse, yet there can be something said for the other side. The intentness can be without intention and when they think they are building a cathedral of melody they may be making a doghouse.

Mr. J. L. Lowes in the *Nation* has an interesting experiment. He took several passages from the novels on George Meredith, and wrote them out in the form as used by the new poets. This example will show how successful he was.

CLAIR DE LUNE

I

*Over the flowering hawthorn
The moon
Stood like a wind-blown
White rose
Of the heavens.*

II

*A sleepy fire
Of early moonlight
Hung
Through the dusky fir-branches.*

Of the imagists, the best known are Miss Amy Lowell, Messrs. John Gould Fletcher, R. Aldington and F. S. Flint. Miss Lowell's best work is found in her "Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds"; she is the most gifted of the group, both in variety and the intensity of the work. Mr. Fletcher has endeavored to express the inexpressible in his "Ir-radiations." The volume is full of moods and images in phrases new garmented and full of vigor, as when he declares, "I will brush the blue dust of my dreams." Messrs. Aldington and Flint have their best work in two collections of imagist writers; their art is as flawless and clear-cut as a gem.

The whole school of imagists wade in realism. We are told that Miss Lowell's neighbor has a bald head, and Mr. Fletcher, when he is tired of watching "the crimson peonies explode in the humid gardens of the soul," turns to the beach and gives a careful inventory of straw, old bottles, etc., that litter the sand.

To sum up the whole matter, we conclude that, although there is being produced a great quantity of *vers libre*, the majority of it is below par, and in proportion as the beauty and thought of the poem reaches perfection, just so far does the metre tend to become regular.

II

Two poets of unusual ability who adhere strictly to the presentation of their thought without comment and without philosophy are Robert Frost and Edgar Lee Masters. They have joined forces, one from the west and the other from the east, in a triumph of materialism.

Mr. Frost's two books, "North of Boston," and "A Boy's Will," express a new individuality in poetry. He scoops out his landscapes with a bold hand, expressing the character of his people by their surroundings. Yet from the meagre life of the characters he draws out a poignant feeling that crushes the heart, as in his "Home Burial," or "Death of the Hired Man." These are the apex of his power and they rank among those that have the stamp of approval of time. In his "Birches" he shows a different mood; it is a poem suggested by the appearance of birch trees in winter bowed down by the ice, and he recalls when he was a boy how he used to swing on these trees—

"—feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground."

Mr. Masters has created the sensation of the year with his "Spoon River Anthology"; he is breaking new ground and is presenting his poetic themes in a way peculiarly dramatic. Briefly, it is a novel in verse, painting a community of over two hundred people, whose lives are interwoven and touch others at a critical point of their existence.

It is the work of a fatalist who hears the voices of the graveyard and has each character sum up its life in a few burning words.

"The ogre, Life, comes into the room,
(He was waiting and heard the clang of the spring)
To watch you nibble the wondrous cheese,
And stare at you with his burning eyes,
And scowl and laugh, and mock and curse you,
Running up and down in the trap,
Until your misery bores him."

We learn with concentrated literalness to know Hod Putt, the murderer, or Isaac Beethoven, who sat by the mill contemplating life while waiting for death. Here are the words of Petit, the Poet, who missed Life while he lived:

*"Life all around me here in the village:
Tragedy, comedy, valor and truth,
Courage and constancy, heroism, failure—
All in the loom and oh, what patterns!
Woodlands, meadows, streams and rivers—
Blind to all of it all my life long."*

III

There is a group of the new poets singing bravely and tunefully, each with a vision ahead to guide him. Louis Untermeyer is the best-known, and his work varies from exquisite descriptions of nature to sonnets on "Gentlemen Reformers." Miss Widdemer, in her "Factories," attacks the social *régime*, but her lyrics are much more beautiful when she surrenders to a dream or mood than when she is carried away by a conviction. Mr. Vachel Lindsay is trying to form a closer relation between the poet and his hearers. He is the wandering minstrel who pays for his entertainment with his rousing, rattling verse, called by some "literary ragtime."

There are two followers of Whitman. Both James Oppenheim and Lincoln Colcord have a philosophy that they believe fitted for the oncoming age. Mr. Oppenheim believes that all perfections and laws are to be found in the will of the individual, and in his "1915" he writes of the war in trumpet tones. Mr. Colcord, in his "Vision of War," has produced the most serious piece of work from the tons of literature about the present war. All great convulsions, he believes, discipline us for a more perfect brotherhood—the final goal of the new age. Having thus deftly proved the need of the present war, he follows his dream to its conclusion, when—

*"The world has passed through the Dark Ages of Democracy
And practice has caught up with theory."*

His verse, considered by some as the last word in modernism, is equally destitute of rhyme or rhythm. He absolves himself, by the use of Whitmanesque verse; both of the pointedness of prose and of the music and imagination of regular verse.

IV

Not all of the poets have left the "ancient landmarks," and especially can this be said of Miss Sara Teasdale's "Rivers to the Sea." Her brief, passionate lyrics are unfaltering in their tone, without overelaboration of sentiment, and, above all, musically enchanting. Here is a typical lyric—

*"Strephon kissed me in the spring,
Robin in the fall,
But Colin only looked at me
And never kissed at all.*

*"Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,
Robin's lost in play,
But the kiss in Colin's eyes
Haunts me night and day."*

Mrs. Conkling, in her dreamy and tenuous "Afternoons of April," shows herself to be a follower of Keats. She specializes in audible sights, visible sounds and fragrances. This will illustrate the decoction she pours from her fragile cups of tinted china:

*"If form could waken into lyric sound,
This flock of irises like poisoning birds
Would feel song at their slender feathered throats,
And pour into a gray-winged aria
Their wrinkled silver finger-marked with pearl."*

Mr. Neihardt has turned his attention to narrative poetry, and has given us the adventures of a trapper in the early Northwest. In his "Song of Hugh Glass" he has sketched in the natural setting with skill, and has joined with this, a life and power that make the work worthy to stand in comparison with Masfield's "Dauber." The story of Hugh's crawl across country sustained by hate and thirst for vengeance can not be equalled in any American writer.

Paul Shivell, in his "Stillwater Pastorals," is a reappearance of Cowper and Wordsworth; he is not bound down by any literary tradition, but describes the joys of simple and sober living. He takes no pains to smooth his verses, but leaves them rough-hewn and unadorned.

In the last place we come to the *Magazine Anthology for 1915*—a book that has become an institution. To review this would be a repetition of the editor's task. He is liberal in his tastes, and has included poems for all readers. There are some hundred pieces, which run the entire gamut of modern poetry, from the delicate and fantastic "Peter Quince at the Clavier," by Wallace Stevens, to the sonnets of M. L. Fisher, so compacted with imagery that they gasp for breath, as in the close of his "July":

*"No bird need sing to-day, and no bird sings:
This stillness is enough: it is to me
The muted prelude to Eternity;*

*A summing up of hushed and ended things;
The balancing of Nature's books, who creeps
Close to a stone, and in her own shade sleeps."*

The fashion of poetry to-day is sincerity and finding the poetic in unpoetic things. Poetic diction has disappeared; poets no longer "fain" to do anything. They strive to present facts or an image without comment. There are no neat, tinfoiled "uplift" verses, and the poet takes the intelligence of the reader for granted and refuses to bellow in his ear through a megaphone.

—W. S. Nevin, '18.

To Cecille

*As the winter sun, descending, paints the west a ruddy glow,
So my kisses, hotly burning, cause your cheeks a glow to show.
Snowflakes sparkle from your furs, Love, and your skin is white like snow;
Let the kisses I have dreamt of, bring a glorious red below.*

*Eyes that seem forever dancing, cheeks where color comes and goes,
Girlhood, marvelous, entrancing; as I gaze my wonder grows.
As your eyes meet mine without fear, as you blush so like a rose,
It is bliss to kiss your cheek, dear, cool and dampened by the snows.*

*Often shall the sun, descending, leave the west a ruddy glow;
May my farewell kiss, at parting, often cause a glow to show.
Often shall the sun, at rising, tint the east with glorious rose;
May my rapturous kiss of greeting ever mark a love that grows.*

—Edwin F. Lawrence, '17.

Chips of the Old Block

(*Leur point de vue*)

I

Laura: The poet Petrarch loved me with all the chivalry of the Middle Ages. He made the name of Laura de Sade the symbol of beauty and womanly virtue. I never gave him so much as a look, and yet he loved me madly. My virtue will go down through the ages, and the race I have reared will always retain the purity which I did.

The Marquis de Sade: I have lived a life of debauchery and lust. Substantives and adjectives have been coined from my name to qualify the highest point of libidinous love. I wonder what that poor, silly ancestor of mine, Laura, would have thought of me—she who never even spoke to Petrarch.

II

Pierre Corneille: I have written the greatest tragedies of the day. My heroes and heroines sacrificed everything to their duty. But my descendants will be ordinary, peaceful Norman bourgeois, never even dreaming of the courage and heroism I immortalized by my pen.

Charlotte Corday: My great-uncle Corneille was a great man. What a wonderful tragedy he would have written about Marat and me! What inspired me was the instinctive knowledge that, while he wrote, he dreamed of one of his own family emulating the sublime Camille.

—*Jack Le Clercq, '18.*

Choisir

A Story

I

MADAME MOREAU, wife of the late Jacques Moreau, was a queer woman. A widow at the age of twenty-six, childless, her banker-husband's entire fortune at her disposal—these things might have made of her a careless, pleasure-loving woman. And it is only just to add that she was beautiful. This, however, was but a secondary consideration; when first one met her, she interested him

because of her wealth, later because of her good taste and charm, finally he noticed that she was beautiful. Nor was she of classical mould or a modern beauty; she possessed that languid, indolent beauty of her countrywomen. Jacques Moreau, while at Martinique on business, had fallen in love with her and brought her back to Paris, the birth-place of her poor father, who, he two, had fallen in love with one of these heavenly island women—but whose life had, alas! been cruelly spoilt by what his parents deemed a *mésalliance*. And even the coming of Angélique had not taken the mind of this melancholy Parisian off the subject of France, the *foyer* he might have had somewhere *en province*, the *bon pot-au-feu du soir*.

But enough of him, poor martyr to his infatuation for the cold, heartless mother of Angélique.

Angélique's life in Paris was a round of gaiety until Moreau died and she had left the capital for America. In New York she made many friends and renewed her old acquaintances. Yet she did not go into society much; she rather sought out the intellectual lions of Manhattan, until very soon she found herself the Madame de Rambouillet of quite a *salon*. It was Gabriel Gavarny, the French 'cellist, who took me to her house in the east seventies for the first time. I knew Roy Barclay, the dramatist; Polak Prasovni, the great Polish violinist; and many of those who frequented her *salon* on her famous Thursday afternoons, so that fortunately I was not quite a stranger when I made her acquaintance. In fact Polak kindly told her of that thin volume of verse I had brought out that autumn.

I shall never forget that afternoon. A steady conversation went on, Angélique occasionally adding a word or two, but more often reclining on the couch like that superb Madame Recamier, content to be admired as a beautiful creature. Somehow I could not help thinking of Baudelaire's verse:

"Et comme qui dirait des beautés de langueur,"

when I looked at her.

Gavarny was holding forth on English music: "*Non, non*, there is no great music in England. There have never been any great English musicians. It is pretty, but inspid—*pouah!*"

A tall, thin young man, unmistakably English by his accent, spoke up: "We have not had half a chance!" he said. "And besides, I think music is not for the Briton. It's like Catholicism—Romanism, if you wish; it's not consistent with the English character."

Roy Barclay, the American dramatist, turned to Gavarny: "You see, the Frenchman of the contemporary school of music considers it as

an exercise for a virtuoso; Debussy, Franck, Chaminade—it's always the same thing: please the ear, *voilà tout*. There is none of the haunting melancholy of Chopin, none of the neuropathic forces of Wagner. Of the Poles, Prasovni will tell "

"Yes," interrupted the latter. "The Pole puts all his heart into his music. It is for him the means of expressing the pain and the sorrow of a heart that bleeds, the agony of a nation whose nationality is but a memory or a distant and seemingly impossible dream. . . . "

The Englishman—Noel Latham was his name, I was told, and he had quite a reputation in his own country as a young poet,—cleared his throat and asked of Prasovni: "Do you think it will never be realized?" and then, seeing how painful the subject was, he changed it: "For us Britons, music is neither a *jeu d'esprit* nor our whole life; it may not please the ear—shades of Massenet!—it may not vibrate with the thoughts of our soul. It is merely for us, a form of developing our minds and souls, an aid to understand the beautiful and use it in our life, helping us to cope with all the tedious realities of that life."

I did not listen to the rest of their conversation, as Madame Moreau was chatting to me about my poems and—O happy poet!—she quoted several. What a wonderful woman I thought she was; so distinguished, so wonderfully intelligent! She told me much about Noel Latham and his work, how it resembled mine, and when I hinted that America was hardly the place for him she explained that he felt it wrong to kill his fellow-men, that for him Christianity and war were incompatible. With great interest I broached the subject to him.

"I'm thought a coward at home," he said. "My brother Reg died in the Dardanelles expedition, and Donald, who is only nineteen, just got his lieutenancy. But I can't do it! it's against the grain. We're all fellow-men, and Christianity means more to me than patriotism." His voice trembled. "Can you realize a warless earth; can you see Tennyson's 'Federation of the World'? No homeless, nameless waifs, no ruin, no damnable waste of life, no atrocious crimes and bestial brutality: but brothers all, living for each other, peacefully. This is what Christ dreamt, what He preached, what we must have. Christianity and war are incompatible: to fight and kill you must renounce what to me is dearest: Jesus Christ. I will not do it."

Roy Barclay looked up: "There must be some huge force that makes men go. Take Rupert Brooke, for example. Has not somebody written of his death:

'He's gone.

I do not understand;

*I only know
That as he turned to go
And waved his hand,
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone:
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow,
And he was gone.'*

There must be something profoundly spiritual about it, that grips these men and makes them sacrifice everything for their country."

"Yes," said Latham, "there is. But something even more compelling is Christ the Martyr, who begs us to help Him and carry our part of the burden of the Cross, and preach the blessed peace for which He died. Is this not as glorious a mission as that of defending one's country?"

At the time, I thought he was right.

II

I was very busy during the next few weeks with the routine work of journalism, and so did not get a chance to avail myself of Angélique Moreau's kind invitation to go to one of her Thursdays, but that day I decided to do so and stopped in at the Ritz beforehand, where I met Roy Barclay. As it was early and the weather was perfect, we decided to walk up the thirty-odd blocks to Madame Moreau's. I chanced to mention Noel Latham and the pleasure I had experienced in reading his poems.

"Strange young fellow," commented Barclay. "And he's changing every day."

"He seems a great pacifist," I mused.

"He's changing, my friend; he's changing every day. Although Rodney, Gavarny, Lewisohn, and all the crowd, have been constantly talking war and peace, he hasn't said a word. If questioned, he has deftly changed the subject. There's something brewing. . . ."

We reached Madame Moreau's soon after and she greeted us with a delightful exclamation of surprise: "So Mr. Barclay has brought you back again," she said.

"Oh! Madame," he protested gallantly, "it is you who brought me here."

"You have come in time," she said. "Rodogunes is just about to begin improvising," and we hastily sat down as the musician began.

A queer fellow, Rodogunes. As ugly as a gargoyle, with shaggy hair and a huge beard; a mongrel he was, half-Spanish, half-Jew, but what a pianist! When he played, one forgot everything but the divine

music of the piano—he was a Liszt, of whom everybody said: “You are our master,” even such men as Schumann.

A breathless silence and he began. Such an improvisatore! What divine accents the piano uttered when under his touch! But, poor, mad Jew, he is dead now, with only three sonatas to his name, although his posthumous fame is wonderful. A greater improvisatore than composer, but a marvelous musician. Peace be to his memory!

The first part of his music was a song of contentment, an anthem of joy: full of *la joie de vivre* and of youth. It was as if the atmosphere of Italy had been transplanted in that New York house: the glory of the golden sunshine; the pure, azure sky; the wonderful countryside where the maidens laugh and are cheerful, each Gemma loving her Antonio, all thanking their Creator for having given them so wondrous a land to live in, so lovely a mate to live with, so glorious an existence full of sunshine and peace. Love of God, gratitude to God, ecstasy of living—it was the religion of thankfulness that this poor devil, who never knew what life out of a dingy garret was, made into music. Then, into this sigh of supreme bliss, crept a few discordant notes, portent of impending evil; watchfulness and anxiety. Here and there was still a note of joy; but it was a different joy—more forced. Then a long thrill of pleasure and crash! deep notes followed each other in quick succession. He put all his soul into this part of the composition: pain, sorrow, anguish—the whole human tragedy. It was the old story: happiness and the inevitable finish: sobs of grief from the man whose illusion leaves him, whose idol is shattered, whose ideal has crumbled like a house of cards. It was a human heart bleeding to death; drop after drop of its life-blood flowing; after the thrill of joy, the moan of pain. Louder and more vibrant came the music: the Curse of Man. In the midst of his sorrows he has turned to Nature; cold, cruel Nature, that insults him at every turn. Woman is to him but an occasion for more pain; tenderly, unwittingly, she hands him, bound, over to the Philistines. And God he has found deaf: Nature and woman having made him miserable, he invokes the Supreme Being, only to find Him indifferent.

Beautiful music! Poor, mad Jew, his whole life was being told. Then, after this curse to humanity, came a sort of low lull, a pause, finally calm, exquisite calm.

The musician played on: it seemed as if he had wept until he could weep no longer; now came the end of his morbid melancholy and, resigned to his fate, he fell back upon himself. Self: there was his solution, and his pride alone gave him courage to live on until the morrow.

And such a life! The sensation of delicious peace after one's troubles, the thought of the ship come safe "to its haven under the hill"—and probably the feeling of lassitude and utter weariness was never better expressed in any other music; none, at least, that I have heard.

It was what Swinburne felt when he wrote:

*"We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be,
That no life dies forever, live
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."*

Such was my impression of Rodogunes' playing, possibly it gave others different things to think about. The pianist stopped and turned around on the stool: "Ha! it is good music, *nicht?*" he asked. "I only need to touch the piano once and all the people are still. They say it is the great Rodogunes, and that silence must accompany his playing. *Ach Gott!* how he plays! It is *die alte Geschichte: Ich habe geliebt und gelebt*. . . . But how he tells it; *Madre de Dios!*"

And, egoist as he was, we could not contradict him.

III

We all left shortly afterwards, and on my way down the stairs, I felt a pluck at my sleeve. Turning around, I saw Latham: "I say, are you going down the Avenue?"

"Yes," I replied. "Do join me, won't you?"

"Certainly," he said. "Thanks very much," and he started walking. Neither of us spoke for fully five minutes—I insist that not a word was uttered—strange phenomenon, when two youthful would-be men of letters are together.

Suddenly he said: "I am leaving for England as soon as possible."

"Why?" I asked.

"I'm going to go back and fight!"

I looked at him, stupefied. "But" I blurted.

He put his hand to his head and mopped his brow: "I know what you are about to tell me, but my decision is irrevocable. To-day when that Jew played I realized it all. I heard a voice: the voice of England calling me across the sea. I heard Reg from his grave in Gallipoli bidding me go back. It all came over me at once. My country is in the greatest war of the ages; the epoch-making conflict which it is waging needs every man it can get. I realize that war and Christianity are impossible together—and then I think of the widows

at home, their husbands and sons in the trenches, killing and dying, all for that grand inspiration: England. Think of the thousands of women-folk, trembling before the hostile host, think of the tribulations and travail of these women martyrs. Christianity and war, I said the other day, are incompatible. I feel England's need: she cries for me and I go. Willingly, feeling in the depth of my soul, the full importance of this awful step I am taking: *I renounce Christianity*. I cannot serve two masters: I must kill or stand aside. God forgive me! I choose the first."

A few minutes later he was gone and I walked on through the city. And I, too, could not help thinking that that man's last state was better than his first.

—*Jack Le Clercq*, '18.

Look Up

"*There comes a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to victory.*"

—*Julius Caesar*.

*It's the turn of the tide
Where the gray waves ride
And the sea swells rise to the storm;
While the heave of my soul
Where the breakers roll
Makes leap the foam from the form
Of Ghosts, grim, black,
In the Maelstrom's wrack
As the Tide seethes over the bar:—
O Heart and Mind
To God so blind,
Look up! to Thy silent Star.*

—*D. C. Wendell*, '16.

The Moon below the Village

'Tis the river,
In the evening,
As the misty night comes on:
And the quiver
Of reflections
In the darkling water's gone.

The lights twinkle
In the hamlets
To the sunken waterside,
Where they sprinkle
Tiny glitters
Of trite gold in the dark tide.

Round a turning
Of the valley,
Where the current stirs the moon—
Faintly yearning
Emanations
Glimmer in a mystery-swoon,

Calling farther
Through the night-hills
To some pure, pale land of dreams.
Not a shimmer
Of the human,
Mortal tint warms those strange gleams.

One who saw this,
Comprehending
What the lights and moonbeams show,
He would know this,
That a heaven
Glimmers where men never go.

—Charles Hartshorne, '19.

Ivan Turgeniev: The Man and His Art

THE fame of an artist or thinker is only too often dependent, in popular estimation, on some idiosyncrasy of character or some peculiar method of life. This tendency is well illustrated by the general attitude towards the three great Russian novelists, Tolstoy, Turgeniev and Dostoievsky. Tolstoy, both in his works and life, expressed certain ideals of communism, pacifism, and extreme democracy that made him one of the most picturesque and interesting figures in Europe. Dostoievsky endured four years of penal servitude in Siberia; and this experience, together with his pronounced Slavophile theories, lent a distinct glamor to his work. Needless to say, both these men were novelists of the first rank in their own right; but their reputation has been enhanced by extraneous circumstance; while Turgeniev, probably the finest literary artist of the three, has suffered comparative neglect. Yet, although his career was not in any way spectacular, his writings of the fifties and early sixties exerted a powerful influence upon the political, social, and artistic history of his country. In fact, an adequate understanding of his earlier works requires some knowledge of conditions in Russia about the middle of the last century.

Then, as now, a continual struggle was going on between the conservative upholders of the old system and the liberals, who aimed at giving Russia a more democratic form of government. Besides this political line of cleavage there were several interesting and important movements that were partly political and partly cultural in their nature. Early in the nineteenth century Russia received a strong infusion of French tastes and ideas. This French culture was tenaciously retained by the reactionaries and aristocrats; while the radicals looked chiefly to Germany for their inspiration; and a third party, known as the Slavophiles, professed an enthusiastic devotion to the customs, traditions, and ideals of the Russian peasants. While Turgeniev sympathized, in some measure, with all these cultural factions, he was not in thorough accord with any of them. He fully realized that the old French culture, with all its polish and refinement, was artificial and utterly incapable of meeting the needs of the new, growing Russia. On the other hand, his sanity, good sense, and moderation showed him the folly and emptiness of much of the liberal propaganda. This attitude of neutrality and aloofness exposed the novelist to a great deal of unjust censure, notably upon the publication of "Fathers and Sons."

Turgeniev's first literary reputation came from a group of short stories and pictures of Russian peasant life, later published under the

title, "Sportsman's Sketches." These works were both artistic and social in their message. They contain exquisite descriptions of the country life of the period, and, at the same time, denounce, with merciless vigor, the cruelty and oppression of the serf system, which still prevailed in Russia. These sketches, like Gogol's powerful novel, "Dead Souls," are considered to be an important factor in bringing to pass the emancipation of 1862.

"Rudin," written in 1856, was Turgeniev's first great novel. It is an interesting study of a character type that is very common in modern Russian literature. Dmitri Rudin, the hero, is a young man full of new ideas, enthusiastic and idealistic. When he is confronted with a crisis, however, he fails to live up to his high-sounding phrases, deserts the girl who has fallen in love with him, and seems to stand convicted as a mere braggart and humbug. Yet, at the end of the book, we find that Rudin is lacking in stability and resolution, rather than in courage and sincerity, for he bravely gives up his life fighting for the cause of freedom in the barricades of Paris. This book contains a striking tribute to the value of patriotic feeling in art, when one of the characters, commenting on Rudin's cosmopolitanism, says:

"The cosmopolite is a cipher, is less than a cipher. Without the feeling of nationality there is neither life, nor truth, nor art; there is nothing."

"House of Gentlefolk," which follows "Rudin" by three years, is, in many respects, Turgeniev's masterpiece. It certainly contains the fairest figure in his long gallery of beautiful heroines. With rare art the author depicts the awakening and development of love in a reserved, rather austere, middle-aged man, Lavretsky, for a fresh, ingenuous, exquisitely charming girl, Liza. The love idyll has a climax of intense, passionate joy, which is almost immediately blasted by the appearance of Lavretsky's unfaithful first wife, whom he had thought to be dead. As divorce was, of course, impossible, under the strict laws of the Greek Church, the solution of the problem was inevitably tragic. Her first love killed in its very bloom, Liza quietly resigns herself to fate and retires to a convent. Lavretsky, a powerful contrast to the brilliant, but inconstant Rudin, bears his misfortune with manly fortitude. Instead of weakly giving up to despair, he leads a life of quiet, unostentatious service and devotion to his country and his fellowmen. The cruel blow that robbed him of his happiness makes of him a stronger, nobler man. It is impossible to read the closing chapters of "House of Gentlefolk" without feeling at once profoundly touched by the pathos and profoundly inspired by the constructive optimism. In

"On the Eve" we have a brilliant romance, with a sudden tragic conclusion. A picturesque background is formed by the beginning of Bulgaria's struggle for freedom against Turkey.

We now come to Turgeniev's greatest and most discussed novel, "Fathers and Sons." The main interest of the book is concentrated on the young nihilist doctor, Bazarov, in whom Turgeniev attempted to express alike the strength and the weakness of the new, radical Russia. Bazarov's hatred of the hollowness and insincerity which characterized the old *régime* leads him to an attitude of universal negation. He ridicules and despises culture, art, and religion; and worships science with fanatical enthusiasm. Yet the strength, sincerity, and resolution of his character hold our interest and command our sympathy throughout the book. The picture of Bazarov, struck down by a cruel disease on the very threshold of his career, is one of the tragic masterpieces of literature. The stoicism and resignation of the young nihilist himself, the pathetic devotion and religious faith of his parents, the passionate grief of the aristocratic woman who has been fascinated, in spite of herself, by his rugged, powerful personality, all these elements, and many more, go to make up a great artistic creation, worthy to rank with the deathbed scenes of Balzac's *Cousin Pons* and Thackeray's *Colonel Newcome*. But, instead of receiving the recognition that was due to one of the strongest literary works of the century, "Fathers and Sons" was greeted with a chorus of childish, partisan abuse. Liberals and conservatives alike insisted on regarding the novel as a satire on the progressive movement in Russia. The character of Bazarov was interpreted as a malicious caricature of the typical Russian liberal. Deeply hurt by the general misunderstanding of his purpose and idea, Turgeniev, from this time on, practically severed his connection with Russia. He spent the rest of his life in Baden and France, where he became intimately associated with a number of the leading literary men, among them Flaubert, Daudet, Maupassant and Zola.

Turgeniev attained the zenith of his power and genius in "Fathers and Sons." Several of his later works, however, are well worthy of comment. "Smoke," written in 1867, is a pessimistic picture of the futility and instability of many of Russia's cultural aspirations. "Virgin Soil," which bears the date 1876, is another study of Russian political and social conditions. It cannot be compared with "Fathers and Sons," however, partly because the author's long absence from his native country had made him unfamiliar with the course of contemporary events, partly because the novel contains no Bazarov. "Torrents of Spring" is an exquisite love story. Its blending of joy and sadness,

languor and passion might well suggest a Chopin nocturne. In his later years Turgenev, like Ibsen, developed a stronger and stronger tendency towards symbolism and mysticism. "Clara Militch" is an excellent example of this period of his development.

Although Turgenev has acquired his most universal fame from his novels, much of his finest artistic work is to be found in his short stories and poems in prose. His keen imagination, warm sympathy, and mastery of detail made him an admirable short story writer. It would be hard to find anywhere a more moving picture of love between man and beast than "Mumu," which Carlyle pronounced the most touching story he had ever read. A veritable symphony of romance, tragedy and bitterness resounds in the pages of "Hapless Child." "The Song of Love Triumphant," dedicated to the memory of his great friend, Gustave Flaubert, is a glorious outpouring of romantic joy, optimism, and mysticism. "Reckless Character," "The Jew," and many of his other stories are miniature masterpieces in psychology. Notwithstanding his love and appreciation of poetry (his admiration for Pushkin is especially notable), Turgenev never attempted to write verse. His lyric moods, however, found excellent expression in his poems in prose, short, impressionistic sketches which are adorned with rich poetic imagery.

After this brief and imperfect survey of the novelist's productions, we may now consider the distinctive features of his creative art. Probably the most important element in the development of his style was his intimate association with Flaubert and other French prose masters of the last century. It is to them that he owes, in large measure, the exquisite finish and careful workmanship that are so painfully lacking in the works of Dostoevsky and other contemporary Russian novelists. From Flaubert, especially, he learned to appreciate the value of constant attention to detail. A single weak adjective or ill-turned phrase grated on his nerves like a musical discord. The art of word painting, which was carried to such heights by Flaubert and Nietzsche, was also assiduously cultivated by Turgenev. It must not be imagined, however, that the Russian novelist was a mere imitator of his French associates. Keen psychological insight, warm human sympathy, delicate poetic fancy, these were Turgenev's gifts by nature; and with these gifts he unquestionably enriched the colder and more austere work of his friends. Moreover, the novelist, unlike Tolstoy, never made the fatal mistake of regarding himself as a prophet and reformer, rather than as an artist. Although he took a keen and lively interest in the political and social betterment of his country, Turgenev did not allow his ethical

theories to exert an overpowering influence on his art. Consequently his characters are drawn from life, not evolved out of any peculiar set of philosophic ideas. And because of this purely artistic attitude Turgenev's outlook on life is broader, saner, more rational and more tolerant than that of either Tolstoy or Dostoevsky. His books are further enriched by his wide knowledge and intense interest in music, art, and poetry.

Perhaps the most striking quality in Turgenev's work is its profound humanness, its wide range of sympathy. In this respect the Russian author is quite similar to Charles Dickens, although his fine psychological touches and literary polish are more suggestive of Balzac and Thackeray. Despite the keenness and accuracy of his observation, we cannot feel that he looked on the mighty, surging movement of the world with the eye of a coldly detached spectator. His quick outbursts of indignation at cruelty or injustice, his withering contempt for sham and hypocrisy, his ready sympathy with grief and distress; all these characteristics in his work reveal him, as he was, a man of the most lovable disposition and the finest sensibilities. His broad humanity is unrestricted by any considerations of race, creed, or political belief. With vision undimmed by prejudice or fanaticism, he perceives and expresses the potential good in every type of character. The reactionary nobleman and the radical nihilist in "Fathers and Sons" have an equal measure of his sympathy and understanding. Neither realist nor romanticist, in the extreme sense of the term, he combines the best elements in both schools. His novels depict life, stern, to be sure, in its uncompromising reality, but ennobled and exalted by a rich strain of poetry and humanity. It is impossible to lay down one of his typical novels, strikingly truthful in its portrayal of human nature, exalted in its thought, fragrant in its poetry, without feeling that, in Ivan Turgenev, the world was blessed not only with a great mind, but with that still rarer and more precious heritage, a great heart.

—*W. H. Chamberlin, '17.*

Hennery Starts a Club

WELL, when Hennery was home a while, he began to stir things up around here. He came over to the Jedge's house one night an' him an' the Jedge started one of these here 'tarnal secret societies. Everybody what didn't belong to th' Masons or th' Ushers' Association over here at th' church wanted to join right off. Hennery said that nobody what didn't have good social standin' could get in, and that made everybody real anxious to be in th' fool thing. He said, too, that they was goin' to have a gulf lynx an' a club house. Nobody around here knowed what a lynx was. Old Harrison, the game warden, said it was somethin' like a polecat. Jake asked th' schoolmaster and th' schoolmaster, after lookin' it up for some time in the books, said a lynx was a wild cat. Well, do you know, they was all wrong. Hennery fixed one of the old man's fields all up an' mowed it, an' then him an' the Jedge used to walk aroun' that there place all day with a bag full of sticks, an' poke little balls aroun' an' sort of dig up the grass with th' sticks.

"Well, my ol' woman she just wouldn't have no rest nohow till I joined th' consarned thing. Hennery said I would have to be voted in. Everybody what had joined the contraption wore a kind of shiney thing on their watchchain, all but Squire Hawkins, who used his'n fer a sinker when he went fishin'. I druve up tu th' hall the night I was to jine, an' hitched old Jenny tu th' hitchin' post. Hennery was at th' door and he led me up tu th' hall. Most of th' mambers was old neighbors of mine an' I was tu home right off. After I was there a while Jake Skinner came in. He looked awful sheepish. He knowed everybody thought him the meanest man in th' hull town. Hennery winked tu me an' th' Jedge an' then shook hands with Skinner. Skinner sais as how his wife wanted him tu belong because th' women in th' Sewin' Circle all desired their men tu belong tu somethin' like it. Hennery told him as how it cost a lot tu keep up a gulf lynx, an' Skinner started right off tu back for th' door. When Hennery told him th' initiation cost five dollars, Skinner just fell down them there steps, and druv home.

"The next meetin' night old Skinner came in again. Guess his wife couldn't stand th' uppishness of th' women in th' Sewin' Circle. Skinner handed Hennery th' five dollars with his eyes shut, and started to sit down. Jedge crossed his fingers, signifyin' that we didn't want Skinner in th' club. Hennery winked one eye that he understood. Well, things started right off.

"Hennery said that Skinner would now undergo th' medical exam-

ination, an' Doc Martin got up an' coughed a couple of times. Skinner looked frightened, but didn't say nothin'. Si Cook asked Hennery if th' goat was out in th' shed. He said it loud enough so as Skinner could hear it. Doc then begins to thump him on the back an' look at his tongue an' take his pulse. He looks serious an' asks Skinner if he didn't feel bad, as he had an awful pulse an' looked as if he was goin' to hev a bad case of yaller fever. Skinner reckoned that he didn't feel any too pert an' looked as if he was goin' to die right off. Josh Reynolds an' Spike Leonard went outside an' took a shutter offen th' hall an' brought it in. They put Skinner on the shutter an' covered him up with a sheet. Skinner kicked like th' dickens, but Doc said he would hev tu be operated on at once. They carried him out an' put him in Doc's buggy an' Doc druv 'way out past William's Grove. Hennery an' a bunch uv th' young fellers followed them in th' rear. Doc got out to fix th' horse's shoe, as he said, an' Hennery an' th' others come up with hankychiefs over their faces an' told Doc an' Skinner to hold up their hands. Skinner got down on his knees an' begged for his life, while Doc had all he could do to keep from bustin' with laughin'. They tied an' blindfolded Skinner an' toted him back to town. Simms here was secrytary of th' club, so we all come in th' store here, an' Simms opened th' safe, while they carried old Skinner in an' put him down next th' safe. Skinner kept beggin' for mercy, but we was too busy to pay much attention to him. Hennery then sets off one of these here cannon crackers an' everybody run out—all except th' sheriff, who pulled out a gun an' run aroun' th' store like he was mad an' callin' for help. When Hennery gives th' signal we all run in an' th' sheriff put Skinner under arrest fer safe-crackin'. We all went over to th' Court House an' th' Jedge got up a fake court frum among our members. They gave Skinner an awful scare. Th' Jedge sais as how safe crackin' ought to be a hangin' offence. Skinner got up an' said as how if they could find th' Doc he would be proved innercent. Doc came in just then an' swore on a copy of th' 'World's Greatest Wars' that old man Skinner lured him out to a lonely spot an' robbed him of his horse an' carriage. Skinner didn't know what to say to that. Th' Jedge said that in th' circumstances present, an' on account of Skinner's wife an' family, he would let him off with a hundred dollar fine. Skinner near sweat blood, but said he would pay it if only they wouldn't put him in jail.

"Well, sir, do you know, to this day old Skinner thinks he was blame lucky not to get stuck in the county prison. Hennery put th' money into th' Orphan Asylum treasury an' th' money came in real

handy to buy th' pore little shavers new clothes an' things. Skinner never got th' nerve to try to jine us agin, an' every time he sees Hennery or th' Jedge he crosses th' road to avoid them. Hennery sure knew how to handle folks."

—*H. P. Schenck, '18.*

Fides Parentum

THE evening fell. The rain had been pouring for several hours. The surging stream, that was then roaring past a simple frame house, a few hours before had been a sluggish creek. The gutters were choked with the unprecedented downpour.

Within the humble home, unmindful of the menacing stream, a mother knelt praying at the bedside of her youngest child. The father stood with his arms folded and his head cast down, bearing a grief that could not be alleviated.

The thin form of a child, with sunken, glassy eyes, a feverish flush, and a forced, jerky breathing, justified their fears. The malady would be fatal.

A hush, save for the sobbing of the mother and the threatening roar of the stream—the breathing of the child had ceased,—was interrupted by a neighbor with a baby in her arms.

"My God!" she gasped, "run for your lives."

Not a word.

The woman was gone. A moment passed and then—a grating, creaking sound. The glass downstairs was breaking. The water swished and gurgled into the sitting-room, and its splashing could be heard as it slowly mounted the stairs.

The boy was dead.

"Thank God!" sobbed the mother as she took hold of his cold, slimy hand. "Thank God, that he didn't live to ———."

The lights dimmed, a hideous white flash outside, and they were out. Just a moment, and then a terrible crash; the house tottered and was gone.

T. P. D., '19.

A Preliminary Trial

CHARACTERS

Mike

Kate

Ben

The scene is the interior of a jail in the Fourth Ward, New York City. At the right and back is a row of iron cells, half occupied. On the left an iron gate leads to an alley, which connects with the street. At the table in front a policeman sits, chair tilted back, reading a novel. It is nine o'clock on a sultry evening in July.

Suddenly a girl appears at the outer gate, breathless and glowing. A man in one of the cells starts to his feet and seizes the bars in both hands. The girl lays her finger on her lips and the man sits down slowly. The policeman, absorbed in his book, has heard nothing.

Kate (calling softly to the policeman): Mike! May I come in?

Mike (jumping up): Bless my soul! Kate! Yes! Glad to see yer! 'Tain't often anyone begs ter come through this door. *(Let her in).*

Kate (smiling): I've brought you some cakes and doughnuts. Mother just cooked 'em.

Mike (giving her his seat at the table, where Ben cannot see her): Now that's awful sweet: but you ain't been in to see me for 'most a month. I s'posed you'd forgotten yer old friend; how's things goin'?

Kate: Awful, Mike! We've shut up the bake-shop. It didn't pay; and we're terrible hard up now.

Mike: Too bad; too bad, little girl! If I can lend you—

Kate: No, no *(patting his hand)*. You work hard. I couldn't take it from you, Mike.

Mike: Me work hard? Don't I look it! *(showing her the book)*.

Kate (earnestly): Well, the less you have to do, the more happiness there is in the world, so don't complain. Have you been very busy here lately?

Mike (grimly): The devil's a pretty steady customer. He keeps me goin' most of the time. See what's here to-night! *(pointing to the cells)*. They'll all be tried in the mornin'.

Kate (fearfully): Will they?

Mike (surprised): Sure they will! They ain't hired these apartments permanently. *(Laughing)*. My list of boarders changes 'most every day.

Kate: Don't laugh, Mike! It's a terrible thing to be put in prison!

Mike (still smiling): Sure, what's little Kate know about prison! The angels themselves would drop from heaven to carry her off, if any one so much as laid a hand on her!

Kate: I don't want the angels, Mike, when I've got a friend like you. Here, eat one of these doughnuts, I brought them for you. (*She gives him one*).

Mike (sitting before her and eating it thoughtfully): Kate, why did yer come here tonight?

Kate: Well—I was lonely, Mike, and—I got to thinkin' of you! (*She gives him a worried, half-ashamed smile*).

Mike: And what were yer thinkin', Kate?

Kate: I was thinking of how devoted you'd always been to me, and how—how unappreciative I've been.

Mike (bitterly): It's devoted I've been this last month since you ain't been near me! And I set here night after night thinkin' about yer, and fearin' yer got no time fer an old duffer like me, with all the young lads fillin' that little head with thoughts o' love.

Kate (nervously): Don't be silly! How did you know that—that they had been doing that?

Mike: Why, Kate, a blind man could guess it, just hearin' yer talk! If I was a young man—

Kate (with an attempt at gaiety): Then you must be terribly sure, for you've got a pair of bright, kind eyes that don't look half fierce enough for a policeman.

Mike: That's because it's you they're lookin' at, Kate!

Kate: No, Mike, they're always kind, to everyone.

Mike: You should hev seen 'em the other day when a dago jest brought in tried to mix it up with me! I'm afraid they was far from kind then.

Kate: Did he hurt you?

Mike: No, I nearly killed the poor little black-eyed devil.

Kate (shivering): O, I hate to see men fight! If I was married, and I ever saw my husband fight, he'd be just an animal to me afterwards. The human in them doesn't go very deep, Mike! Under the skin they're only brutes.

Mike: Does that mean me? I didn't fight with him. I only hit him once.

Kate (taking his hand): No, Mike, you've got more heart than one man in a hundred. That's why I love you!

Mike (warmly): I wish yer meant that, Kate!

Kate (coming close to him): Perhaps I do.

(A bell rings suddenly, and Mike gets up. As he does so a bunch of keys dangles at his belt).

Mike: The chief wants me a minute, Kate! I'll be back in a jiffy.

Kate (quickly, seeing the keys): Let me keep jail while yer gone!

Mike (laughing): All right, Kate!

Kate: Give me the keys; I'll be a real jailer!

Mike: You don't need them.

Kate (coming up to him. He puts his arm about her): Please, Mike!

It would be such fun!

Mike: But my duty, Kate! I'd lose my job if—

Kate: You can trust me, Mike! Please!

Mike: All right, God love yer! *(He kisses her suddenly, takes off his keys, gives them to her).* I'll trust you, Kate; you're honest as the sun. I'll be back in a few minutes. *(He leaves. Kate hesitates a moment, then steps quickly to one of the cells).*

Kate (seizing the bars): Ben!

Ben (he stands up quickly and speaks with deep emotion): O Kate!

Kate: You didn't do it? You're innocent? You didn't take the money? Tell me you didn't!

Ben: Of course I didn't! I was the handiest, the last employed. They jumped on me naturally. Let me out, Kate darling, hurry! I'll go crazy if I stay here!

Kate: But he trusted me! I—

Ben: Never mind that! You love me now, Kate! If I don't get out I'm afraid you'll turn against me. Let me go! *(She quietly unlocks his door).*

Kate: Stay in there now! He'll be back directly. You must wait till he goes out again! O Ben, they were cruel to put you here behind bars like a common criminal when you haven't done anything.

Another prisoner: Let me out too, kid, I'm innocent.

Kate: O, I can't; have mercy, and keep quiet. *(To Ben).* I'll get him away from here again somehow. I'll take him outside and leave the door open. Then you can escape, and you'll have time to get somewhere before being discovered. Poor boy, this must be terrible for you! Put in prison! O Ben!

Ben (brokenly): Not as bad as it is for you to see me here! To think of your marrying a man who has been in jail! Kate, you must forget it! You will, won't you? It's a wonder you don't take your ring, and fling it in my face

Kate: How can you say such things! You're innocent. If the girl you love would leave you now, when you're in trouble, her loss wouldn't be worth your regretting.

Ben: God bless you, Kate!

Kate: You'll be tried in the morning. I'll be there and look at you all the time, and you'll know I'm praying for you. They can't convict you. They wouldn't dare!

Ben (frightened): No, no; don't come! I won't have you watching me: if you love me, promise me not—

Kate: Sh-h!— he's coming back.

(She takes her seat at the table, and Mike returns.)

Mike (jovially): Well, my little police lady, have the prisoners given yer any trouble?

Kate (calmly): Why, no, Mike: they are quiet as lambs: you'd never know there was any one here.

Mike: They're all thinkin', Kate: thinkin' what fools they've been. They're usually quiet till they get used to the bars always up and down before their eyes. It sickens some of 'em at first till their self-respect sinks to a prison level, then they get used to it.

Kate: O, it's horrible!

Mike: Kate, you're too serious tonight. There's lots of things worse than prison!

Kate (in a quiet voice): No: it's always been the low-water mark of disgrace to me.

Mike (tenderly): Well, you'll never reach it, darlin', so don't worry. *(He takes her hand).* Kate, child, you're terrible doleful tonight. What's the matter? Somethin's troublin' that little head o' yours. Tell Mike what it is: yer know yer can trust 'im.

Kate (with a sudden look of fear): Why, there—there's nothing! nothing at all!

Mike: Give me my keys, Kate. If they was lost, or any of the men got out, you know it 'ud lose me my job *(with a smile)*, and I got a mother and sister lookin' to me, or I would na care if I shoveled coal fer a livin'. *(She gives him the keys).*

Kate (bitterly): Mike, you're too good! Be careful you don't lose all sympathy for those who are less so.

Mike: Shure an' what'll a cop do with sympathy? I gets paid fer bein' unsympathetic.

Kate (with a frank smile): But that's your only reason for being so, Mike; you're as tender-hearted as a baby with your mother and sister, and—with me.

Mike (slowly): We—ll, that ain't my fault. I can't help it, yer know!

Kate: And you don't want to, either! There's little enough kindness in this world, without trying to smother any of it.

Mike: Ain't you serious, though! Laugh for me once, as if you really felt like it.

Kate (trying a laugh, which fades almost to tears): Mike, let's go out in the air for a few minutes. I hate this place. It frightens me tonight somehow. You don't need to be here for a few minutes. *(She stands up beside him; he draws her to him and she kisses him).*

Mike: Bless yer little heart! I oughtn't to do it, Kate! The chief might ring! Do yer think you could get to love an old duffer like me, Kate darlin'? I've always been fond o' you, but I thought I was too old! I thought you wanted some keen young feller with his fame before him, who could climb hand in hand with yer to success; not one like me who's set in his ways an' bitter, jest a common cop! Could yer love a cop like me, Kate?

Kate (in a low, tense voice as they walk towards the door, arms about each other): Are you makin' serious love to me, Mike?

Mike (halting in confusion): Why—no, no; it sounds funny to yer, don't it? O Kate, yer know I'm fond of yer: ye've known it fer a long time; ever since—

Kate: Sh-h, Mike! Wait till we get out! Oh—*(They turn suddenly and see Ben standing directly behind them, and the door of his cell swung open).*

Ben (in a commanding voice to Mike): Let go of that girl!

Kate (fiercely to Ben): You fool! Why didn't you stay in there! What do you think I'm standing here selling my soul for!

Ben (with terrible quietness): If I serve the rest of my days in hell, I won't sit by and watch you loved by another man.

Kate (wildly): He's got no right on earth to keep you in here, Ben. If he keeps an innocent man behind the bars he ought to—

Ben: He has every right. I'm guilty.

Kate (as if turned to stone): Guilty!

Ben: Yes.

Kate (horrified): You're a thief!

Ben: Yes.

Kate (dazed): O—I—didn't—know—that.

Ben (slowly and resignedly): I stole the money to buy your ring. I tried to borrow it and couldn't. I would have paid it back, but they caught me. I'll serve my time, whatever it is: then I'll get out and start again. But please don't come here any more. If he lays a hand on you again, I'll kill him.

Mike (who had been listening in stupefied surprise): Back to your cell!

Ben: One moment, sir! I shan't try to escape. (*To Kate*): Kate, listen to me! I love you, now and always. This prison is nothing to me except that it keeps me away from you. God and I know how far I am guilty: but it is you alone who can convict me on this earth. If I can take your love with me behind those bars they won't exist for me: if not, I may as well be there as elsewhere. Don't take up the cry of the world and say, "Once a thief, always a thief." I would have bought that ring with my blood if I could, Kate. You wanted it! That was all I thought of. If it had cost half a million instead of a hundred, I'd have stole that too, if I could have got my hands on it!

Kate: But you lied to me!

Ben: I was a coward then. I admit it. I'm only human. I didn't have a chance to think! You came so suddenly! I saw your love slipping away from me. You had faith in me then. I couldn't destroy it at that moment. Then when I saw his arms around you, my blood boiled. I forgot your scheme to escape; I forgot that I was a thief; I forgot everything, but that you were in his arms. It conquered me like a flash, and if I'd had a gun in my hand, I'd have shot him.

Kate (turning in tears to the policeman): Poor Mike!

Mike (in cold anger): Go to your cell!

Ben (hopelessly): Good-bye, Kate. Will you wait for me?

Kate (in a whisper): I'll wait.

Ben: Thank God! (*He drops to his knees and kisses her hand*). And O, Kate, out of pity if nothing else, don't come to the trial!

Kate (dully): All right.

Mike (angrily): Come, you've said enough! Go! (*pointing to the cell*).

Ben goes in with bowed head, and Mike slams the door. Then he walks to the table, sits down, and picks up his book without a word.

Kate goes slowly to him, crying).

Kate: O Mike, I've deceived you cold-bloodedly, and broken my heart doing it, all for nothing! God forgive me! (*He continues to read*).

Mike, listen to me or I'll go mad! Please! (He lays down his book).

Mike: Kate, I didn't know that things like you was alive on earth, and I've seen some bad uns in my day. You'd take an old feller like me, who loved yer like a baby, and who'd give yer his last nickel if you was hungry, and trick him with yer fake kisses, and lose him his job, all fer a common thief like that feller!

Kate (wildly): Stop! Stop! He's not a common thief. O Mike, have pity! I thought he was innocent. I wanted to save him the disgrace of the prison. I was crazy with the injustice of it! I loved him with all my heart and soul. We were to be married soon. He had given me my engagement ring. (*With terrible bitterness in her tone*). O curse me for wanting a ring! (*She hesitates a moment*). Mike, when I saw how fond you really were of me, I could have screamed with horror at myself. You'll forgive me some day, Mike, for I'll pay for this in suffering ten times over. You don't need to accuse me!

Mike: You better go home to your mother, and tell her yer waitin' fer yer lover to get out of jail, ter marry him!

Kate (helplessly): Mike, where's your heart gone?

Mike: I don't know. It's had a hard jounce. It'll get over it some time, I s'pose. (*A pause as he looks at her*). I thought yer was as good as the angels. I'd have trusted yer with my life in this world and the next, just as surely as I trusted you with those keys. It takes a little time ter change all that!

Kate: Don't change it quite all, Mike! I haven't many real friends, and heaven knows, I need what few I've got, now.

Mike: What are you going to do?

Kate: Do? I'm going to marry him.

Mike (softening): Ye're a brave child! What a start in life ye'll have! An' I thought I wasn't good enough to touch yer!

Kate: O, don't sympathize with *me*, Mike. You deserve pity more than I. You've been kind and generous and gotten kicked in the face for it. I didn't think I could go so low as to be a traitor like that. I belong in there beside him by right. It was my wish that put him there. (*A pause*). Mike, dear, give me your hand and say you forgive me. It's the last thing I'll ever ask you to do for me.

Mike (giving her his hand): Don't worry about me. Ye've got all yer can carry on those little shoulders. I was a bit taken back at first, 'cause I thought yer was honest with me. If ye'd told me about 'im I'd a helped yer, Kate; yer know that. I fergive yer; and I'm sorry fer yer,—an' him too.

Kate: Don't be sorry for me, Mike. I don't need it. No man steals money to buy a girl a ring unless he loves her. No man throws up a chance to escape prison because that girl's in another man's arms, unless he loves her: and I have enough faith in God and in myself to know that Ben can't love me that much and be a real thief. I told him I'd stay by him when I thought he was innocent,

and he needs me more than ever, now. (*A pause as she gives a weary sigh*). What a night I've had of it! I hate to go home after this, but I must! Good-bye, you blessed old thing! (*She kisses him on the forehead*). Pray for me, Mike. Perhaps it'll help.

Mike: I will, Kate.

Kate: And, Mike, be good to *him*, won't you?

Mike (with a generous smile): Sure I will, Kate! (*As she walks toward the outer door*): Go home now, an' get a good sleep. Ye'll feel better in the mornin'.

Kate: Yes, Mike. (*As she is leaving, she turns and sees Ben in his cell, with head bowed on his hands. She bursts into tears, then calls to him*). Ben, O Ben, I'd wait a lifetime for you! (*He looks up, and she forces a smile at him through her tears*). We're a pair, Ben, and you're just as good as I am; I'm guilty, too: it's all my fault—if I hadn't wanted a ring—

(*Overcome, she quickly turns her face from him, and her voice dies away in sobs as she departs down the alley*).

(*Curtain*)

—C. Van Dam, '17.

Persicos Odi

(HORACE ODES, I, 38)

*I hate these Persian frills, boy;
Your chaplets hold no charm for me.
Come, cease to hunt the rose, boy,
Late-lingering but not meant for thee.*

*A simple myrtle wreath, boy;
Try not to grace it with thy care:
It suits thy serving well, boy,
And well becomes my woodland fare.*

—J. W. Spæth, '17.

ALUMNI

DECEASED

We regret to announce the deaths of the following Haverfordians:

Jos. R. Livezey, '58, who died May 3, 1916.

James W. Rogers, '89, who died during March, 1916.

Jos. K. Murray, '61, who died January 3, 1916.

—O—

It has been announced that the College has received \$350,000 for the establishment of graduate work in Philosophy, Biblical Literature, Sociology and History. This fund had been set aside for the above purpose by the late T. Wistar Brown before his death, and it was not until his death that it was revealed to the Board of Managers.

\$72,000's worth of the J. P. Jones estate has been sold and added to the general fund of the College endowment.

Funds amounting to \$24,000 have been subscribed for two new sections to Lloyd Hall. One-half of this amount was given by Horace E. Smith, '86, as a memorial to his father. One of the sections is well on the way to completion.

Dr. W. W. Baker and Dr. Frederic Palmer, Jr., have been raised to the rank of full Professor.

Dr. Henry S. Pratt has received a leave of absence for the first half of next year, in order that he may assist in relief work in Belgium. His work will be in the field of bacteriology.

The New York Haverford Alumni met the New York Swarthmore Alumni in a joint smoker held at the Columbia University Club in New York on the evening of May 19th. In the afternoon a Haverford tennis team beat a Swarthmore tennis team, and a Swarthmore golf team beat a Haverford golf team. The Haverford tennis team consisted of S. G. Spaeth, '05; J. D. Kenderdine, '10; and P. C. Kitchen, '09; the Haverford golf team, of L. H. Wood, '96; W. T. Ferris, '85; E. C. Rossmassler, '01; and H. W. Doughten, Jr., '06.

In the evening each of the victorious teams was presented with an engraved silver cup, and it was decided to offer a cup every year for the tennis and golf championship.

A letter from Captain Ramsey

of next year's Haverford football team was read.

F. M. Morley, '15, delivered an illustrated lecture on his work in Belgium.

R. J. Davis, '99, presided for Haverford.

Articles have appeared in the May issue of the *Westonian* by the following Haverfordians: Allen C. Thomas, '65; A. W. Jones, '85; W. W. Comfort, '94; and Wilson Sidwell, '08.

C. Mitchell Froelicher, '10, and Hans Froelicher, Jr., '12, will open Camp Tunkhannock on July 3rd. Camp Tunkhannock was the headquarters last fall of the College football team during its early training at Pocono Lake.

The following resolutions with regard to tenure of office of Faculty members were adopted by the Board of Managers at their meeting on May 19th, 1916:

Unless otherwise specially arranged, the term of appointment of an Instructor at Haverford College shall be one year; of an Assistant Professor, three years; of an Associate Professor, five years; and of a Professor, indefinite, subject to the regulations of the Pension Fund and the following clauses of this paper.

No Professor should be discharged, and no Associate or Assistant Professor shall be discharged dur-

ing his term of appointment, except after a conference between the Board and a committee of the Faculty to be appointed by the Faculty, in which conference the officer shall have an opportunity to present his case.

Unless an Associate Professor shall receive one year's notice, before the Past Commencement Day of his term of appointment, and an Assistant Professor one-half year's notice, it shall be considered that he is reappointed for a new term.

The College shall not be liable for any salary after the discharge or discontinuance of an official.

The terms of the present officers shall all begin with the College year—1916-1917.

The Librarian shall be assigned to one of the above classes and these rules shall apply to him.

The Class of 1913 will hold their Third Annual Reunion on June 17th at the College. At 2.30 P. M. of that day they will play the Class of 1914 in baseball. Supper will be served at about 6.30 P. M. 1913 men will please keep this date open.

'69

Henry Cope has been elected to the Board of Managers of Haverford College to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Benjamin H. Shoemaker, who was

forced to retire because of ill health.

Mr. Cope is an intensely enthusiastic Alumnus, who has done more to promote cricket at Haverford than any other man.

'71

At a banquet celebrating his twenty-fifth anniversary as member of the faculty of the University of Maryland, Dr. Randolph Winslow was honored with a testimonial read by Dr. R. B. Warfield. Prolonged applause marked the conclusion of the reading. The toastmaster of the evening was Dr. Wm. Tarun. The speakers were Attorney General A. C. Ritchie, Dr. Wm. H. Welch, Rev. Thos. H. Lewis, President of Western Maryland College, and Dr. Warfield. The testimonial follows:

TESTIMONIAL

Presented to

Randolph Winslow, M.A., M.D., LL.D.,
at a dinner arranged by his
Associates and Friends

In Commemoration of his

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

As a member of the Faculty of Physics
of the
University of Maryland

May 8, 1916,
Hotel Belvedere,
Baltimore.

TO DR. RANDOLPH WINSLOW,
Professor of Surgery, University of
Maryland.

Throughout a prolonged career of conspicuous activity devotedly attached to his Alma Mater as Surgeon, Teacher and Administrator, for a quarter of a century a member of the Major Faculty and now its President, the subscribers among his many friends and associates, in recognition of this service and of its

quality, beg to present this testimonial of appreciation with the hope that he may enjoy for the future many years of fortunate, useful life.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF RANDOLPH WINSLOW, HAVERFORD '71, WRITTEN BY DR. RIDGELY B. WARFIELD AND READ BY HIM AT THE TESTIMONIAL DINNER

The Mayflower pioneer, Edward Winslow, notable governor of Plymouth, and his three brothers, John, Kenelm, and Josiah, all identified with the early history of the colony, were ancestors of a numerous family now widely scattered throughout the country.

Somewhat obscured is the evidence of direct descent from these pilgrim fathers of the branch of the family in North Carolina, but the tradition is doubtless true, and as early as 1677 a New England trader, Joseph Winslow, was already established there and exercised his full privileges of citizenship, being recorded as serving as foreman on a jury and as bringing indictment against the then acting governor of Albemarle colony. From this beginning in the "old North State" the Winslows in all succeeding years have been active participants in affairs of both local and national importance.

The subject of our testimonial, Dr. Randolph Winslow, was born in the village of Hertford, near Albemarle Sound, on October 23rd, 1852.

Dr. Winslow is fortunate in his heritage. Still, honor attends not condition, but rather service, on the plane of difficult performance, of doing one's best, and life for him has been both full and fruitful.

On coming to Baltimore in 1865 he entered Rugby Academy. After two years he went to Haverford College, where he graduated with the degree of A.B. in 1871. He graduated in medicine at the University of Maryland in 1873 at the age of twenty-one. Then followed post-graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania and in Philadelphia hospitals and a course in clinical microscopy under the late Dr. Joseph Richardson. In 1874 he was given his degree of M.A. by Haverford, not in the usual course by thesis presentation, but following examination after special study in advanced Greek.

Returning to Baltimore, he became connected with his Alma Mater as prosector to the Professor of Anatomy

Dr. Francis T. Miles, and in the next year was associated with Dr. J. Edwin Michael as Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy. This position he held for six years, and there was thus inaugurated a devoted service to the University which has been maintained without interval for more than forty years.

From 1880 to 1886 he was Demonstrator of Anatomy, and until 1891 Lecturer on Clinical Surgery. He succeeded Dr. Michael as Professor of Anatomy in 1891, becoming thereby a member of the Major Faculty and of the Board of Regents.

In 1902, on the resignation of Dr. Tiffany, Dr. Winslow became Professor of Surgery, which position he now holds. He held service at Bay View from 1884 to 1891, and also in 1884 joined the faculty of The Baltimore Polyclinic. He was Professor of Surgery at the Woman's Medical College from 1882 to 1893, and of this institution he was a founder. In 1883 he spent a half-year in Europe, for the most part in the University and clinics of Vienna. Here he took course instruction from men afterwards famous, Lorenz, Woelfler and von Hacker.

Because of his enthusiastic interest in a broad way in advancing medical education, he has been for twenty years in a service just now terminated, a valued member of the Executive Council of the Association of American Medical Colleges. It is in this direction, this devotion to adequate medical education, that Dr. Winslow deserves highest praise. In the remarkable recent advance in educational requirement, incessantly pursued and at great cost to unendowed institutions such as the University of Maryland, he has steadfastly stood for every reasonable progress. He believes in real scholarship and is a foe to sham and pretense of every sort. No half-way measure contents him, and he is no disciple of expediency. A follower of the faith of his fathers, he is nevertheless not unmilitant. No man can doubt where he stands on any important question, and his stand is as he sees it righteous and as we see it with whatever difference of opinion, courageous and unmistakably honest. As a teacher his chief concern is in an intimate, personal way to give faithful, competent instruction, and he requires of the student genuine application and diligent work.

Throughout his life he has been blessed with exceptionally good health; even

casual illness is almost unknown to him. In his college career he was an athlete, especially active in cricket, and among the small group of men in Baltimore devoted to this diversion he was for years a conspicuous participant.

A cheerful, tireless worker, devoted to his profession, Dr. Winslow enjoys life simply and sanely, entirely without ostentation. His delight is in his home.

He married when twenty-five Miss Rebecca Fayssoux Leiper, and of this very fortunate union there have been thirteen children, twelve of whom survive.

Younger than his years, with ripened wisdom, with undiminished zeal and capacity, and with the consciousness of more than usual achievement, Dr. Winslow may reasonably look forward with serene confidence to an extended period of useful, contented life.

'72

An article by Dr. F. B. Gummere entitled, "New Poetry versus the Old," appeared in the Shakespeare supplement of the *New York Evening Post* of April 22nd.

'72 AND '74

Edward M. Wistar, '72, and Samuel E. Hilles, '74, attended the Y. M. C. A. convention at Cleveland, Ohio, which was held about the middle of May.

'82

Professor G. A. Barton was elected President of the American Oriental Society at its annual meeting held in Washington, April 24th to 26th. The Oriental Society, founded in 1842, is the oldest national learned society in the United States devoted to the study of the humanities. During its more than seventy years of history

its presidents have, with one previous exception, always been chosen from the faculties of one of the large universities.

'85

Theo. W. Richards was elected to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Ira Remsen from the Board of Directors of the Wolcott Gibbs Fund of the National Academy of Sciences, Washington, D. C.

'89

Dr. William R. Dunton, Jr., is President of the Haverford Society of Maryland.

'93

Geo. L. Jones, of Westtown School, addressed the College Y. M. C. A. meeting on Wednesday, May 10th.

'94

Horace A. Beale, Jr., of Parkesburg, was nominated as a Republican delegate to the National Convention.

'97

A table indicating the photographic positions of Comet f 1913 (Delavan), compiled by William O. Beal at the University of Minnesota, appeared in the *Astronomical Journal*, No. 690.

We quote from the *Haverford News*:

Dr. Roswell C. McCrea, who has for several years been dean of the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, was given a reception last Saturday evening by the faculty of the school, and presented with a loving cup.

'98

Jos. H. Haines was married on June 3rd to Miss Helen Whitall, daughter of John M. Whitall, '80. The marriage took place at Germantown.

'99

J. P. Morris sailed from New York on the S. S. *Espagne* to work in the American Ambulance Hospital in France.

'00

According to the *New York Times* of April 29th, 1916, The Interocean Submarine Engineering Co., Inc., has been incorporated at Albany for the purpose of raising sunken ships. G. M.-P. Murphy, '00, Vice President of the Guaranty Trust Co. of New York, was asked to pass on the practicability of this enterprise, and it was after his enthusiastic approval that the company was organized. Mr. Murphy is one of the financial backers. The president of the company is Rear Admiral Chester, U. S. N., retired. "The moving spirit in the enterprise is, however, Chief Gunner Geo. D. Stillson, U. S. N., retired

who devised the plan for raising the submarine F-4 from the waters off Honolulu."

'02

Dr. R. M. Gummere and Dr. A. G. H. Spiers will teach in the Columbia University Summer School this coming summer.

R. M. Gummere was nominated May 16th as Republican Committeeman for Coopertown District, Haverford Township.

Dr. Gummere is to deliver the commencement address at Westtown School on June 15th.

Chas. W. Stork is author of an article entitled, "Hofmannstral as a Lyric Poet," which appeared in the New York *Nation*, May 18th.

We regret that an error was made in an announcement of last issue, which should have read as follows: Percival Nicholson was married to Miss Nell Gray Clayton at Wilmington, Del., on April 8th.

'03

Jos. K. Worthington has been engaged during the winter in work at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in the James Buchanan Brady Urological Institute.

C. V. Hodgson was married April 17th at Cincinnati, Ohio, to Miss Edith Hockett, of Westboro, Ohio.

J. E. Hollingsworth, professor of Greek at Whitworth College, Spokane, Wash., has been active in the formation of a classical club there.

'04

H. H. Morris, together with his family, expects to start home from Shanghai, China, on June 17th for a six months' furlough.

'05

Leslie B. Seely is a professor in the department of physics of the Wagner Free Institute of Science.

'06

Richard L. Cary has resigned his position as Assistant Director of the Bureau of State and Municipal Research to become associated with Elmore B. Jeffery, who is engaged in the promotion of industrial organizations. Mr. Cary is Vice President of the Haverford Society of Maryland. Present address: 1310 Munsey Building, Baltimore, Md.

'07

José Padin, who is General Superintendent of the Department of Education of Porto Rico, is author of a pamphlet entitled, "The Problem of Teaching English to the People of Porto Rico." In conjunction with P. G. Miller, Ph.D., Commissioner of Education, he has compiled and written a booklet of biographical notes,

selections and appreciations of Cervantes and Shakespeare, in honor of the Cervantes—Shakespeare Tercentenary.

'08

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Carroll T. Brown on May 1st. She was named Caroline Cadbury.

Dr. Cecil K. Drinker is engaged in research work at the Hospital of Johns Hopkins University.

Chas. L. Miller, as counsel for the American Fair Trade League, has written a brief on *The Legal Status of the Maintenance of Uniform Resale Prices*. The brief has had a very wide distribution and has received splendid commendation from all sources.

'09

Walter C. Sandt was married to Miss Marie Theresa Kostenbader at Catasauqua, Pa., on May 3rd, 1916. They will reside at Catasauqua.

Edwin Shoemaker was married to Miss Martha Reed, of Philadelphia, on April 29th, 1916.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Ramsey had a son born to them on April 29th. He has been named Frank McCracken, Jr.

'10

C. Mitchell Froelicher coached the recent production by the Gilman School Dramatic Association of Richard Harding Davis' play, "The Dictator." This was the fifth production of the association which Mr. Froelicher has coached.

The engagement is announced of W. L. G. Williams to Miss Anne Christine Sykes, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The wedding will occur in June, and Mr. and Mrs. Williams will live in Oxford, Ohio, where Mr. Williams is Assistant Professor of Mathematics in Miami University.

'11

Henry Ferris, Jr., has a position in the Advertising Department of the Curtis Publishing Co. of Philadelphia.

Philip B. Deane has recently returned from a two and one-half years' absence abroad. Mr. Deane has been traveling in Russia, among other countries, for the Smythefield Export Company.

Mrs. Bashti S. Garey, of Caroline County, Md., announces the engagement of her daughter Lena Rebecca to Caleb Winslow. The date for the wedding has been set for the latter part of June. Mr. Winslow is at present Registrar of the Medical School of the University of Maryland in Baltimore.

'12

J. Hollowell Parker has been associated with the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company and Associated Companies since October, 1912. Parker is now an assistant in the department of the commercial engineer, with offices at Room 401, 108 E. Lexington Street, Baltimore, Md.

Robert E. Miller was recently elected Secretary of the Hamilton Corporation of Lancaster, Pa., a company newly organized for the purpose of manufacturing and selling time, speed, and distance recording devices for automobiles, locomotives, and electric cars.

Mr. Miller will also retain for some time his position as advertising manager of the Hamilton Watch Co.

'13

Francis M. Froelicher has been elected to the Board of Governors of the Baltimore Center of the Drama League. He is chairman of the Program Committee of this organization.

Norman H. Taylor, who has been studying medicine at Harvard, will complete his last two years' work at the University of Pennsylvania School, commencing next fall.

W. C. Longstreth is now with the Standard Underground Cable Co. at Pittsburgh.

'14

C. D. Champlin, who has been Assistant Instructor in English during the present collegiate year, has been appointed instructor of History in the McKeesport High School. Mr. Champlin has been doing some teaching in English and Biblical Literature at Friends' Select School during the past several weeks, and throughout June and July he will be instructor in American History and the History of Education at the Columbia County Summer School. He is planning to enter the Princeton Graduate School after a year or two of teaching.

Thomas Elkinton was married to Miss Elsie Roberts, of Moorestown, N. J., on May 10th, at the Moorestown Friends' Meeting.

'14 AND '15

Edward Rice, Jr., '14, and F. M. Morley, '15, have both recently returned from France, where they have been engaged in the relief work of the Friends' Ambulance Unit.

'15

H. Linneus McCracken is engaged in teaching in the department of History and Public Speaking of Hastings College, Hastings, Nebraska.

Loring P. Crosman was recently married to a Miss Hawkes, of Portland, Me. He has a position in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The engagement has been announced of Paul H. Egolf to Miss Anna Brown Turner, of Overbrook, sister of C. B. Turner, '15.

Brinkley Turner was married to Miss Willie Bond Savage at Los Angeles on Thursday, May 18th, 1916.



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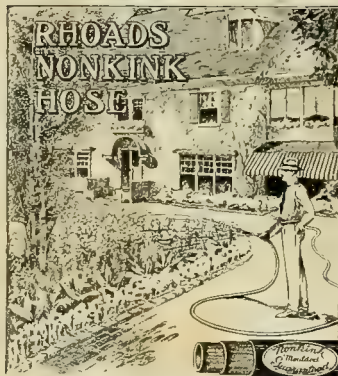
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October

1916

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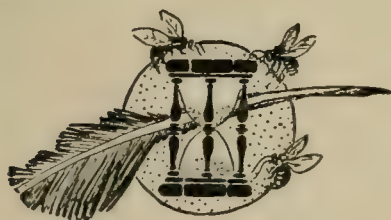
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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *tenth* of each month during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

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VOL. XXXVIII HAVERFORD, PA., OCTOBER, 1916.

No. 4



Triolet

*Just a misty form in the star-lit way
Where the fireflies glow in the scented gloom;
And the dream that shone through heat of the day
Was a misty form in the star-lit way.
There beneath a beech where the shadows play
Is a bench for two 'mid the roses' bloom—
Just a misty form in the star-lit way
Where the fireflies glow in the scented gloom.*

—W. S. Nevin, '18.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXVIII.

HAVERFORD, PA., OCTOBER, 1916

No. 4

Humanism and Education

AMONG the many rich and precious possessions which we owe to the Renaissance, perhaps the finest is the spirit which is so aptly expressed in the word "humanism." This spirit implied an interest and sympathy with warm, vital, human things, as opposed to the cold, barren, formal logic and theology, with which the medieval mind was exclusively preoccupied. The primary concern of the Renaissance humanist was the magnificent civilization of Greece and Rome; but the full significance of the movement was not confined to a mere revival of classical learning. Art, literature, discovery, natural science, all shared in the bursting of the long-sealed well of the human intellect. The movement reached its full height and brilliance in Italy; in Germany it assumed a more sober hue; while in England the same universal impulse produced the wonderful literature of the Elizabethan era. That the Renaissance did not go farther and accomplish more is largely due to another great movement, which is sometimes linked with it, but which was really its most deadly enemy. This movement was the Protestant Reformation. Far from being in sympathy with humanism, the early reformers, with few exceptions, were openly or secretly distrustful of its spirit. The Renaissance was free, joyous, pagan, and hopelessly lacking in the gloomy consciousness of sin which Luther and Calvin were perpetually impressing on their followers. Furthermore, the Catholic Church, which had been so liberal and tolerant under popes like Leo the Tenth, suddenly became strict and reactionary in the face of the dangerous revolt. The Jesuits gained control of Catholic politics and instituted a system of repression that effectually blocked all aspirations after a freer and higher culture. In the countries that were strongly affected by the Reformation a succession of ferocious and sanguinary civil wars soon quenched the dawning light of the new learning. Germany was prostrated for generations by the horrors of the Thirty Years War. France was distracted by conflicts between the Guises and the Huguenots. In England Protestantism left the dark blight of Puritanism, whose traces even now corrupt and restrict English

artistic taste and appreciation. But, however disastrously religious fanaticism and other influences might operate on the general culture, individual men were not lacking to keep alive the precious spirit of the Renaissance. The classics remained the basis of education until the scientific awakening of the nineteenth century. At first a serious divergence in theories of education was threatened. But, although men so differently constituted as Huxley and Matthew Arnold might disagree about the precise value of the classics and the natural sciences as objects of study, the true humanist rejoiced in the vast extension of the field of human interest and inquiry that followed upon the scientific renaissance. The life of that greatest product of Renaissance ideals, Goethe, indicated the perfect harmony that is the natural relation between the students of the classics and the devotees of the sciences. The present problem of humanism has nothing to do with any fancied antagonism between the pursuit of the sciences and the study of the ancient languages. It has to do, however, with two very real and very pressing dangers: pedantry from within and materialism from without.

The best concrete illustrations of the first danger are gained from a consideration of the methods used in teaching such subjects as history and the classics. Take the former study, for instance. The narrative, the mere, bald, accurate narrative, of the thoughts and actions of past men and races contains an inexhaustible mine of romance. To bring out this romantic element it is only necessary to treat history as a *human* subject, to deal with its personages as if they were living, flesh-and-blood men and women. Nothing could appear simpler. And yet how often is a fascinating cross-segment of ancient life turned into a dry and featureless mummy through dull writing and uninspired teaching! How often is a great event, a rich personality, a mighty struggle of compelling interest reduced to a meaningless jargon of dates and names! It is very well to know that Henry the Fourth went to Canossa in 1077; but it is far more important to know *why* he went there, to possess some idea of the character of the ill-fated monarch, and of his stern enemy, Pope Gregory the Seventh. It is in the ignoring of the personal equation, in the exclusive emphasis on names, and dates, and facts, and events *en bloc*, that modern instructors of history lose countless opportunities to enlist the warm interest and sympathy of their students. While Carlyle is scarcely justified in asserting that history is merely the biography of great men, it can not be questioned that modern history, in its laborious investigation of past social and economic conditions, fails to lay the proper stress upon the characters and motives of the chief actors in the great drama it is recording. Even so portentous a spectacle

as the fall of the Roman Empire, which, under Gibbon's inspired pen, becomes such a grand and moving tragedy, frequently, under a mechanical and soulless interpretation, seems nothing but a desert of undistinguishable names and unrelated facts. The ideal historian, the ideal historical teacher of the future must be a creative genius, attractive in form, vivid in imagination, quick in sympathy. No mere scientist or statistician, he must have the power to transform his rows of figures and lists of facts into the living, breathing spirit of the age he is striving to interpret. In common with the historical novelist, he must be able to understand and translate the forgotten rhythms of the races and generations that have gone before. If its full glorious possibilities are to be realized, history must be treated, not merely from the viewpoint of the scientist, but also from that of the poet and philosopher.

The need for humanism is still more evident in the case of the classics. It is largely through mistaken and incompetent methods of teaching that the languages which contain some of the most living and enduring poetry in the world's store have received the unflattering and unmerited sobriquet, "dead." In vain Arnold and Pater have shown the intimate connection between Greek and Roman civilization and modern life and thought; in vain Friedrich Nietzsche has poured out the vials of indignant ridicule upon the heads of the worthy professors, "who object to Homer because it is not written in Indo-Germanic." The instinct for pedantry has laid a hard, impenetrable crust of dry, uninteresting matter over the rich mine of classic literature. It is not the purpose of the present article to enter upon an extended criticism of modern pedagogical theories and principles; but a few of the most glaring dehumanizing influences can not be passed over in silence.

One very general and very pernicious tendency is to force isolated works of ancient authors upon the student with no attempt to explain their relation to the political and cultural scheme of their time. Without a reasonable knowledge of Roman history and politics Cicero's orations have little meaning; while the poetry of Catullus and Horace is certainly rendered far more intelligible and enjoyable if the reader is able to discern the striking contrast between the fiery, unbridled license of the late republic and the calm, philosophic epicureanism of the Augustan period. Acquaintance with contemporary Roman conditions also lends a keener fascination to the study of the contrasted historical methods of Tacitus and Livy. It is obviously impossible to excite any lively enthusiasm in a group of young students by picking a work, written in a foreign tongue, completely out of its environment and administering it to them in regulated doses. Yet this method is prac-

tised by many teachers who perpetually lament the decline of popular interest in Latin and Greek. Perhaps the best remedy for the present situation lies in a great increase in the amount of required collateral reading along the lines of classic civilization, even at the expense of a few periods of Cicero and hexameters of Vergil. This collateral reading should include standard translations of some of the classics which can not be read in the original. In this way some advance would be made towards the ideal of presenting Graeco-Roman culture and civilization, not as a collection of unrelated fragments, but as a connected and harmonious entity.

Aside from the question of method, there is certainly much to be desired in the spirit of American classical education. Youth—even American youth—is romantic and imaginative. And surely there is no lack of appeal to the imagination in classic literature. The immortal spirit of adventure still lives in Homer's great epics; the Prometheus of Aeschylus still shakes the world with his titanic defiance of fate; the most brilliant historical novel can scarcely excel Thucydides' picture of the Sicilian expedition in vividness of description and wealth of color. But too often these great works, in the hands of pedants, become petrified mummies, devoid of the least semblance of life and reality. The personal magnetism of an instructor is a gift of the spirit, not to be concretely analyzed and appraised. But the man who can take this immense store of living, pulsating, vitally modern and real literature, and fail to kindle some spark of responsive enthusiasm in his students, however great his technical endowment, has surely failed to catch the true spirit of the mighty flood-tide of classic thought.

The second great enemy of humanistic culture is the tendency, so marked in America at the present time, to set all education upon a commercial and industrial basis. Of course the immense development of the national resources has made necessary the creation of numerous technical schools and colleges. But, apart from this inevitable and altogether wholesome phase of progress, there is a strong movement, in educational circles, to eliminate all humanistic and aesthetic elements from education and to substitute a system in which material achievement is to be the sole ultimate object. The recent Teachers' Convention in New York was a striking example of the spirit of unqualified materialism which is now dominant, especially in our system of secondary education. Vocational training and "the Wisconsin idea" are to be the panaceas for all human ills and imperfections. Any part of the educational system which does not pay tangible dividends in hard cash is condemned as antiquated, obsolete and out of relation to life.

Now it is a curious and remarkable fact that this brilliant program of educational reform bears a decided resemblance to the so-called German "kultur" which has excited so much ridicule and denunciation on the part of advocates of the Allies. Needless to say, the German word can not be literally translated by the English "culture." It rather signifies a condition of material efficiency, unconnected with any moral or cultural implications. It is just such a state that our ardent proponents of vocational and industrial education are trying to force upon our own country. American "kultur" may never find expression in the aggressive militarism of its German prototype. It will, however, unless it is checked, find expression in equally obnoxious, though less obvious forms. A nation whose citizens have been brought up, almost from infancy, on a diet of crass materialism can scarcely find time to develop any exalted standards of international obligation or civic duty. A certain eastern magazine has long been severely reproaching the American people for their apathy in the "Lusitania" case. This same magazine has also attacked and ridiculed the humanistic scheme of education, which alone can properly train the future citizens of America to a sense of their national responsibilities. Is it not possible that there might be a slight difference of viewpoint, in this very instance of the "Lusitania," between the man who has been educated vocationally, with the sole idea of getting money, and getting it quickly, and the man who has caught a little of the spirit of Greece and Rome? History has a stern warning of physical dissolution and decay for the nations which sacrifice their national ideals on the altar of the god of wealth. But even more appalling than the outward collapse of such mighty political organisms as Rome and Carthage is the spectacle of the moral decadence, the gradual immolation of fine and generous sentiment, the rotting out of the very soul of the people, which preceded by centuries the actual break-up of these great empires.

The reason why industrialism can not be a satisfactory basis of education is that its essential nature is *unhuman*. Ability to run a buzz-saw, or to lay bricks, is an excellent thing; but it can hardly make a man conscious of his obligations, either to himself or to his fellowmen. A system of general industrial education, such as many vocationalists would like to institute, would inevitably entail a universal spirit of materialistic greed, unrelieved by any element of moral responsibility, aesthetic taste or collective idealism. Life would become nothing but a dreary, insensate, disgusting scramble for wealth, which could not provide any but the most materialistic delights, even for its possessors. It is often stated as a serious objection to the classics that they have no

relation to modern life. If this statement be true—and it may well be true—the fault is certainly not with the classics, but rather with modern life. One can search the records of the nations in vain for an example of a state blessed with higher intellectual culture than Athens of the fifth century B. C. Braver men never lived than those who died at Thermopylae to save their country from a foreign yoke. Not even Shakespeare's genius can transcend the immortal power of Aeschylus' "Prometheus." Before the calm, epicurean wisdom of the Augustan poets the whole noisy jangle of twentieth century civilization sinks back abashed. But the vocationalist, turning his back upon this inexhaustible store of poetry and philosophy, of heroic deeds and great thoughts, still remains confident that the Wisconsin idea fully satisfies every rational requirement of the human mind.

In many respects America, from the cultural viewpoint, is in the position of Europe during the Dark Ages. Throughout this period the seeds of classic learning were kept alive by isolated scholars and monks, so that the Renaissance found abundant material for its intellectual activity. The few small colleges of America which have remained loyal to their classic traditions are under an obligation to perform a similar service. It should be their part to keep alive the holy flame of cultural, humanistic enthusiasm until the day comes when America will awake from her medieval period to discover that life is something more than an accumulation of automobiles, stocks and bonds, and profitable munition contracts. Then, and only then, will the present immense materialistic activity of the great American republic become justified in the light of the development of the human race.

—W. H. Chamberlin, '17.

Autumn

*Once when all the trees were fair,
In the joy of spring,
Once—we wandered side by side
And heard the wood-thrush sing.*

*What if all the trees are bare,
And the sky is dim,
And the withered asters droop
By the river's brim?*

—W. S. Nevin, '18.

“We Men of De Brotherhood”

HIBBY HOSSES” HENKELS stumbled over the milk bottles and landed in a heap on the porch. Actually too surprised to swear, he remained sitting in silent astonishment until the fitting and proper moment for any possible oath had passed, never to return again. No oath could now be timely and this missed opportunity capped the wrath caused by the accident of a moment before. “Preparedness!” muttered Hibby, “dat’s preparedness fer ye.” Instinctively he looked around him for victims on whom to wreak vengeance. His hunt was eminently successful. There sitting on either side of him were the two great allies of the morning milk—namely, the morning bread and the morning paper.

“Yer triple in entent’ll die together,” cried Hibby, and, suiting word to action, he ravished the bread-bag of a roll and opened the paper to the sporting page with one and the same motion. The first mode of attack on the common foe proved more successful than the second. Hibby had but begun to gnaw at his roll when a glance at the box-scores dealt him a deep blow. “Both of ’em,” he sighed, “and Alex giv ’em nine hits in de first. Gee, I wish I was managin’ that ’er team.”

Receiving no solace from his first love—the sporting page—Hibby resigned himself to searching the rest of the paper for any sudden developments which might affect the position he had recently assumed in the business world. “Hughes Blames Wilson for Sinking of Lusitania,” read Hibby. “Gosh!” cried Hibby, “don’t dat boob know by dis time dat it wez the Germans done it! Gee, look who’s here!” he suddenly muttered, stopping in his reading. “Railroad Brotherhood to Meet Tonight—Will Seriously Consider Advisability of Strike.” Hibby’s aged brow of fifteen summers wrinkled itself in deep thought. “Huh!” he mused; “thot it wez comin’, but not so darn quick. Dis is mighty serious, ain’t it? I’m glad I ain’t got no family to depend on me. Crusaders’ Hall—yeh, I know where dat is—down der ’tween de terminal and de wharf; I’ll bet der’ll be an awful gang der. Dey think dey got us fellers scared; huh! we men of de brotherhood’ll show ’em.”

Ten minutes later “Hibby HosSES” Henkels caused quite a sensation and no little amusement in the baggage station where he worked, when he proudly announced to the men that he was going to attend the union meeting that night.

“Say, kid, how do ye get dat way?” gargled leery old Sam Ragan. “Why, kid, dat ’er infantile pyralysis’ll get ye; ye had to lie yer were sixteen to get dis job, and now ye want to throw it over.”

This speech was quite a blow to Hibby's pride. "So dey think me a kid, do dey?" he mused on his way home. "Dat nickname 'Hibby Hosses' is 'sponsible for it all. I wish I had never seen dat old name; just 'cause I wez English and didn't know de right name for dem carousels or whatever dey call 'em, why, dey couldn't stop kiddin' me and givin' me dat nickname. Dose men don't think I'm grown up, don't dey? Well, we men of de brotherhood'll show 'em when we walk out tonight!"

The memorable meeting of that evening was one which Hibby will never forget. To be sure, there were a number of drawbacks—such as the clouds of flies which swarmed as guests of honor from the stables next door and which at times hid the speakers from sight. Then also there was the intense heat, gradually melting the celluloid collars and sending forth a scorching smell, which was a welcome addition to other strong odors, whose only mission seemed to be that of recalling to the "brothers" recent tripe and onion suppers.

But, as far as the meeting went, there is no doubt but that it was a huge success. Hibby was sure he had never heard such a wealth of eloquence; indeed, there were so many "brethern" who thought that they had something important to say that five or six of them were often on their feet at the same time, until it finally seemed to Hibby that everybody but himself had taken a hand in the argument.

To confess the truth, Hibby didn't understand much of the little he was able to hear. But he did notice almost every speaker vigorously demanding an eight-hour day, and instantly the idea appealed to him strongly. Hibby got out the old oil-can and consulted his mathematical works. Eight went into twenty-four three times; three times 75 cents was \$2.25, which would be his new pay if the old twenty-four-hour day were split into three parts. Yes, that was much better; that was decidedly worth working for! Hibby marvelled to himself that nobody had ever thought of this scheme before!

The meeting of the brotherhood was only adjourned at midnight when the smoke, which had gathered in clouds along the whole ceiling, had become so "husky" and powerful that Hibby and other novices were coughing lustily. "Gee!" choked Hibby as he started home, "dat wez awful! I'll hev to start to smoke so I can get used to it; I never knew der were so many things a feller had to learn before he could becum a man!"

As he continued home Hibby remembered that one speaker had told them that they *ought* to lay off work until further notice, and it suddenly dawned on Hibby how much it would cripple the railroads if he was not there the next day to load papers on the trains and get the mail-

bags. For a moment he felt that it would be a dirty trick to go back on the railroad this way, but only a moment was required to put his conscience asleep again. He would strike; orders were orders,—and everybody in the brotherhood would have to act together if they were going to accomplish anything.

Hibby further realized the great need of spreading the gospel as he had heard it that night, and just before he reached home he found his first candidate for conversion in "Reds" Nichols, who was loafing as usual outside the corner drugstore. Hibby's own ideas were rather hazy and muddled, but he determined to make a big drive on the eight-hour day argument, which he felt he had understood thoroughly.

"Ye see, Reds," he exclaimed, "it's dis way. Ye get paid fer three days' work in twenty-four hours instead of jest fer one." By this time Hibby's mind had grasped still more of the intricate details of the new plan. "And, Reds," he continued, "if ye only want to work two of de three eight-hour days, why, ye can do it all right and get paid for the work ye do in de other two eight-hour days, which is still twice as much as ye would get wid de old twenty-four-hour day." Hibby gasped for breath; his vocal organs were clearly not built for long-distance runs. But he finished gamely, "It's awful simple! Do ye see, Reds?" Unfortunately, "Reds" didn't, as this was deep wading for his feeblar intellect, but he had found a life-line in the baseball game possibility, and this, together with a treat of an ice-cream soda, sent him home a ready convert after a hard hour's work. "Gee, dis persuadin's going to be some job," muttered Hibby, "if it takes dis long fer all of 'em."

"Hibby Hosses" Henkels overslept the next morning until the outrageous hour of eight, but he felt perfectly justified in his offence because of the realization that he was now a real striker. After teasing his breakfast with the easy nonchalance of a man of leisure, Hibby started off towards the station to see how the strike was progressing. To be sure, his sudden lay-off would cripple the work at the station, but he was deeply interested to see if any train service could possibly be passing through.

Suddenly Hibby stopped short. What was that train just pulling in? Hibby consulted his "Yankee." Yes, there was no doubt about it; it was the 8.34 on its way into the terminal; and what was even worse—it was on time! Wildly Hibby dashed up to his old stand at the baggage office. Who was that throwing a bag of mail on that same 8.34 just drawing out? A second look and he was certain. The fellow who had thus captured his job was no other than "Reds" Nichols himself! Hibby's head began to spin from dizziness. "What's up?"

he asked "Reds," as he groped vainly for some explanation of this puzzle. "What's up?" echoed "Reds" with a snort; "why, y'er up, ye nut. Der ain't no strike, and de bosses and de men are going to operate de whole bus'ness wi' de President."

"Traitors to de cause, traitors—Reds and de whole blame gang of 'em," were the only words at all intelligible out of the monologue with which "Hibby" nursed his grief on the way home. Sad and dispirited, he steered for the home haven, but here also the gods cruelly arrayed themselves against him, and not even an honorable retreat was permitted his outraged dignity. For, as "Hibby Hosses" Henkels slunk past the gate, there stood his mother awaiting him on the doorstep, with a twinkle in her eye and a still more familiar object in her hand.

"Samuel Gompers, Jr.," she said quietly, "will you please get me a bucket of coal?"

—Kenneth W. Webb, '18.

"These Three"

*An anxious hush! A muttered word,
A light within the sky;
A mother-heart's delighted gasp,
A father's relieved sigh.*

*A sound of bells! An organ peals
The wedding's merry tide;
A blushing bride who feels with joy
Her husband by her side.*

*A solemn hush! A tear-stained face,
The organ's solemn tone;—
Another soul has left the clay,
Another's work is done.*

—Robert Gibson, '17.

Classicism in the Great Odes of John Keats

THE most casual reader will observe that Keats is primarily a romanticist. Many of his admirers will see that realism is also a fundamental element in all of his poetry. The critic knows that there is also a vein of classicism lurking here and there among his gorgeous colorings. In the light of the best modern interpretations of romanticism, classicism, and realism, there is an abundance of proof to substantiate the claim that Keats' great odes are primarily classical. Prof. William Allen Neilson, of Harvard University, in his "Essentials of Poetry," gives an admirable working definition of these three terms. The primary element of romanticism is imagination; of classicism, intellectual appeal; and of realism, the sense of fact. The predominating element is the determining factor in deciding into which of the three classes the poem falls. If there is a predominance of imagination, the poem is romantic; if there is a predominance of intellectual appeal, the poem is classic; and if there is a predominance of the sense of fact, the poem is realistic.

In the odes Keats makes a sudden transition from the primarily sensuous to the intellectual. This is not to say that the lover of sheer beauty is disappointed in finding this element in the odes, but the appeal and the interest are far greater to one in whom the love of the beautiful and the intellectual are fused. The odes have the power of evoking deep thought, and the interest is primarily intellectual, though the thought is couched in the beautiful phraseology of which Keats had now become complete master. The most striking things about the odes are a sense of quietness, of reserve, restraint, harmony, and a chaste, austere beauty of language and expression.

In most of the odes the poet develops a complete, rounded idea. No undue proportion is given to any part, but all parts are fused together to form a complete, harmonious, and perfect whole. In the ode to "Psyche," Keats reincarnates the spirit of the ancient Greek who laments that Psyche was not included in "Olympus' faded hierarchy." She has no temple,

*"Nor altar heap'd with flowers;
Nor Virgin-choir to make delicious moan
Upon the midnight hours;
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
From chain-swung censer teeming;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming."*

But he would be all these to her, and there would be for her

*"all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in!"*

The ode "On Melancholy" is emotional, but the interest centers, not in the emotional field, but in the intellectual, for the poet discloses a psychological truth. He grasps the truth that melancholy does not exist in the morbid aspects of life. The one who feels the keenest sorrow is the one who has felt the highest ecstasies of joy. Melancholy dwells with "Beauty that must die," joy that is taking leave, and pleasure that is turning to pain. No more classical expression could be wished for than the terse lines:

*"whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine."*

It is the very essence of all descriptions of sensuous delights crystallized into a phrase.

It would be folly to deny that the "Ode to a Nightingale" is richly romantic. It contains three of the most romantic lines in all English poetry:

*"The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."*

Analysis cannot be applied to these lines. They baffle all analysis. But there is an elusive, haunting suggestiveness in them that stirs the imagination and the emotions to their depths, leaving an unsatisfied yearning of soul. On the other hand, it would be equally foolish to deny that there are characteristics that are essentially classic. It follows a clear line of thought along spiritual lines, and ends with a psychological truth. The poet is analyzing his own spiritual self.

The poet's soul is stirred by the passionate sweetness of the nightingale's song, and he feels a thrill of ecstatic happiness. How is he to have a continuance of this happiness? He first thinks of wine, and hopes with this to fade away with the bird,

"Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget

*.....
The weariness, the fever, and the fret."*

of the sad world. But he sees the futility of this means, and seizes upon poetry as a means of satisfying this longing. He forgets for the moment the visible world about him, turns his gaze inward, and muses

upon death, which under the spell of the bird's song would bring no pain, but come as a relief. To him the bird's song is a symbol of the eternal beauty and joy of the universe.

*"The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn."*

Then the departure of the bird shatters the illusion. The world of reality with its sorrows and struggles and grim facts of life forces itself upon the poet's attention, and he realizes with bitter regret that "fancy cannot cheat so well as she is famed to do." If unity, wholeness of idea, and intellectual appeal are classical tendencies, this ode contains some elements of classicism.

It is undoubtedly in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" that Keats reaches his most perfect classical expression. In this ode he has caught the true Grecian spirit,—the philosophy of beauty, the spirit of harmony, the supreme value of art. The ode is his expression of his philosophy of the ideal. He muses upon the carvings on a Grecian urn. There are the boughs of trees that can never shed their leaves, the fair youth that pipes a never-tiring song, the lover ever pursuing but never grasping the maiden, the sacrificial altar, the priest leading the garlanded heifer and the following multitude. The poet is gripped by the revelation that art is able to confer immortality, that the carved urn is a symbol of something eternal. The deeper realities of life must be in the realm of idealism. Realization is not enduring. The greatest happiness lies in the pursuit of an ideal, not in its attainment. Realization is in the field of temporal objects; ideals are eternal. It has been said that this ode treats a classical idea in a romantic manner. To such as hold that view this question may be put: Which element is more prominent, the imagination or the reason, the intellectual appeal? Realism likewise is prominent. The urn is minutely described; it stands out in sharp relief. It is true that realism often sets the imagination working, but here the imagination is curbed by the deep thought of the poem, and it seems the inevitable conclusion to admit that classicism is the predominating feature.

—Albert H. Stone, '16.

The Song of the Submarine

*We have cut our cables to the wind,
While we plow for the open sea;
Beneath wind-hounded comber tops,
Our home's the churn of the Channel chops,
Grim guards of the fleet are we.*

*The song of the chase, of the wild, hard chase,
Burns through our motor's drum.
The Teuton fleet may be far or near,
Its death blood cost may be high and dear,
For our task is but yet begun.*

*The wild, white horses hide our trail,
For sisters of death are we;
Tonight we must slink from the searchlight's glare,
From its shifting, blinding, ghastly stare,
Till our chance in the gloom we see.*

*Then unleashed death shall leap from our wombs,
For the great, grey monsters' breasts;
Till with grinding roar and writhing steel,
With hurtling men and shattered keel,
They plunge through the cold, green depths.*

*O, we've cut our cables loose to the winds,
We are lurching far and free;
'Neath the thund'ring combers crashing by,
'Neath the howling gales and cloud-rent sky,
We are queens of the great high sea.*

—A. D. Oliver, '19.

Rum

IT was that dead period in the life of the metropolis between midnight and the early signs of stirring humanity. The sky itself was dark, impenetrable, but above, the glittering electric bulbs still flourished forth the war-cries of commerce. The broad avenue was empty. Its emptiness amused me and I laughed. The illuminations above me, the long line of ornamental arc posts that stretched out in two long lines until they met in one bright streak in the distance amused me. I laughed again, uproariously. Very funny. A figure strode rapidly along toward me. At first I could only distinguish the general mass. My drink-sodden nerves refused to concentrate under the direction of my half-paralyzed brain. Deucedly humorous. I gave vent to another burst of mirth. The figure, whatever it was, now stood immediately before me, but I could no longer see the lights of the promenade.

"Come, come. I had better call a cab, sir. It is getting quite late and it will rain shortly."

Rain? Rain, when all the lights of the town forbade it? How stupid! No. It was humorous. I sat down on the curb, leaned against the cold iron of the arc post and laughed hysterically. Again I heard the voice. It had become quite gruff.

"I'll have to run you in unless you get along, sir. If you have a card I'll send you home."

My trembling, flabby hand brushed along the filthy cement and came in contact with a bit of paper. My fingers involuntarily clenched it in a spasmodic grip. I could no longer speak, but I could hear. I sensed the hovering presence of the unreal mass which spoke to me. I felt him take the particle of paper from my nerveless finger tips. I heard him read the scrap aloud. It contained an address and he thought it mine. I wanted to laugh again, but I was sleepy. A long time after I felt myself placed in a conveyance, but I soon fell into a state of complete unconsciousness.

* * * * *

My head ached. I could not move because of bonds that were fastened about my ankles and wrists. I tried to roll over to a side, but my muscles refused to perform their function under the terrible conditions of inflammation. I opened my burning eyes and tried to understand my situation. A kind of twilight surrounded me. The place was damp, and mould covered the rough bagging on which I lay. A sickening odor of decaying matter pervaded the air. In a rage I raised

myself partly, in spite of the pain, and kicked out savagely with my feet. They encountered nothing and fell back to the floor.

Added to my other misfortunes was my unquenched craving for liquor. My tongue, like a felt wad, irritated my palate and the dry roof of my mouth. The vivid pictures of various beverages danced before my eyes. I became absolutely furious. I shouted, shrieked and howled. I kicked about in all directions without producing any effect excepting the torture of my crying muscles. The hours passed one by one until it seemed an eternity must have passed. At length a scratching somewhere in the dark unknown before me became apparent. A heavy weight fell and rolled some distance. The deep, hollow blast of a marine whistle reverberated through the ensuing stillness. A monotonous swishing which I had overlooked and had not listened to carefully before, now became greater. The floor on which I rested tipped from end to end. A sudden lurch threw me against a wet, slimy surface and instinctively I recoiled. The finding of at least one vertical surface gave me a certain sense of relief. I rolled over and over until I again came in contact with the wet object. I rubbed my face against the thing and felt the rough iron of the hoop and the parallel crevices where the staves touched each other and came to the conclusion that the article was a keg.

Convinced that here was something to alleviate my suffering, I began to reason as to the best method to accomplish my end. I endeavored to stand up, but, being tightly bound, I fell repeatedly before I had even reached a stooping position. By this time the exercise had somewhat limbered me, and finally, after many attempts, I reached an erect posture. By leaning forward my shoulder touched the top end of the keg. Summoning all my strength, I gave a heave and pushed upward with my legs. I had not exerted my force on the centre of the keg and it merely revolved. I hopped nearer and tried again. Little by little, exerting myself so that the thing would not turn, I forced it to a tipping angle. With a final shove it fell and rolled off into the dark unknown. I too had fallen to the floor, and now I looked about, but, as before, could see nothing. I spent the greater part of what seemed to me several hours rolling here and there after the elusive keg. At last I found it, and, rubbing my face over it, found the bung. I tried to draw out the cone of wood with my teeth, but it was too firmly hammered in. I then rolled on to my back and kicked the stopper from side to side until I felt it loosen. I was now able to move the thing with my teeth and as I clenched it in my wide-opened mouth I already could feel the water trickling out. With a twisting pull I re-

moved the plug. The water gushed out over my face, breast and arms and almost choked me. Wet, cold, and miserable, but with my burning thirst quenched, I lay there.

A sound as of someone descending a stairway aroused me. A key rattled in a lock. A door opened and the sudden light, although not intense, blinded me. After a time I opened my eyes and saw before me a short, bearded fellow with white, baggy trousers and blue blouse. Upon the left arm I could distinguish chevrons. His hair was close-cropped and very black. His bare feet pattered as he walked past me and examined the keg I had emptied. His little black eyes twinkled mischievously as he looked from one corner to the other of the compartment. He spoke several times in a strange tongue, more to himself, I judged, than to address me. Then he came over and untied my bonds, carefully rolling the rope into a loop, which he placed under his arm. He spoke again and by means of his gestures I understood that I was to stand up. He took my arm and led me through the same door by which he had entered, carefully locking it behind him. We could not go up the narrow steps side by side, so he politely stepped to one side and allowed me to precede him. As I reached the top I stepped out upon a grey deck. Ventilating funnels protruded from the surface at intervals. The paint was peeling off from rails and woodwork alike. A few rusty three-inch guns were covered with tarpaulins and were at various angles in relation to the turrets.

After a time I glanced back for the bearded guide, but found that he had disappeared. A narrow gray strip of land could just be discerned from the port side. Trembling for want of my accustomed stimulation, but firm in purpose, I strode forward. Three officers were standing close together on the low and inconspicuous bridge. Without stopping I climbed the ladder that led upward and stepped upon the platform. To my surprise I was not even accosted by the three men, who appeared to take my presence as a matter of course. I stepped directly in front of a tall, lean fellow and glared at him.

"What do you think you are doing with me?" I roared.

The fellow stooped politely and spoke in what I believe was Spanish. He then turned and strode away. I placed myself in front of the second and repeated my former question. The second merely bowed, and, saying nothing likewise, strode away. When I addressed the third, a portly old gentleman with gray hair and a ferocious black mustache, I received a far different result. He glared back at me until I trembled for my safety. His hands moved convulsively as if he would like to seize me by the throat. He spoke in the same strange tongue which

I was unable to understand. Since I answered nothing and merely gazed blankly at him, he became more angry than ever. Then, with a suddenness that almost staggered me, he spoke in excellent English.

"Well, Victor d'Estrada, you may carry this farce as far as you like, but you are going back. Do you hear? You are going back."

"Going back? Back where?"

"Back where?" he shrieked.

"Yes. Back where?"

He broke forth with a new flood of indistinguishable words. Again I thought that he would strike me and I flinched before his flaming eyes of hate. Unconsciously, I could not return that strange, angry glance.

I fumbled in an inner pocket and found my wallet. It was soggy with water. I opened it and tried to pull out one of my cards, but the moisture had attacked the paper and reduced it to mere pulp. Angrily I tossed the mass into the sea.

"I want some drink," I said finally.

"Traitor!" sneered the old gentleman, and spoke rapidly to a sailor below. The sailor ascended part-way up the ladder and stood there. The two other officers, who, during the unpleasant scene with the irritable old fellow, had stood to one side, now came forward, and, grasping me by both arms, forced me to the ladder, which I slowly descended as the sailor below pulled me downward by my coat.

"Can't you get me something to drink?" I inquired of the fellow.

He shrugged his shoulders, as if to say, "I cannot understand you."

I was placed in a square cabin that contained a very small port hole and a cot. The door was locked from the outside. My craving for rum maddened me. I cared not for what might become of me, but I had to have rum. I seized the narrow cot and threw it against the door. It gave. I picked up a piece of metal that had been broken from a lever, and with desperation forced the door. I crouched in a bend between two turrets as a bare-footed sailor pattered by. At length I reached the galley and crept in. In a narrow cupboard I saw bottles of wine and whiskey flasks. Between us stood a white-aproned negro cook. Stealthily I crept upon him. As I stood but a foot behind him I struck with the iron and he fell at my feet with a groan. I seized a bottle and drank greedily. Just as I had drained it a sailor entered and, seeing me, stood aghast. The heavy bottle made an excellent weapon. I rushed toward him, not so much for self-defense as for the blood lust that the liquor instilled in me. I raised the bottle aloft and brought it down upon his head with all the strength of fury. The glass broke

into fragments, but did not entirely overcome my opponent, who shouted and backed out to the deck, where he suddenly fell prone upon his face. I locked the door and began to empty another bottle. I could hear the blows of axes on the door, but it was covered with heavy metal and they made slight headway. I drank on and on and on. At length I slid slowly to the floor, completely overpowered by the liquor.

* * * * *

My head was propped up with several soft pillows. A rolling motion made me terribly sick. The walls were white and spotless. A heavy roll of gauze was tightly wound about my head. I raised my hand to my forehead.

"Don't move, if you please," said a pleasant voice at my side. "I might mention that the less you speak the better, since there are several stitches in your lip and your nose is broken. In case you are curious to know what happened to you, I will explain briefly the circumstances. You were picked up in an intoxicated condition and driven to what the driver evidently believed to be your address. It happened that you resembled a certain fugitive from Nicaraguan justice, if such a thing exists. The place to which you were taken was the residence of the Nicaraguan representative of commercial interests and you were removed to a vessel bound for Matino Bay. In a wild orgie you killed a negro chef and almost did the same with a common sailor. You are now on the cruiser *Canada*, which overhauled the *Puerto Heradura* for irregularities in her clearance papers. We just about got you in time, though."

He saw that I was about to speak, and motioned for me to stop. I persisted and mumbled through my crippled lips in a weak manner.

"Say, Doc, can't I have something to drink?"

—*H. P. Schenck, '18.*

At the Death of C—

I.

*It was but yesterday
A peal of laughter gay,
The rustle of a soft and silken dress,
Upon my cheek the fragrance of her breath,
Her eyes moist with eternal tenderness,
Whilst in the shadows leered the face of Death.*

II.

*Before you leave this place,
Look but once more upon her pallid face,
Lay but once more your cheek against her breast
And say:
" May she find peace and rest—
And pardon all the bitter things I said "
Bend low,
Kiss her cold mouth and hold her heavy head,
Then go
Away
And leave me here together with my dead*

III.

*She died last night, my friend—
And yet I hear her step upon the stair,
And yet I smell the fragrance of her hair.
Surely this cannot be the end.*

—J. G. Clemenceau Le Clercq, '18.

Flat No. 4

YOU say he was quite dead when he was discovered. I suppose he had no known enemies?"

"No, and that is what makes it look so bad for young Johnson. But I really do not believe that the kid did it. He isn't that kind."

"Do you mind going over the details once more? The case interests me and I am afraid I missed something."

Harden sat back in his big armchair, took a last regretful puff at his cigarette; then, tossing it into the flaming wood fire before him, he looked over at his fiancée where she lay huddled in one corner of the big divan, her chin in her hand, gazing meditatively into the fire, and began.

"Well, you see it was like this. Last night about ten the patrolman at Twelfth and Maple called me up and asked me to come immediately to 1215 Maple. I went, and it turned out to be this murder case. The house is an apartment house for bachelors, and the murdered man was a Jacob Hepworth. It seems that there had been a poker game earlier in the evening and Johnson, who rooms in the same house, had lost heavily. Some of the participants had engagements for the evening and the game broke up about nine-thirty. About nine-forty the policeman on that beat heard a shot, and shortly afterwards was called to the house by the butler. He found Hepworth sitting bolt upright in a chair, stone dead. On the table before him was a pile of poker chips and money, and in his hand was a revolver in which one chamber was empty. Johnson, who rooms below him, was the first man to reach him after the shot. He was in the room when the servants and other occupants of the house entered. He says he was quite dead when he arrived.

"At first the case looked like a simple suicide, but that theory was soon dispelled. The shot had not been fired from the weapon in the dead man's hand, for the barrel was perfectly clean, and although the bullet had entered Hepworth's brain through his eye, there were no powder marks on his face. Besides, very few people will choose the eye for a mark when committing suicide. There is something too awful and terrible in the thought of anything piercing the eye.

"Of course, Johnson was arrested, and the case against him looks pretty bad. You see, no one had seen him leave the room after the game, for he was the last to leave. Then he was on bad terms with his father and feared to face him after incurring such heavy gambling debts. It is thought that he stayed and quarreled with Hepworth

over the money, finally shooting him in a fit of rage. We found the missing cartridge from the dead man's revolver in his room, though how—"

"And did you find the revolver he was shot with?" interrupted Yvette.

"No, and that is the one big point in his favor. The weapon has not been found."

"Who are the other occupants of the house?"

"A rheumatic civil war veteran who lives next door to him, two young men who live below, and the butler who lives in the third story. The house is of the type known as a "twin," with two apartments, one over the other, on each side. Hepworth had the upper left hand apartment. It was in his rooms that the game was held. Murdock, the old soldier I mentioned, has the upper right hand rooms, downstairs on the left a young lawyer named Arden lives, and in the other apartment a man named Somes. On the third floor the butler has his quarters. His den is directly over the partition between the lower four apartments, so that any occupant of the house can call him at any time through the speaking tube that runs up through the partition. He was the second man to arrive on the scene and the one who summoned the police."

"You spoke of the servants appearing."

"I was slightly inaccurate. All the men take their meals out and there is but the one servant, but that evening he had a friend staying with him—his nephew, I believe."

Yvette changed her position to one, which, if not dignified, was at least graceful and easily to be forgiven one who looked so very much like a tired child.

"I have had a hard day and I have not been good company for you, but I am very much interested in this story. Now let us take up the case of each person who is concerned so far as we know."

"I think that you are setting about the solution in the only possible way, for from the circumstances it seems impossible that that particular wound could have been inflicted from outside the house or that the murderer could have gotten away from the house after the commission of the crime. Really, the only solution I can see is Johnson. As I said, the case is very strong against him and ——well, let us take Murdock first."

"What do you know of him?"

"Practically nothing at all except that he is an old soldier and seldom goes away from the house. The only possible case I can see against him is that he may have an ancient grievance against Hep-

worth and have shot him, then concealed himself in an adjoining room till the butler entered and left again to summon the police. He was the first man on the scene. I think I shall look up his past life to-morrow."

"So far, so good. Now who is the next man?"

"Let us take *Somes*, who lives under *Murdock*. He was one of the poker players. The supposition in this case would be that he came back after *Johnson* had left, and threatened *Hepworth* with a loaded revolver, meaning to rob him. Probably due to some accident, the thing went off and *Somes*, frightened at the deed, did not dare take the money, but waited in one of the adjoining rooms till an opportunity presented itself and then escaped."

"Where does he say he was at the time of the murder?"

"Oh, he has a good enough alibi, but that may be accounted for by the fact that he purposely misled the man he was with into thinking that it was earlier in the evening than was actually the case. He may have set back his watch and then showed it to him, for instance."

"How about the other man, *Arden*?"

"There is the man I suspect. He gave us an alibi which I have proved to be utterly false. Besides that, he is a criminal lawyer, as is *Hepworth*. It is possible that the latter antagonized him in some way till his hatred led him to the killing stage. His getaway was probably arranged as I indicated before. He must have waited a favorable opportunity and then slipped out."

"Does not that getaway idea sound a little improbable to you?"

"Not very. And besides, although no one saw *Arden* during the excitement or saw him come in later when the house was under guard, he was found in his room under *Hepworth's* the next morning. He may simply have gone downstairs to his room after the shooting. Nothing downstairs was searched that night. Besides, why should he offer that totally false alibi?"

"First instinct of a criminal lawyer. Now, how about the butler and his friend?"

"It does not seem to me that they can possibly be implicated. However, we may suppose a case by supposing a plot to rob the old man and then being scared by the crime they had committed and calling the police. What is your judgment?"

"I can form none as yet. I want to go with you and visit *Johnson* and the scene of the murder in the morning. And now let us talk of something more cheerful."

PART II

The next morning promptly at ten Harden called for his fiancée and they went to the house at 1215 Maple, stopping on their way for a short interview with Johnson in his cell. The young man was half desperate with anxiety, and, due no doubt to his excited state of mind, could scarcely tell a connected story. His version was that he had left Hepworth and was in his room when he heard a shot fired in the room above him. He had rushed upstairs and had found the room empty except for the dead Hepworth. Then the butler had appeared, gone out again and reappeared with the police and he had been arrested. He did not remember smelling any powder smoke in the room.

Just as Harden and Yvette were turning into the apartment they saw a man going in the other side.

"Who is he?" asked Yvette.

"Arden, but he lives on this side of the house. I wonder why he is going in that door."

"Well, let's go in and take a look at the place. I suppose the body has been removed."

"Certainly, or I should not have brought you."

They found the room in which the murder had been committed very much like many other living-rooms they had seen. In the center was the card table, with the revolver found in the dead man's hand lying upon it. Back of it was the armchair in which the body was found. Yvette started at one corner and worked her way slowly around the room, examining everything in it minutely. Finally she paused, lifted a picture and addressed Harden.

"Did any of the witnesses say anything about two shots being fired?"

"No. Why?"

"Because the murderer evidently missed the first time he shot. See, behind this picture, which has been moved to cover it, is the other bullet. It would be almost directly in line with the direction you pointed out as that the fatal shot was supposed to have taken."

"You're right. How did you happen to notice that the picture had been moved? We didn't."

"If you examine the paper closely you will see that it is brighter in the spot which the picture used to cover. Very simple indeed, if one uses common sense. I wonder——"

She moved on tiptoe to the fireplace, picked up a poker, moved silently to the speaking tube across the room and, raising the whistle

which covered it, suddenly shoved the poker violently through it. Someone in the other room uttered a startled exclamation of rage.

"I think I know what your friend Mr. Arden is doing on the other side. He wished to overhear our conversation through the tube. I have had enough of this place. If you will collect the tenants of this place in your office tonight at eight I will solve your little mystery for you."

"But who——," Harden started to say, but bit it off in the middle. "I know you love to be mysterious, so I will not ask you for details now. I know from our previous cases together that I can rely on you. I shall do as you wish. But do you know what this will mean to us? Do you know that old Johnson offered a reward of ten thousand dollars to anyone who would free his son of the charge against him? It was in the papers this morning."

"Fine. We can give up detecting and buy that little farm we have talked of so long. And I think we will be married very soon. But I have to go home now. No, don't come with me. I will see you at eight, then?"

"Very well."

At eight the party was assembled in Harden's office. Johnson was there by special permit, guarded by two patrolmen, and his father was also present. Arden, Murdock, Somes, Harden and Yvette completed the party. Yvette wasted no time.

"I know precisely how this murder was committed. But I should much prefer to hear the story, together with the motive, from the criminal. Murdock, will you tell us why and how you killed Jacob Hepworth night before last?"

Everyone turned toward the old man. He did not flinch; rather, he seemed to straighten up.

"I see you have discovered me. I am glad to have this opportunity to tell my story. Listen."

He stood up from his chair and faced the people sitting around the office.

"Thirty years ago the man whom you know as Hepworth, and who at that time was a young lawyer in the office of the district attorney, sent me to prison for twenty years on a charge of manslaughter. I was innocent, and he knew it, but he wanted the reputation that the case would bring him, so he brought forward false witnesses and I was railroaded to jail. Besides, there had been bad feeling between us before. I lived through that twenty years of Hell to get him, and I have. I am not sorry. When I got out of jail I found him living

here. I lived for ten years next to him and he never suspected my identity. But he had other enemies, and, being a cautious man, he always kept that loaded revolver with him. One day I got hold of it and took one cartridge from it and hid it in Mr. Johnson's room. That was a week ago. I thought the police would make out a case against him after I shot Hepworth if they found a cartridge of the right size in his room. I have a rifle of the same caliber.

"The other day when no one was at home I tried shooting through the speaking tube with it. Oh, yes, it can be done easily, but of course there is just one line for such a bullet to follow.

"By experiment I found that line, covered the bullets in the wall with a picture, and moved Hepworth's chair just a little till it was squarely in the line of fire.

"He just discovered the theft of the cartridge tonight after the game and was looking at his gun when I poked the muzzle of mine through the speaking tube and fired. Just before I shot I shouted my name at him. I know he understood by the terrible expression that was on the face of the corpse. I thank God that I have had my revenge."

The policemen guarding Johnson released him and seized Murdock. Yvette took the floor again.

"Why did you listen in Mr. Murdock's room this morning, Mr. Arden?"

"I knew he was out and thought that possibly I could do a little amateur detective work and earn the big reward."

"I will say for your enlightenment, Mr. Murdock, that I discovered you because I found the bullet in the wall and because I smelled the burned powder in the speaking tube. I have a sensitive nose for odors."

As the party broke up and Murdock was led away, Johnson came forward and thanked Yvette for rescuing him, while his father added the assurance that his son's release was worth far more to him than the reward he had offered, and proved his statement by handing Harden a check.

Murdock was never brought to trial. On the way to jail he swallowed potassium cyanide and died immediately.

—*E. F. Lawrence, ex-'17.*

Coup D'Œil D'Adieu

(*"Fare Thee Well"*)

*His words of farewell no doubt were trite—
Farewells are usually commonplace—
But out of his eyes there shone a light,
And oh! the look in his face. . . .
I do not remember the words he said,
But I wished that God might strike me dead.*

*The glimpse I caught of his face was brief;
I looked in his eyes for reproach or blame—
For I was his friend and a miserable thief
And had stolen his all when I came:
The soul he loved I had made love me,
Yet the look in his eyes was wondrous to see.*

*It would not have hurt to see anger or strife
In his glance as he looked at a thief and a friend. . . .
But he looked at me—and it cut like a knife—
With a love that knows no end.
With tears of compassion his eyes were bright
As he vanished slowly into the night.*

—J. G. C. Le Clercq, '18.

Beware the Woman!

MARCUS LOWE, secret service agent, paused on the corner of Twelfth and Chestnut and looked around. He had his victim spotted. Oh! yes, of that he was sure. The said victim had slipped into that little shop across the street. Just a moment's rest from the hunt now to relax his nerves from their unwonted strain. It was the Christmas shopping season, 4.30 P. M., of a Saturday. To say "crowds" would be superfluity. Lowe leaned against a cold grey portal of the Stock Exchange Building* to avoid being swept along in the current of gay passers-by.

"Oh! Marcy," a feminine voice whispered in his *left* ear. This point is significant, for Marcus was particularly and inexcusably deaf in his left ear. "Hello! Marcy," reiterated the voice. Turning abruptly and rather unceremoniously, he found himself gazing into the hazel eyes of an exceedingly pretty young woman.

"What the ——" he began, then, "I beg pardon, but do I have the pleasure of your acquaintance?"

"Oh! everybody knows Marcy Lowe," with a shrug and tinkling laugh. There was something decidedly aggravating about that laugh. Still Marcus was not entirely displeased.

"Honoured, I am sure, Miss ——?"

"Oh! just call me V.; it's not well to disclose too much to a detective." Just a faint suspicion of a smile quivered for a moment in the corner of her mouth. Was she laughing at him?

"Oh dear! I simply must go to Wanamaker's! I have all my Christmas shopping to do, and the crowds are simply awful!"

"Why, Miss ——, can't I accompany you? Perhaps I could be of some assistance in the jam?"

"Oh, you're so kind, Mr. Lowe. It would be grand of you."

"Come on, then," said Marcus, taking her arm. They stepped out into the densely crowded pavement, and became part of the never-ceasing stream of shoppers.

"Mr. Lowe, you're a wonderful man, aren't you?" she whispered. Very close to his ear her face seemed. Marcus was somewhat embarrassed by this abrupt query concerning his estimate of himself; and, as a gentleman should, he promptly disclaimed the honor. He could not refrain, however, from taking a look into her eyes, deep hazel eyes, and—very close to his.

*No, Harold, the building really isn't there.

"Here we are. Now for a tussle!" this from Marcus, as he carefully pushed her into a compartment of the revolving door leading into the linen department. He jumped into the next space, and as he did so the psychological moment arrived. V— dropped her handkerchief. He stopped to pick it up, and the door hit him amidships, sending him sprawling into the store. Marcus recovered himself and apologized as best he could to the discomfited persons who had suffered from his precipitous entrance. Then he looked around for V—. She had disappeared.

He pushed his way further down the main aisle, thinking of course to find her. But after searching vainly upwards of half an hour, he was obliged to abandon the search as fruitless. Cursing his luck, he walked back downtown toward his former position; the place *she* had found him. This was one of the times when a man feels that he is the unluckiest dog in the world. Just to have a glimpse of the smiling face of Fortune, only to have it obscured the next moment by a cloud of disappointment. To a man in that state of mind, everybody is an enemy.

So felt Marcus as he almost rushed into an urchin newsboy who came around the Stock Exchange Building just as Marcus reached his point of vantage. Marcus grabbed for him with a growl, intending to deposit a sound slap, but, instead of the boy's arm, he held only an envelope, and the newsboy had disappeared.

Marcus looked it over suspiciously, and decided it was not loaded. Sniff! Yes! there was a decided aroma of perfumery about it,—a pleasant, elusive odor of perfume. Where had he whiffed that fragrance before?

Tearing it open, Marcus read, neatly written on a correspondence card: "*Ta! Ta! Marcy. You had a nice fat wad, but I wasn't expecting to pull an Ingersoll. You need not try to find me, for I am already en route for Reno.*"

V—, alias "*Second-story Jim.*"

"Well, I'm—" began Marcy, as he stuck his hand in the void where his wallet should have been; then, a thought striking him, he ran across to the shop he had seen Jim enter. He glanced at the sign and these words met his horrified gaze:

GRUBBS AND McNICHOL
Decorators and Stage-Outfitters
Feminine Make-ups a Specialty

"One on me!" growled Marcy. "But he certainly did the voice-stuff well."

—R. G., '17.

Poland Is Not Yet Lost!

THIS story is so wildly improbable that I am sure you will all regard it as the product of a diseased imagination. I can only plead in excuse that it was told me by my friend, Lieutenant Ackerman, of the Eighty-Fourth Prussian Infantry; and that the Lieutenant was the last man in the world to invent a tale of fancy. We were sitting in a cafe in Berlin shortly after the close of the Great War. Our talk fell upon the new kingdom of Poland, recently reconstructed under Russian suzerainty. Watching a cloud of tobacco smoke curl away towards the ceiling, my friend turned his eyes upon me and observed:

"By the way, I believe you always used to insist that there was something peculiarly romantic and mysterious about those Poles. Well, while we were in Russia I had an odd experience that almost convinces me that you are right.

"You remember how, in the summer of 1915, we swept far into Russia, occupying all of Poland and a large slice of the Baltic provinces. We thought it meant the end of the War; but that is another story. It happened that my regiment was quartered in and about an old Polish chateau, which belonged to the famous Potocki family. There was a legend that it was in this chateau that the composer Chopin first met the young and beautiful Countess Potocki, who inspired some of his most exquisite nocturnes and mazurkas. And it was an historic fact that the heart of the great musician was buried here in the family vault of the Potockies. However, none of us cared much just then for the loves and sorrows of a dead Polish composer. We were at the very flush and high tide of our military success. Hindenburg was at the gates of Riga, Mackensen was driving on Kiev; and everyone thought it was only a question of time until we would reach Petrograd. One mild summer evening a group of us were sitting in the huge parlor of the ancient aristocratic mansion. We had toasted the Kaiser and Hindenburg and the future of the Fatherland in the fine old wine of the Potockies; and our hearts were full of youth and enthusiasm and the pride of invincible power. And every one of us felt a tremendous access of loyalty and devotion to his native Germany, the country that had produced the greatest musicians, the greatest thinkers, the greatest soldiers of the modern world. It was Friedberg who sounded the first warning note in our symphony of national pride and self-glorification; Friedberg, the soft-voiced poet who was suspected of leanings towards socialism and pacifism.

"‘There are a few artistic nuances,’ he observed, ‘of which the Fatherland is not quite capable. No one but a Pole could play Chopin here, on such a night.’

"‘Pshaw!’ replied our Colonel, Von Eyrick. ‘These decadent Slavs can only dream of lofty achievements; we Germans have both the dreams and the realization.’ I will undertake to play Chopin now, as artistically as any Pole could require.’

"With these words the Colonel approached the piano; and we gathered about to hear him make good his boast. Few of us had any doubt of his success; Von Eyrick was even better known as a brilliant pianist than as a dashing and competent soldier. With an air of assurance he commenced a mazurka; the exquisite melody suddenly degenerated into a paltry Viennese waltz. The colonel frowned and tried a nocturne. The notes were played correctly enough; but the dullest listener could not fail to realize that the poetry and romance of the composition were somehow hopelessly lacking. Von Eyrick flew into a passion; with trembling fingers he struck the first chords of the terrific A Minor Etude. But here the pianist was interrupted by an occurrence so strange and impossible that I can not hope for the smallest measure of faith on your part. And yet every man who was in the Potocki chateau that night and who has not been killed since, will tell you substantially the same story.

"The first unexpected sound that met our ears was a chorus of voices chanting the long forbidden national hymn: ‘Poland Is Not Yet Lost.’ At first the sound was faint and mournful; gradually it assumed a more triumphant tone; and now appeared column after column of mailed horsemen, with huge wings attached to their armor: the invincible Polish cavalry of the Middle Ages. And over the whole mysterious army floated the white eagles of Poland, while the heroic anthem, in a thousand variations, swelled and echoed through the historic mansion. And now the medieval knights give way to warriors in more modern costume; the national anthem changes into a crusading hymn. The chivalrous Sobieski appears at the head of his Polish army, ready to set out for the deliverance of Christendom from the Turkish menace. Yet another change; the ill-fated Polish Republic is making its last stand at Warsaw against Suvarov’s invading hordes. The day goes against Poland; the remnant of the devoted patriots set fire to their ammunition and offer themselves and their tyrants as a common holocaust on the altar of freedom. The phantasmagoria of Poland’s past glory fades away like a mirage; but stop! A solitary horseman appears; in his hands he bears a flaming heart. It needed no interpreter

to tell us that it was the heart of Chopin. And all the varied music of the great composer seemed to blend into one mighty song of triumph and of faith: Poland is not yet lost! I can not tell you how petty and worthless all our vaunted prowess seemed before this vision of the unconquerable soul of a people whose spirit had victoriously repulsed the power of three great empires."

We were both silent for several minutes. I took refuge in a banal commonplace:

"But this vision—how do you account for it?"

Ackerman spread out his hands in a gesture of complete despair.

"Ach!" he exclaimed, "how do I know? I am an educated man, not a superstitious peasant. I was in Belgium, in Russia, at Verdun. There is little of the horror and glory of war that I have not seen. And yet none of the real wonders that I have witnessed and experienced have affected me as has this wild vision in the chateau of the Potockies. I know it could not have happened—and yet it is there, an indestructible fact in my consciousness. Perhaps it is one of the nuances, of which we Teutons are not quite capable."

—*W. H. Chamberlin, '17.*

The Tenth Plague

(THE CHESTNUT BLIGHT)

*I watched it go
And my heart sank low
As I heard the Old Tree crash;*

*I had played all day
There, many a May,
And it stung me like a lash.*

*But the Blight had come
For its decimal sum,
And the Tree payed up in Cash.*

*See! That great scarred trunk
With its gnarled limbs shrunk
From a blaze-bright Lightning Flash..*

*And every Fall
Came the keen Frost's call,
With his gale-swung, sword-like slash,*

*To my Tree first,
And its green burrs burst
In a criss-cross brown-tipped gash.*

*As it killed my One,
So to all has it done,
And the Hills lie bare to the Sun.*

—D. C. Wendell, '16.

ALUMNI

The sad death of Sherman Parker Morgan, of the Class of 1916, occurred in Grand Rapids, Mich., on August 13th. Morgan was on a short trip to Michigan, where he was stricken with fever. He sank rapidly and in a few days died. Morgan was to have assumed a position with the Girard Trust Company, Philadelphia. Members of Morgan's class and all who knew him feel a deep personal loss, for he was well liked and respected among his fellows. While in College Morgan held a corporation scholarship, and was elected to the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

Judge William B. Broomall, '61, delivered the dedicatory address as the presentation of the Deshong Memorial Art Gallery at the city of Chester, Pennsylvania, on September 27th. The new building, which was erected by the trustees of the Deshong estate, contains a collection of paintings, bric-a-brac and tapestry valued at more than \$300,000.

Charles James Rhoads, '93, is on President Taft's Committee on Enforced Peace.

Roswell Cheney McCrea, '97, has been called to Columbia University as Professor of Economics.

Dr. Spiers, '02, and Dr. Gummere, '02, have been at Columbia University during the past summer, where they have been conducting summer courses.

Edgar Earl Trout, '02, Dr. Reed and Richard Mott Gummere, '02, were delegates to the Tri-annual Convention of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Haverford entertained the delegates at a tea given by Dr. Reed. Dr. Gummere, '72, and Warner Fite, '89, were also delegates, Dr. Gummere representing Harvard and Prof. Fite representing Indiana. Prof. Fite is at Princeton.

Lucius Rogers Shero, '11, who won a Rhoades Scholarship, will receive his B. S. from Oxford, shortly.

L. Arnold Post, '11, who was in the American Ambulance Service last summer, is now connected with the British Y. M. C. A. work at Bombay, India. He had been detailed to the Mesopotamia district. Mr. Post has received his degree from Oxford. His perma-

nent address is still New College, Oxford, England.

William Mck. Bray was recently married to Miss Eleanor Wells Walker, of Devon, Pa. B. L. Corson, '16, was an usher.

The *Alumni Quarterly* will appear within a few days. It will contain an editorial by President Sharpless, the business of the Alumni Meeting, a number of book reviews, and an article by Hugh McKinstry, '17, on "Student Activities."

A new book by Dr. Jones has been recently announced.

The following is an excerpt from a letter received recently from Ulric J. Mengert, who received the Cope Fellowship this year and is now at Harvard:

"Wendell, James Carey, Frank Carey, and I are pleasantly situated in rooms near Harvard Square. It is almost as good as coming back to Haverford when I see so many familiar faces around. Van

Hollen and Howson are in the Law School; Hall, '13, and Vail, '15, are taking Chemistry in the Graduate School; Beatty, Van Sickle, Waples, and Norman Taylor are studying in the various other departments of the University. Our chief regret is that we probably won't see the Swarthmore game."

J. Walter Tebbetts (A. M., '11) has been admitted by examination as a fellow of the American Actuarial Society.

'98

Joseph Howell Haines was married to Miss Helen M. Whitall, of Germantown, on June 3rd.

'99

Twins were recently born to Mr. and Mrs. F. Algernon Evans, named William and Jonathan.

'03

Henry Joel Cadbury was married on June 17th to Miss Lydia Caroline Brown, daughter of Thomas K. Brown. They will be at



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'04

J. R. Thomas is a candidate for State Senator from Chester County.

'08

Cecil K. Drinker is an instructor in the Harvard Medical School.

'10

Edward Wandell David was married on June 28th to Miss Annie Frances Merrill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Olin Merrill, of Enosburg Falls, Vermont.

William Lloyd Garrison Williams was married at Cincinnati on June 13th to Miss Anne Christine Sykes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Smith Sykes.

'11

Wilmer J. Young has announced his engagement to Miss Mabel A. Holloway, of Ohio.

H. S. Barnard acted as foreman of the Grand Jury in the recent vice investigation in Philadelphia.

'12

Lloyd M. Smith has been located by the American Episcopal Church as missionary at Nara, Japan. At Karinzawa, Japan, in August, he took three prizes in the athletic contests: first prize in running; second prize in the pole vault; third prize in jumping.

'13

Joseph Tatnall, secretary and treasurer of the Class of '13, has

changed his address to 1306 Medary Ave., Philadelphia.

Lewis F. Fallon, ex-'13, has been appointed interne at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston.

Paul H. Brown has been changed from Director of Manual Training to Purchasing Agent at Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.

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Philip Collins Gifford was married to Miss Helen Sarah Thomas, of Providence, Rhode Island, on June 7th.

William Richards was married to Miss Johanne Jensen, on July 25th, at St. Jacob's Church, Copenhagen, Denmark.

George Montgomery was married to Miss Pearl H. Daub, of Norristown, on June 28th.

Charles Henry Crosman, of Haverford, was married to Miss Dorothy Pierce Craven, of Dayton, Ohio, on June 8th.

'14

A son was born on July 1st to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred W. Elkinton.

Charles K. Trueblood has been appointed instructor in English at the University of Wisconsin.

Thomas R. Kelly is studying at Hartford Theological Seminary.

Howard West Elkinton was married on October 14th to Miss Katharine Wistar Mason, of Germantown, Pa.

'15

Donald Galbraith Baird was married on June 7th to Miss Emilie Obrié Wagner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wagner.

'16

Wilmar Mason Allen has entered the Medical School of Johns Hopkins University.

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Ralph Vandervort Bangham has been appointed assistant in Bacteriology at Haverford.

Frederick Cyrus Buffum, Jr., is at Westerly, R. I.

James Carey, 3rd, is at Haryard.

Frank Wing Cary has entered the Boston School of Technology.

Joseph Arthur Cooper is associated with a firm of bankers in Coatesville, Pa.

George Arthur Dunlap is on the staff of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

James Sprague Ellison, Jr., is associated with Mulford & Co., Glenolden and Philadelphia.

Walter Reichner Faries has entered the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania.

Albert Graham Garrigues has become associated with the Hires Company.

William Townsend Hannum has been appointed assistant in Biology at Haverford.

William Thompson Kirk, 3rd, has become associated with a firm of brokers.

Henry Earle Knowlton has been appointed an assistant at Haverford.

John Kuhns is associated with the Pennsylvania Children's Aid Society.

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Philip Ludwell Leidy has entered the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania.

John Gray Love, Jr., is in the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania.

Edward Fell Lukens is associated with the Hires Company.

Ulric Johnson Mengert is at Harvard.

Edward Randolph Moon has entered business.

Charles Herman Oberholtzer, Jr., is associated with a broker's firm in Phoenixville, Pa.

Francis Parvin Sharpless is with the Biddle Hardware Company.

Joseph Stokes, Jr., is at the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania.

Frank Harrison Thiers is Instructor in Sciences at Wichita, Kansas.

Samuel Wagner, Jr., is studying at the Architectural School of the University of Pennsylvania.

Douglas Cary Wendell has entered the Graduate Department of Harvard.

Joseph Densmore Wood has been appointed an instructor at Wilmington College.

Henry Alden Johnson is associated with the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

Clinton Prescott Knight, Jr., has entered business in Providence, R. I.

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The Haverfordian

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November

1916

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No. 5



Lament for Deirdre

*Deirdré's dead,
Faded are the lips once red,
Golden hair turns into dust—
High the cairn above her head.*

*Eyes of light,
Once so bright, so tender grey,
Darkened are by lashes thick—
Gone the morning glow of May.*

*Moans the sea,
Wails the wind in every tree,
Cuckoos mourn in Glen Da Roe—
Lonely sunlight on the lea.*

*Blackbirds call
From the trees where once a hall
Reared its towers against the sky—
Solitude broods over all.*

—W. S. Nevin.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXVIII.

HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 5

"Thou Hast Conquered, Galilaean!"

ON a warm summer evening in the fourth century A.D., two young men were wandering near the ruins of an old Phrygian temple. The elder, who wore a white robe with a purple stripe down the front, turned to his companion and cried out:

"In what a degenerate age are we born, dear Ariston, when it is only by stealth that we can escape the spies of the new faith and practise the worship of the true and immortal gods! When I think of the stupidity, the superstition, the falsehood of this degenerate Jewish cult which has replaced the faith and wisdom of the old heroes and philosophers, I feel as if I ought to emulate Empedocles and cast away a life that promises nothing but shame and deceit."

His companion replied:

"Ah, but, Julian, remember that this triumph of the base and vulgar is only temporary. When you assume the imperial office that the weak and cruel Constantius is now degrading, there will be a universal return to the old beliefs."

A momentary flash of indignant scorn disturbed the classic serenity of Julian's countenance.

"Yes, no doubt the same crowd of fawning flatterers will press forward to offer to Julian and Jupiter the same devotion that they now profess towards Christ and Constantius. It is for no such empty outward sign that I crave, Ariston; it is for a return of the old Greek spirit, the spirit that enabled three hundred men to defy the power of Asia, the spirit that has given us everything that makes life noble and beautiful. Where is that spirit now? There is more strength of conviction on the part of these ignorant Galilaean fanatics than there is on our own."

"All this is only too true; but why have we come here to-night, when the Emperor's spies are on the lookout for all professors of the old faith?"

"Surely, Ariston, you have heard of Maximus?"

"The great priest, upon whose head Constantius has set a huge price?"

"The same. He is to be here to-night; and under this crumbling altar of Cybele I will learn my future duty."

As Julian spoke these last words a third figure appeared, closely muffled in a long cloak. As soon as he recognized the two young men the stranger threw back his disguise and revealed the tall, imposing frame and commanding features of Maximus, the idol of the pagans and the Antichrist of the Christians. Julian and his companion bowed to the ground before their master. Raising Julian, the priest transfixed him with the gaze of his keen dark eyes.

"What is it that you seek from me, my son?" he enquired in a deep, yet sympathetic voice.

"To know my duty towards gods and men. To know whether, as a pagan and a philosopher, it is right for me to go on living in our decadent era. To know if there be any power that can check the onrush of the Galilaean superstition. You alone, who are alike prophet, priest, and thinker, can solve these problems that have been tormenting my soul."

"My son, Christianity is a negative faith, forced on a negative age by the genius of one perverted, positive man, Paul of Tarsus. The age that has been corrupted by one strong man can be redeemed by another. It is a herculean task; but it is a task that no true Greek will shrink from. Turn the people's minds from thoughts of their imaginary heaven and hell by displaying to them the infinite possibilities of the present life. Wake them from their unhealthy admiration of those fanatical enthusiasts and martyrs by showing them the deeds of a true hero. Crush the subtle poison that is enervating the whole civilized world and you will have rendered humanity a service that can not be estimated!"

An expression of passionate ardor appeared in Julian's clear blue eyes.

"Master," he said, "you have given me the inspiration of my life." The sage spread out his hands in benediction and vanished. The moon and stars illuminated the ruins of the temple with the soft and voluptuous glow of an oriental night. But Julian and his friend, untouched by the softer aspects of the scene, moved on, their young hearts filled with wholehearted devotion to a great object.

* * * * *

Several years have passed. Constantius has gone to his last account, and Julian now sits upon the imperial throne. But there is no exulta-

tion in the countenance of the young Emperor as he appears in his simple room in the vast palace of the Caesars, conversing with his dear friend Ariston and his revered master Maximus.

"Is it true, as our enemies mockingly proclaim, that our gods are blind and deaf? Three months the temples have resounded with hymns and exuded the fragrance of incense; three months hecatombs have smoked in their honor; and still this impious and senseless superstition persists. Nay, it grows stronger! Ever since our efforts to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem were unaccountably frustrated, there has been an increasing chorus of praise and worship of the Crucified One. What can we do? I will not stoop to the baseness and folly of the Galilaeans and employ persecution; but how can we stem the onrushing tide of this accursed oriental superstition?"

It was the Emperor who had spoken; and for several minutes there was a profound silence. The busts of Homer and Plato which were the only ornaments in the private apartment of the austere philosophical ruler looked down with an expression of kindliness and pity. Finally Maximus spoke:

"Sometimes the stress of a great national crisis will bring a people back from a harmful and degrading superstition. Persia is still the legitimate enemy of a Greek prince. A successful war can not but confound these Galilaean teachers whose Master told them to love their enemies and to repay insults and injuries with benefits."

A light of mystical exaltation broke over Julian's countenance.

"Now," he cried, "I understand the dream which Pallas Athene sent to me last night. For I seemed to be entering great Babylon as a conqueror, and a great chorus of white-robed figures sang a Doric hymn, with the refrain: 'Hail to the immortal gods and to their servant Julian!' Surely it was a direct summons from on high to go forth and renew the glories of Miltiades and Alexander."

"There can be no question of your duty," cried Maximus, with militant enthusiasm. "Go forth and prove to these pale-faced fanatics that Jupiter and Mars are still omnipotent!"

The plans for the expedition were quickly discussed. Julian's active and well-informed mind seized upon the weakest points of the Persian empire; and, with the assistance of his two companions, a brilliant scheme of invasion was soon worked out. The philosopher then rose to go. But Ariston, remaining, begged Julian for a few words in private.

"Master," he began.

"Say rather, friend."

"Master and friend, I implore you not to go on this distant expedition. The army is full of fanatics who would certainly seize the opportunity to murder you. And I, too, last night had a dream, an ominous vision from the gods. For I saw all the gods, all the goddesses, the nymphs and dryads mourning the loss of their last worshipper."

Julian shook his head sadly and replied:

"To shrink from danger for fear of death—surely that is not the wisdom we have learned from the great Greek past which we both love! It may be that my life is required for a sacrifice, a purification for the sins of the people. And though the gods themselves have forsaken me, I will not swerve one hair's breadth from the course of honor. If we must die we can at least die greatly, heroically, like Leonidas."

Ariston sighed and left him. But far into the night the Emperor paced up and down his chamber, reflecting on the disappointments of the past and the dark prospects of the future. The new faith, which he had so confidently expected to crush with little effort, had proved to have elements of latent power and stubbornness that amazed, while it irritated, the pagan mind of Julian. Despite the ardent support of the government, it was evident that the old faith was crumbling fast. The only hope seemed to lie in a last desperate gamble with fate in the shape of a great military expedition against Persia, the historic foe of Hellenic culture and civilization. Before he retired the Emperor read the passages of Herodotus which give such a moving description of the Greek wars of independence in the fifth century B.C. Leonidas and the Three Hundred called to him over the vacant stretch of time; and, calmed and exalted by their inspiration, he slept soundly, untroubled by harassing dreams and phantasies.

* * * * *

The Persian desert stretched out, vast, silent, mysterious. Upon the shifting sands beat down the torrid rays of the unchanging sun. Nothing broke the universal sameness of the scene, a monotone of oriental fatalism. But suddenly clouds of dust appeared on the distant horizon. It was the vanguard of Julian's retreating army. After a brilliant opening the campaign had failed through the injudicious rashness of the Emperor, the difficulties of the country, and the tactics of the light Persian cavalry. Gradually the whole force came into view. The soldiers moved sullenly, dejectedly, like beaten men. One cohort struck up a Christian hymn. And throughout the ranks propagandists of the new faith assiduously whispered that all the misfortunes of the expedition were due to the blasphemies of the pagan Emperor. A halt was called at a spot that was slightly less barren than the mass of the

desert. Julian entered the imperial tent and sank down, too crushed even to think coherently. He had expected at least the thrill and glow of actual battle. And instead there had been nothing but country laid waste before the invading army, hunger and thirst and intolerable hardships for his troops, and finally—this ignominious retreat. And always the disaffected murmurs, the silent curses of the army, which now took no trouble to conceal its Christian predilections. So this was the end of his magnificent scheme to restore the worship of the true and immortal gods! Verily Olympus had fallen; and the blue-eyed divinities had fled to other lands.

An alarm was sounded. The Emperor sprang up and rushed out without stopping to put on his armor. The Persians, emboldened by the retreat of the Roman army, were making an attack upon the camp. For the moment the religious differences between the Emperor and his soldiers were forgotten in the presence of a common peril. Heedless of danger, Julian rallied his chosen troops about him and rushed to the scene of the attack. The Persians gave way before the resolute charge; and, as he saw the flying barbarians, the Emperor had a momentary vision of the glorious fields of Marathon and Platea. A voice sounded in his ear, the voice of a crazed fanatic:

"For Christ with Christ!"

With a groan Julian sank back into the arms of his faithful friend Ariston as the spearpoint of the assassin entered his side. Slowly and sadly the troops bore their wounded leader to his tent. At the same moment one mighty chant seemed to burst from the whole army. Julian raised his head to listen. Was it the paeon? No! It was the famous hymn, "Christus Regnat." With a gesture and cry of utter despair the dying Emperor fell back on his couch.

"Thou hast conquered, Galilaeen!" came from his lips in a tone of poignant anguish.

Encouraged by the words, a veteran centurion, Severus by name, approached Julian's bedside. Himself a sincere Christian, he was unable to repress a feeling of admiration and love for the chivalrous pagan emperor; and it grieved his soul to think of the eternal torments which Julian's infidelity would bring upon him.

"Lord," he said, "will you not take this last opportunity to become reconciled to the true Master and Saviour of us all? Surely you see now that, in comparison with the invincible power of Christ, your pagan gods are mere figments, unable to help, console or save. In this awful hour of death give up the vain pride of intellect and power and humble yourself before Him who forgave even his worst enemies."

During the first part of the Christian's speech Julian had passively reclined on his couch, making little apparent effort to understand or reply. But, as Severus concluded his exhortation, the Emperor raised his body and replied, in a voice that vibrated with proud defiance:

"Certainly it would be an easy price to pay for the assurance of future life—merely to kiss the feet of the Crucified One. An oriental slave would seize upon the chance; but a hero and philosopher disdains it. The Galilaean has conquered the degenerate soul of the Greek and Roman world; but he has not conquered the spirit of Julian. Apostate and pagan I have lived; apostate and pagan I will die. I do not know whence I came into this world; and I do not know whither I am going out of it. But, whether I descend into Pluto's dark realms or into the Islands of the Blessed, whether I am doomed to pass my future life in the hell of the Christians, or, as some have taught, in a disembodied life of the spirit, I will keep my soul free from degrading superstition. Alone and unattended, but resolute and dauntless, I set out on the voyage to the Great Unknown."

"No! Not alone, my friend and master!" cried Ariston; and, rushing forward, he threw himself on his sword and sank down at Julian's feet. Overcome by this last testimony of devoted loyalty, the Emperor himself expired, breathing forth a verse from Homer.

The group of officers gazed upon the two corpses with feelings of mingled pity and awe. Severus was the first to break the silence. "It seems hard that such noble souls should be doomed to pass through an eternity of torment because they failed to see the true light. But it is the will of God."

—*W. H. Chamberlin, '17.*

The Organ

"All the wide range of human fancy, thought and passion are portrayed in the voice of a great organ."

*O, organ, pealing through the air,
What do your tall, gold pipes declare?
Your throats all blent in one deep chord,
Are you the voice of our mighty Lord
Calling us?—"Come, bow low and pray
Ere the fading close of this glorious day."*

*And then you crash and mounting blare,
Leaping, thundering,—do I dare
To hear the soul of your mighty prayer,
In tortured anguish, struggling bare?
Then warbling, fluting, mild as May,
Your great voice thrills with passion's play;
Till love steals sobbing through your strain,
Fierce joy and longing—bitter pain,
Rent with envy, pulsing, hoping—
Through mad-wild music vainly groping
To pour its soul into shimm'ring air
From your mellow throats, ecstatic, rare—*

*O, organ, throbbing soft and low,
Tears are your deep reward, I know.*

—A. Douglas Oliver, '19.

The New Patriotism

THE love of country is instinctive in everyone, yet there are few subjects on which authorities differ so widely as on that of patriotism. In fact, there is every gradation of opinion from the conviction of those who extol it as a beautiful and ennobling virtue to those who maintain with Tolstoi that patriotism is a vice. In dealing with this subject it is well to trace the matter to its sources in human nature.

One of the qualities in man that makes for a love of country is that of group loyalty. All history has shown the gradual and constant development of this instinct. Students of the psychology of crowds say that the mob, or even the team, is something more than the sum of the units of which it is composed. Thus, the best interests of the individual may be served by co-operation in large groups. Developing along this line, we have progressed from the family to the tribe, and from the tribe through the many stages of feudalism to the modern nation, the individual always showing loyalty to a group. But in patriotism this tendency is closely associated with a natural fighting instinct. Some of us get all the fighting we need with our friends and relatives, but most of us need other outlets. The soldier must have a battle, while the pacifist fights for peace. But no matter what the form of the struggle, it is born in all of us to love some kind of a conflict and to be loyal to some group.

These tendencies, however, are reenforced by other sources of patriotism, one of which is the desire for self-glorification. In most things of this world the man who merely does his duty receives little special attention. But in the case of a patriotic duty, this is quite another matter. Every regular is a hero in the eyes of his friends and family; and, therefore, his value is greatly enhanced in his own eyes. The most miserable, poverty-stricken wretch becomes a person of importance when he joins a patriotic cause and has the opportunity of seeing himself in a higher and nobler light, in a kind of glorified publicity. In a gallery of war pictures in Paris is a drawing of a couple of destitute hoboos, hobbling along a country road discussing the war.

"We're bound to win in the long run," says one.

"Sure! We're so rich," says the other. This patriotic *we* so uplifts the individual in a common cause that he reflects to himself much of the greatness attending the deeds going on about him. This is one of the holds of patriotism; it gives the individual a larger sense of his own importance.

But surely this is not the whole story, for the generousities and devotions of patriotism have not been mentioned. Deep down in all men is something which causes them to rise to heights of self-sacrifice and to throw life itself in the balance for the sake of a cause or a principle. To save his comrade from death in the trenches, the soldier will run every risk of personal danger and will consider his own life cheap in the engrossing task of rescue. In every war the instinct of self-sacrifice responds eagerly to the many opportunities for heroism.

Is there any wonder that the force of patriotism is so great? The almost paradoxical combination of these two characteristics, the one a selfish desire for magnifying oneself, the other a desire for altruism! To quote from Max Eastman: "In patriotism we have both the emotion of losing ourselves, which has been celebrated by the saints in all ages, and the emotion of magnifying ourselves so large that there is no possible danger of our getting lost, which is more enjoyable if not so celebrated." These two desires are satisfied in the expression of the one emotion. From this fact, together with the natural tendencies of love of conflict and group loyalty, arises the strength of the appeal of patriotism.

Such being its sources, we have next to consider the love of country as an operative force. We find a queer passion of zeal and enthusiasm, sometimes tempered with reason, sometimes not. The national rivalry, inseparable from a patriotic affection for one's country, makes a suspicion of other countries almost inevitable. Differences between two nations are invariably accentuated, never modified, by the blind love of country. Intelligent minds under the influence of this emotion will sometimes maintain that their country is in the right when it does two diametrically opposed things at the same time. In short, present-day patriotism arouses brutality, bitterness, and hatred. Among its incongruous features may be cited the case of the treacherous floating mines recently picked up in the Black Sea, upon each of which was the inscription, *Christ is risen!* But the main and far-reaching defect of patriotism is its failure to develop ideals in keeping with the revolutionary changes noticeable in everything else. Our present ideas of loyalty to the fatherland are but the Greek and Roman ideas slightly advanced.

With all the many leagues of ancient Greece the patriotism of a higher unit was never substituted for that of the many and diverse little states. It remained for the United States to furnish the world an example of the practicability of this ideal. When we think of the great difficulties in the path of the unification of the original colonies, the accomplishment seems almost a miracle. Puritan New England united with Catholic Maryland! The slave-trading South with the abolitionist North! Massachusetts with its pure democracy united with Virginia,

the stronghold of aristocracy! Here were differences great indeed; yet the patriotisms of the small colonies were blended into one great devotion, operating for the benefit of all. This enlargement of the object of patriotism is a tried and proved method of removing many of the evils from the extreme rivalries of small states. The gradual substitution of larger and larger units on which the force of patriotism may act seems to be the one way to procure beneficial results, the one way to rob patriotism of many of its limitations.

This is but a new step in the evolution of our social obligations, which have developed through the stage of duty to the family, to the tribe, and to the nation. We have only to take one step forward to extend our sense of social obligation to human society on an international scope. All modern systems of government, education, science, transportation, and intercourse are important factors working toward the possibility of a future unification and a new non-militant patriotism. But how does this touch the individual? Each of us should take a stand for the strictest justice in international affairs. Too many men regard the square deal only as something they ought to get from the other fellow. Everyone can exert a broadening influence in the community by practicing a new patriotism that implies no form of hostility to other human groups. This is the only way to progress; for, as Norman Angell writes: "The only permanent revolutions in the history of civilization are those that result from a revolution of ideas."

It is true that it is very difficult to fall down and worship the mass of humanity with any great fervor. But a wider nationalism or some form of actual federation is inevitably the next step forward; and the internationalism of the future will be but the patriotism of today somewhat refined and operating in a wider range, carrying with it a sense of larger world citizenship in place of a provincial pride. Then the heroisms of patriotism will be shorn of all wild, unreasoning tendencies; and the love of country will be a thing of "good repute, fair, and honorable."

—*Christopher Roberts, '20.*

Europe After 1914

*My heart is bowed with the weight and toil
Of years that are still to be;
I feel the woe of a ravaged race,
And gloom comes over me
To think of the lot they will have to face,
In labor and sorrow, huddled, forlorn,
The best of them dead on the battlefield,
The land of its strongest and bravest shorn.
The weak will triumph, and grow, and thrive,
And the nations be overrun
With a little race of enfeebled men,
Who will fiercely push as they feebly can,
And, barely able to keep alive,
Demand their place in the sun.*

—Richard R. Wood, '20.

Alice Who?

WITH a sudden warm glow about my heart I climbed the flight of steps where we had sat so many hours and talked and fought and laughed and sometimes cried. The steps were a bit more worn. The old traces of paint were nearly wiped out, but our initials were still there, and the notches we had hacked along the edges with our new jack-knives. A girl answered my ring. She was young and blooming, and returned my glance with a mild frankness, tinged with curiosity.

"Is David home?" I inquired.

"Yes. Won't you come in?" she answered, with a cordial smile.

I subconsciously hung my hat on my hook without the faintest notion that it might have been moved in ten years, and stepped into the parlor with the restful surety that radiates from places and people long tried and well beloved. While I sat wondering how David had so skillfully evaded my every effort to trace him after I left town, the culprit himself appeared in the doorway. For several seconds he eyed me in such perplexity that I could almost hear his mind churning in an effort to connect the similarities in my face with the boy of fifteen who had once known him far better than his own mother. An incredulous smile slowly sifted into his eyes, then his face beamed eloquently as he seized my hand in a death-like grip.

"Well, I be—" said David; and I saw that time had at last taught him how to express himself like a normal human being.

I gave him a commonplace greeting, characteristic of me in supreme moments, and we sat down to have it out.

"I came back here with two ideas in view," said I in response to his eager inquiry some minutes later. "First to find you, you rascal,—and then to find Alice Eaves. The people of this town never meant much to me in the old days, but you and Alice I loved and have never forgotten, in spite of not hearing a word. You were almost a minister when I left you. What happened?"

He had a mysterious look about him as he vaguely answered me. "New ideas come with new experiences. I changed my mind after I had nearly finished my training."

"How did it happen?" I inquired, incredulous that anything short of a cataclysm could shake the high faith and exalted determination to preach the gospel, which had so strongly marked his youth.

"Well, you see, I fell in love—something I never reckoned on, and it sort of spilled my plans."

"What! and you used to hate the girls most royally. How I did

swear and shock you when you wouldn't come with me to call on the various beauties of the town! You would piously turn up your nose and say that girls had no place in a minister's life. Well, you fell in love? Quite human! What of it?"

"I married of it."

"Married! You!" I should have marveled had he told me he had held some girl's hand; he never showed the faintest symptoms of such courage in the days when I knew him: but to have him sit there and tell me that he was married, as calmly as though he had never been a child of God who scorned any woman's love, was, to say the least, a refreshing triumph for womankind.

"Who was she?" I clamored, with my memory struggling at the old names for a possible candidate.

"You don't know her," he declared casually. "Tell me about yourself. What are you doing? Did you finish college? Where's your family and where have you lived all this time? What profession—"

"Stop!" I cried. "I have first bat in this game and I'm not out yet. Where is Alice? Is she still in town?"

"Alice? Alice who?"

"Alice Eaves! You remember! You used to hate her so, and say she starched her hair-ribbons to make them stand up."

"She did!" he declared, in defense of his youthful perceptions.

"All right. Have you seen or heard of her?"

"Yes, she's still in town. Been married three years."

"Has she! I might have guessed it! I suppose they're all married by now."

"Guess that's what they're made for!" he mumbled, and I thought there was a fatalistic note in his voice.

"You speak from experience, eh?" I laughed. "Well, why did you desert the church? Most ministers have wives and thrive beautifully."

"Jim," he looked at me with his eyebrows scowling and his jaws set grimly, "I was just a bundle of dried-up creed, as narrow as a line. I had my little trail to heaven all blazed and was treading it peacefully with a Bible in one hand and a staff in the other. Then I fell in love and thought I had no business to. It woke me up to the fact that I was in this world and not of it. I'd been told I was a premature misplaced angel and wouldn't believe it. But I fell in love with my wife; someone almost got her ahead of me; I discovered the trouble, dropped my studies and showed her I was a red-blooded man. I was only just in time; my blood was a little redder than his, when it came to a show-

down. Never mind the details. She's mine now, that's all that matters."

"Congratulations, old boy!" I said. "It's better this way."

"Think so?" he smiled good-naturedly. I saw in a flash how great was the change in him. He had awakened from his boyish dreams into a man, wise, tender, and strong.

The curtains parted at the back of the sitting-room and the girl came in.

"Won't you ask your friend to dinner?" she inquired of David, with her eyes fixed on me.

I looked at David after successfully tearing my glance from her face, and was surprised to see that his eyes were filled with tears.

"God! Will I!" he said slowly. "Jim, this is Alice, my wife."

She came over and shook my hand. I almost forgot to let it go, in my surprise.

"O Jim, I didn't know you!" she exclaimed in wonder. Women can always find words where men are speechless.

"Nor I you," I declared at last. Although she was young and charming, and bore a resemblance to the Alice I had known, I felt that we were strangers to each other.

"Why didn't you tell me, David?" I stormed, to hide the semi-tragic feeling in my heart which such meetings always bring. One must act enthusiastic at all costs!

"I didn't know just how. You came at me so suddenly with your questions."

"What changed you?"

"Changed me?" he repeated.

"Yes, you! You used to hate her so." I think I blushed then, but it was no time to mince matters.

"Well, I think it was because she was always talking of you so much," he answered slowly.

As she put her arms about him in perfect faith, I saw that I had done no harm. I saw too that she was little interested in me, and mutely thanked God that men don't change as women do.

—C. Van Dam, '19.

The Palisades

*Tall monuments of long-forgotten time,
Shrouded in midst, or crowned with winter's snow;
Or, standing bare in dizzy height sublime,
To greet the first pale streaks of morning's glow:
Ye saw brave Hudson and his gallant band
Plow first the furrow through thy virgin stream,
Ye saw the red men driven from their land,—
Thy walls have echoed back the eagle's scream;
Ye saw a nation struggle to its birth,
And build its bastions strong on truth and right;
Ye saw the blood of brothers stain the earth,
To give a bondaged people freedom's light:
And may that nation stand as firm and true
As thy tall summits tow'ring in the blue!*

—Albert H. Stone, '16.

A Propos des Bottes

AT the present time there are two plays enjoying popularity in Philadelphia. The first is "Common Clay," the Harvard prize play of last year, by Mr. Clives Kinkhead. The other is "Experience," by Mr. George V. Hobart. They are playing to crowded houses. Why?

I must confess that there is some merit in "Common Clay"; the dialogue is fair, the technique good, the play extremely well handled. But the author has had his eye on the audience while writing it. That is why the play is so much worse than it might be. The audience is composed of people who do not care a fig for the drama, who merely go for the sake of being entertained anyhow, by hook or crook, for two and a half hours. By appealing to that element the author damns his play—not financially, not as far as popularity goes, but as far as the excellence of the play is concerned.

Miss Cowl gives a tolerably good performance, the scenery is the usual thing we get, lacking in individuality, heavy, dull; but the play is well written. Yet, of all the subjects presented to us under a thousand and one different disguises, the one Mr. Kinkhead chose is the most usual, the most boring, the most played-out. At the end of the performance we give a gasp of relief: another of them done with—only to find yet another announced for next week.

And so, one day, an enterprising drama-monger comes along and decides to do something else. He goes back to the origin of the drama in Europe and gives us a morality play. "Everyman," "Everywoman," and now "Experience."

The play is badly written: it abounds in platitudes that insult the playgoer of average intelligence, mixed metaphors and stupid paradoxes. The lines are boring and are as tediously recited. In fact the thing is very badly acted: Miss Eleanore Christie as *Intoxication*: and later as *Frailty* is the only artist in the company. The rest are fair, poor, and Mr. Ernest Glendenning, the star, is grotesque. The popularity of such a play only goes to prove how gullible this dear old public of ours can be.

But I am taking the thing far too seriously.—The only good plays we see in America are written by Englishmen: Galsworthy, Pinero, Sir James Barrie; or by Irishmen: J. M. Synge, W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, Lord Dunsany, Padraic Colum. And the Irish Players merely succeeded because of the bluestockings and their assurances that it was quite the thing to do to go and see them. The French plays that are translated are only the annoying successes of the Boulevard: indeed, a company of French artists acting in French at their own theatre in New York give that kind of play almost exclusively.

True, there are a few rare Americans who have done great things

in the drama: the late Mr. Clyde Fitch almost did it once or twice, and another writer, Mr. Langdon Mitchell, in "The New York Idea," may pride himself upon having written the only great American play. This play did not have the success it deserved, in spite of the talent of the *créatrice* of the principal part; yet it is a splendid piece of work. One would doubt its being the work of one of our compatriots.

But Mr. Mitchell has not produced anything except dramatizations of novels since; "The New York Idea" was too good, the public failed to appreciate it, and so the author is silent. Still it is well to have tried and succeeded. That immediate success should come is nothing; that the play is well written, well suited to the tastes of the few who go to the play for more than to while away a tedious evening, is indeed an achievement.

One of the most astonishing pieces of news is that "Pierrot the Prodigal" has had such success this year in New York. It is a pantomime which was presented about a decade ago and which failed dismally. Why has it now succeeded?

Miss Marjorie Patterson's gloomy Pierrot is the most superb piece of work I have ever seen in that line; M. Paul Clerget has authority and poise. M. André Wormser's music is delightful. Have these things made the play successful? Has the American theatre-going public rebelled against plays on sex, on crime, on horrors of the day? We hope—but should we hope? "Experience" had success; look at "Common Clay," et al. But possibly these are the *coup de grace*.

Another good symptom is to be noted: the success of the Washington Square Players. A band of young artists with dreams of reforms scenically, dramatically, and in various other ways, united and formed the company. As amateurs they were at the Bandbox Theatre for two years, and at the Comedy Theatre they are having their present season. In spite of the inaccessibility of their former playhouse, they had success. Faithful to their program of giving plays which would otherwise not receive a hearing, they have given a series of plays which had never been played before in America. It needed audacity to give Tchekov's "The Sea Gull," Maeterlinck's "Interior," Alfred De Musset's "Whims"—delightfully translated and played;—it needed genius to give Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine et Selysette" with such *éclat* and success. Arthur Schnitzler, Roberto Bracco, Percy Mackaye, Tchekov, Maeterlinck, Alice Brown, Avreineff, de Porto-Riche, Alfred de Musset—here are only a few of the dramatists that they have interpreted, but they dared to present a farce of the earliest ages of French literature, viz., "Maitre Patelin"—and favorably! What the future and Broadway holds for these enthusiasts from Greenwich Village will be later seen, but their popularity has been so great as to warrant tours in the prov-

inces. And for their type of play to succeed in this country anywhere but in New York is little short of marvelous.

To be sure they have made mistakes, but they are faithfully and brilliantly,—though possibly unconsciously—educating an indifferent public to kneel at the altars of Art; that the public follows such votaries augurs well. Philadelphia will perhaps not accord them the success that is reserved for "Common Clay" and "Experience"; possibly even "Marie Odile" and "The Song of Songs" (poorly dramatized) would seem more acceptable here; but Philadelphians have seen Art. They have a superb Orchestra of their own; they have seen Mr. George Arliss, Mr. Leo Dietrichstein and Mr. E. H. Sothorn; they have an Opera where Caruso has sung; in spite of the success of the stupid crudities or the slipshod atrocities—with here and there something better—which they have had to swallow, they will appreciate these young players who will have served their Art here by the time these hurried lines are printed.

If they do not, it is doubtful when we can hope for a really good drama—if they do, perhaps . . . well, possibly realism will cease to be the main source of inspiration for our dramatists. Happily, there is a change appreciable now; the theatre is becoming more romantic: Mr. Otis Skinner, Mr. Arliss and Mr. Leo Dietrichstein are doing nothing but pure romance, however poorly their plays may be written regarded from the critic's point of view. And they act them with art.

America, like France after its Augier, Hervieu, Bataille, Portoriche, Kistemaeckers, Mirbeau, etc., needs a Rostand. It might have been Mr. Booth Tarkington, were the latter less widely known and not a famous novelist thrown into commercialism by magazines like the *Cosmopolitan*.

A fine artist in America is of more immediate need than a good president; we can get along with almost anyone as president, but we must have a great artist.

—J. G. C. Schuman *Le Clercq*, '18.

Triolet

*The peaks are dim and far away,
And dim and dull the sky.
A sadness broods o'er all to-day—
The peaks are dim and far away.
One haunting thought of eyes of gray
Of tender smile, of last good-by—
The peaks are dim and far away,
And dim and dull the sky.*

—W. S. Nevin, '18.

The Coward

IT was night. On the morning, Jean, my friend, would be hanged—hanged till he died, so the judge had said, and smiled and picked his teeth as he said it. I cursed the hours as they sped, and I went to his prison, and the newsboys and gamins of the street, who knew me of old, threw mud after me, and shouted after me, "Coward!" And I cursed them, and I cursed myself for that I feared them, and I cursed Jean's judge, and the prison in which he lay, and I cursed its gaolers body and soul, and I cursed myself for the driveling, fawning obsequiousness I had been driven to, that I might gain the privilege I was using now.

After a walk that seemed unending I was at the prison; and, hardly seeing or hearing, I followed the turnkey, a garrulous man, and at last a heavy door swung noiselessly back on well-oiled hinges, and I was alone with him, my friend. And when I saw him lying upon the little iron bed, his hands clasped behind his head, as of old, and with his face looking upward with its quizzical, half-sneering expression, as though he saw nothing worth his looking—when I saw these things, a lump rose in my throat, that mingled with the curses there, and I was fain to cough violently, as one coughs who is on the border of tears.

He glanced toward me at the sound. "I'm glad to see you; sit down, Billy," he invited smilingly. His voice was as rich and sweet as that of any divinely-called, highly-paid minister, and in it he could express every emotion of the human heart. There was no note of sadness in it now.

"What are you—doing?" I stammered. It seemed a most foolish thing to say, yet the ever-increasing lump in my throat impelled me to words.

"Thinking, Billy, thinking. Thinking where I'll be to-morrow, this time, and how much I love the world, and how clean my cell is, and oh, yes, what I'll order for breakfast. They are kind to me; they hang me, but still I shall get what I want for breakfast."

The conversation had not turned itself the way I thought it would, yet perhaps it was better so. At least it was as Jean wished, and Jean knew. We sat for some little time in silence, each occupied with his own thoughts.

I thought of the number of times he had professed no hunger, and I had eaten his portion, with mine, and his was always the smaller. And I thought how often he had shared his narrow bed with me, when my dear brothers and sisters, the world, had pointed me my way to hell. And as I thought of him, my single friend, who was about to be taken

away from me, the ache of the lump in my throat surged so heavily, that I burst into a torrent of cursing, against all the world. I damned Him who made it, and Him who would destroy it. I damned its people, past, present, and to come, heart and soul, to the nethermost depths of hell. I damned the present race, and I damned its mothers for whores and its fathers for swine, and its offspring for the same. And most I damned those who administered the mockery of Law and Justice, and I damned those who owned this cursed mockery, by whom and by which Jean was condemned; and I damned them twice and thrice, that the worm might never die on their cheeks, nor the fire ever surfeit and quench itself at their vitals; that their boys might become lewd felons, and their girls shameless harlots; that their gold might be molten flame that never ceased its burning; that their God might hurl them into the bottomless pit, and the devil and his friends might rend their seared souls in hot hell forever. And when I had finished, and the cowardice and futility of my cursing had showed itself to me, I succumbed at last to the ever-growing lump in my throat, and, bowing my face upon my hands, I wept.

Seeing me, Jean, who had been listening with his quiet, sneering smile, sprang up, and patted my shoulder with his hand, that was large and strangely gentle. And thus it came to pass, that he, a man condemned to die, was consoling me who had come to console him. "Billy, boy, don't cry so," he said, stroking my hair back from my forehead. "What pretty hair you have, Billy! Like—" his sweet voice faltered a moment, and then went on—"like hers, Charlotte's."

My tears flowed afresh at the thought of his sweetheart—Charlotte, with brown hair, and deep brown eyes, Charlotte who—. "But you are innocent," I said.

"Of course, Billy," he agreed, still standing near me. "But it had to be someone, and young Carlite has a father and a mother, and a future, which is more than these two."

"But why was it you?" I cried, afire with the injustice of it.

"They chose well, Billy. Someone else would no doubt have preferred living rather than hanging, while either mattered little to me. It would only be idle boasting to deny that I am not rather afraid, but it will soon pass—my death-agony, I mean—and then—," he did not finish the sentence. "And too, Billy, I have lived thirty years."

"But your luck might have changed," said I.

"It has," he said gravely. "I had decided that I had drawn a blank in the lottery of life; to kill myself would be too cowardly—I scorn a coward, Billy; I had decided that I must live out my life as best

I might—and now they're going to hang me. You'll hardly deny that it isn't lucky. Of course," he added, thinking of others, as ever, "I am sorry to leave you, Billy. I'd stay if I could."

Turning my head away, I clasped his hand in mine, while, somewhere in the prison, a clock rang out the hour in heavy, throbbing beats. "Six more hours to live," said Jean, when at last it stopped. Then, with a half-ironical smile at himself: "It is remarkable with what mingled feelings of longing and fear that I wait for my death."

"It—it may sound foolish," I said, without looking up, "but if I could, I'd die for you."

"I know you would, Billy," he said, smiling the strange, twisted smile he kept—I thought—for me alone. "But don't be sorry for me. I have drunk long and deep of the bitter waters that are my life, and it is only too gladly that I die."

I glanced pleadingly up into the quiet, kind eyes that transfigured his roughly-featured face. "You'll be up in Paradise with Christ, yet you won't forget me, will you, Jean?"

"Never, Billy."

"Poor Jean!" I whispered, fondling his rough hand in mine. His hand roughened in guarding—

"Ah, Billy boy. . . . There may be better ways to serve one's country—and one's friends, than to be hanged, but there is no better way to serve one's self." He was stroking my hair again. "So like hers, Billy!" This time the brave voice did not falter, but on the hand I felt a tear that was not my own.

The officious turnkey thrust his head in the door. "Time nearly up, gents."

I was on my knees before him. "Jean, Jean, I can't leave you! I'll stay and die with you," I cried in my agony.

"Billy, my boy." He helped me to my feet, and gently guided me to the door. "If I believed, Billy,"—he turned on me the fullness of his twisted smile, never so twisted as now—"I'd tell you I'd wait at Heaven's gate for you. Good-bye, Billy, little lad."

"My friend, good-bye." I spoke to the closed door, piece of the unbroken wall behind me. I had left my Jean forever, and the garrulous turnkey led me forth. Blind fool! He never knew how near he was to death that night, and I believe if he had breathed one word against Jean, I would have left him with a cut throat, and they would have hanged me, too. His Providence or mine guarded his tongue, and shortly the cool night air struck me like a blow in the face.

I gazed at the arching black, grim, sullen, forbidding, that was

Heaven, and in it all there was no sign of star nor gleam of moon, but only the impenetrable, illimitable black, black as the blackness of death, or black as the blackness of my soul. And I raised my clenched fist in curses, once again, and I cursed it and its Maker, but the black void gave no sign, and the silence was unbroken, save for the hissing breath of my curses, and I cursed myself for my impotence.

Then, changing, I prayed that Jean's life might be saved by some miracle, like those of the Bible, or, better, that I might die with him, and I prayed with the ardent fervor of misery as black as the night for some manifestation, outward or inward, that my prayers were heard. And the black firmament, deaf alike to my curses and prayers, gave no sign, so at last I looked toward the ground, shutting the sky from my eyes with my hands that but a moment before had been in Jean's, and I laughed, a long and bitter laugh.

And I hastened on my way, passing a house-of-call that flaunted its red light in the darkness, a house that I knew too well. But now I heeded it not, but walked ever on, on my road to hell; on to the silent-flowing river, black and grim like the arching sky, from which it seemed to come, and in which it seemed to merge; and in this river, unmindful and unpausing, I might drown the mockery of my life.

And as I walked, the street-boys, in the voice of my Jean, shouted, "Coward!"

—H. W. Brecht, '20.

The Harvest

*Blood of France, 'tis not in vain
Thou stain'st the glebe where once the grain
Was wont to wave its golden head,—
Where now keep watch the sacred dead.*

*Fields of France, 'tis not the plow
That turns thy mellow furrow now!
And yet thy harvest rich shall be,—
The priceless pearl of liberty!*

—Albert H. Stone, '16.

Snores

TO one of an observing temper the habits and foibles of his fellow men cannot help but be of interest. Therefore, priding myself, as most do, upon a remarkable ability to see the faults of others with the discreet exclusion of myself, I am tempted to remark on the curious and universal habit of snoring. The snore is a most sociable companion. He is the most democratic fellow imaginable, invading alike the palace of the king and the cot of the humble, without so much as "How de do" or "By your leave." He is a most engaging fellow, in fact when once contracted he is most difficult to get rid of. He is so damnably sociable that he refuses to leave, until expelled by force such as ice-water or murder. Now there are three kinds of sociability: 1. The delightful; 2. The endurable; 3. The unbearable.

Curiously enough, the snore can be any one of these three. I will now undertake the difficult task of forcing my readers to admit that a snore may be delightful. Did you ever, dear friend, sit by your grand-mamma's side as she worked at the spinning wheel? The gentle swish! swish! of the treadle and the steady humming of the revolving spindle would soothe your tired little brain as a bed-time lullaby. Then her feet would stop, but swish! swish! swish! the murmured monody continued, then you laughed softly, for grandma, dear old soul that she was, had fallen fast asleep, and she snored in perfect resonance with the long-silenced wheel, so you scarce could tell when the latter stopped and the snoring began.

Now, secondly, there is the endurable snore. When we endure something it is either, first, that we want to stop it and can't, or, second, that we can't stop it and want to. With careful consideration, after mature and deliberate judgment, it is readily seen that every case of "enduring" must be reduced in the last analysis to these two fundamental causes. Now, for convenience, I have given examples of the three types of snoring before burdening my readers with more details. They are:

Eg. 1 of delightful snores. Your sweetheart's before marriage.

Eg. 2 of endurable snores. A small boy's father, with small boy and father in same room or in adjoining rooms with door open. Small boy awake. Father asleep.

Eg. 3. Unendurable "snores." Your sweetheart's after marriage.

Now having submitted these examples for your eschewment, let me hasten to the third and most important class, which embraces by far the greatest number of snores extant—short snores, long snores,

gay old rounders, light young friskers, et al. Now the head of this class is the "Fatherofallsnores." You all know it—the ripping, grinding crash of an antiquated sawmill cutting pine knots for its crescendo; and the ear-splitting whistle of a leaky radiator for its diminuendo. The "Fatherofallsnores" is found most frequently in the best families, and very seldom among the poor and ill-nurtured. Its special "hobbies" are toothless grandpas, gouty uncles, and young café-runners. The nearest relative of the "Fatherofallsnores" is the lame snore. The lame snore is very unreliable. It may be going along at a good steady pace, with a sound between a death-rattle and shaking the kitchen stove, and suddenly stop. You are almost surprised into slumber. But, with a precipitance like hell turned loose, it starts again with four thousand fighting dogs and three hundred yowling cats for its theme. Then zip! the saw hits a knot and the snore glides over it with a groan, and stops to split three oak boards with a hatchet before it gurgles its way down the bath-tub waste-pipe.

Lyric

*I laughed with you in play,
And wept with you in sorrow;
I'll do the same again today,
And, like as not, tomorrow.
I kissed you in the morning,
I angered you at night.
At noon I gave you warning,
At three I called you right.
I hungered when you fasted,
You fasted when I'd sup.
At noon our friendship blasted,
At night we made it up.
We both were made from clay,
Conceived in sin and sorrow;
We'll do the same again today,
And, like as not, tomorrow.*

—Robert Gibson, '17.

The Haunted House

DEAR Watson," the letter began. "Because you and your mother have always been so kind to us I do not hesitate to ask of you one more favor.

"In my sad departure after the funeral, having so many other things to think of, I forgot to bring Mr. Myers' bedroom slippers—the ones he used to be so fond of. They are made invaluable to me by the memories connected with them. Would you be kind enough to get them for me? They are in his closet. Mr. Cassady will give you the key, and I think that the stamps I am enclosing will be sufficient to cover the postage. Thank you ever so much, Watson.

"Remember me to your mother and thank her for her kindness to me.

"Sincerely yours,

"Mary C. Myers."

Dick slowly handed back the letter to its owner as the two walked home from the post office. "It surely was tough about Mr. Myers," he said; "I feel so sorry for Mrs. Myers—she always impressed me as such a nice woman, a perfect lady—and for little Ruth too."

"Yes, that's right. I've never heard a word against her. And he was a nice man, too. Of course he never went to church, but he was always so kind to his wife. I'll tell you not many people knew how much he drank. The old fellow could put away more booze and still navigate than any man I ever saw. They say he inherited the taste from his grandfather."

"I guess that's why he got the pneumonia so easily and why it took him off so quickly, Wats."

"Yes, and that's why they could keep him so long—he had so much alcohol in him. He drank an awful lot lately. Father was over when he died, you know, and he told me that he hoped he would never see such a death again. Old Myers was raving drunk. He would not let the doctor or even Mrs. Myers come near him, and he blasphemed God with his last breath."

"Gosh, Wats, who'd ever have thought it? Poor fellow!—Well, I guess I'll have to leave you here. When you go for those slippers, don't let any ghosts get you, old boy. So long."

"Aw, go on! I'll not let a little thing like that worry me. So long yourself."

But as Watson walked toward home he did indeed look a little worried. The thought of fear had never entered his head until now. What if the stories he had heard about the strange sounds within the house, the dim light at night, and the white figure at Myers' window, were true after all? He tried to shake off the effect of these thoughts,

but in vain. He had to admit that he was just a trifle upset. I think I'll not go over until to-morrow, he decided.

Meanwhile Dick, who lived quite near Watson, had arrived home and was talking earnestly at the telephone. "All right, Mr. Cassady," he was saying, "thanks very much. I'll stay around home to-day and to-morrow then, so as to be in when you call me up. I hope I haven't asked too much,—good-bye."

* * * * *

Early the next morning Watson, having secured the key from Mr. Cassady, walked boldly up to Myers' front door, unlocked it, and strode in with a firm step. The house was still as death. Watson paused a moment in the parlor—he could not help glancing over to the corner where the casket had stood. Just then the deathly silence was broken by a noise—a noise that was unmistakably that produced by a door being closed upstairs!

Watson started like one thunderstruck, looked all about him, and listened intently. In spite of him, his knees trembled. It must have been the wind, he told himself. But what was that? A low, uncanny groan came from above.

Watson looked toward the open street door. He was struggling with a great temptation. There was the door—how quiet the street seemed—but how Dick would laugh at him! He composed himself as best he could, gritted his teeth, and started up the stairs. Half-way up he heard another one of those sepulchral groans. Horrors! it came from the front room—the one Myers used.

Again he thought of the open door—he could still make a rush for it. But he managed to screw up his courage sufficiently to call out, "Who's here? If there's anyone here, come out where I can see you!" How queer his voice sounded! There was only deathly silence, then a very low groan.

"Well, here goes anyway," he muttered, and dashed up the stairs into the front room. There was evidently nothing wrong here, the room seemed completely empty. "Gosh, my imagination must have been going some! What a fool I was! But I'd swear I heard that door bang and those groans."

Over in the corner was the closet door. The slippers must be in there, Watson thought. He crossed the room boldly and laid his hand on the knob. Didn't he hear a faint creak within?

He threw open the door. Out sprang a white figure, bony fingers closed on his throat, and he was borne to the floor.

Fearlessly now he grappled with the figure and then—"You, you, you *rascal*! DICK!"

—Roy Griffith, '20.

Almost

I'LL be damned if I'll be caught again," swore Hilary Carson, as he was hurled along the country highway in his high-powered racing car. "Of all the poor asses, I think that I'm entitled to the first—" And with many similar expressions of self-depreciation, he continued on at a high rate of speed, regardless of the ruts and hollows that caused the machine to sway violently.

Carson was a wealthy young bachelor, who belonged to several very exclusive clubs in New York. His business was such that he had a considerable amount of extra time on his hands, and, as he was usually jovial, good-natured, and liberal with his money, he always had a party of friends to help him while away his spare moments. A year before he had been disappointed in a love affair, and he had then felt so disgusted that he declared he was done with women. But a bright-eyed, chestnut-haired little beauty from Boston had made him entirely forget his former trial, and he had started out bravely and with great excitement in the race for the girl's hand. He was sentimental, and, as a fellow-clubman said, "a poor fish, who just couldn't see the hook and line." But he took particular care in his new advances and felt very confident as to the result of his venture. When this affair had blown over, and he again found himself stranded, so to speak, we can see what justification he had for his remark concerning his gullibility.

With nothing to lose, and nothing much to gain, as he had expressed it, he had decided to seek the seclusion of the deepest jungle in New England. There he would drown out his woes in a few days of fishing and hunting, alone and in peace. And so he had packed his car with the necessities and had started out, loaded and primed with gloom and despair.

A whole day he spent on the road, and when it was late in the afternoon, he came to an ideal spot, densely wooded and near a beautiful lake. He ran his car under a shelter of bushes and unpacked. He dressed in his camping suit, picked up his fishing pole and started for the lake. Soon he was perched on an old log, playing with his line, and considering the fantastic shapes reflected in the water. He often indulged in day-dreams when alone, and so his mind began to picture all sorts of impossible things. He imagined himself a castaway on a lonely isle, with a beautiful girl as his sole companion. No, he simply couldn't keep the thought of the fair creatures of the other sex out of his mind.

A sudden tug at his line brought him back to full consciousness, and with a sweep that nearly dislodged him, he landed a fine bass. As he was taking the hook from the fish's mouth, his attention was drawn to something moving out on the lake. About a hundred yards out on

the water a girl was passing in a canoe. It was a great distance to pass expert judgment, but Hilary's trained eye could see that the occupant of the canoe was "some pippin," as he expressed it. Suddenly the canoe came to an abrupt stop, and the girl seemed to be struggling to swing the bow of the craft off from a floating object. Then, just as suddenly, and as Carson had feared, the canoe tipped over, and the girl disappeared in the lake. Should he go after her? Hilary had almost made up his mind to turn his back. But his sentimental side got the better of him, and he was soon out by the upturned boat, to which the girl was holding.

"May I—er—could I be of any assistance to you?" he managed to pant.

"Yes, thank you," said the girl, smiling as sweetly as the situation allowed, and, in Carson's opinion, a whole lot more sweetly than the circumstance warranted.

"Can you swim at all?" he inquired.

"Not a stroke," she assured him.

Well, wasn't that fine! He had feared that she could swim and his efforts would have been in vain.

"Suppose you hang on to my neck." The words made him blush, even though the lake was cold. Then he blurted out, "Don't try to choke me either, or I'll—"

"Oh, I'll t-try to b-b-be careful," she said, shivering a little. Soon Hilary had her on the bank, and they looked at each other sheepishly.

"You're cold," he suggested.

"Just a v-very, very little," she murmured.

"Come to my camp and I'll have a fire in a jiffy," he said, and, greatly excited, ran off to build a fire.

The warmth of a crackling wood fire was cheering, and the girl sat down on a log. Hilary could see that she was very cold. An idea came to him, but he didn't express it.

"Er—do you live far from here?" he asked her across the blaze.

"Oh, ever so far," said the other, as she dried her hair with a towel he had provided.

It was now quite dark, and he wondered what the girl would do. He made known his idea.

"You can go in my tent, if you want to. There you will find some nice big blankets."

"Oh, that would be so comfortable," thanked the girl. "I feel so mean in these wet clothes."

Hilary showed her his little tent. She went in and closed the flaps.

"I left a lamp in there," he called to her. "Is that enough light?"

"Oh, it is perfectly splendid," came a muffled voice from within the tent.

Carson went off and changed his wet clothes for dry ones. When he came back, he saw a figure seated by the fire, enjoying the depths of a big blanket. On a pole nearby were several pieces of feminine apparel spread out to dry. A little pair of shoes were placed neatly on a stone a few feet away. On seeing Carson, the girl looked up and smiled. Her long hair was scattered in fluffy waves on her shoulders.

"What a queen!" thought Hilary, and he pinched himself to see if he were not dreaming.

"I put my things there to dry," said the girl, nodding towards the drying clothes. "It's awfully dangerous to sit in wet clothes, and I was so very uncomfortable."

"Well, you did the right thing," said Carson, still standing.

"Do sit down," said the girl, "and enjoy the fire."

Carson sat down on a log across from the young lady.

"Care if I smoke?" he inquired.

"Please do," she insisted. "I love the smell of tobacco. It is so mannish."

"Do you think so?" chuckled Carson, as he lit his pipe. "I never heard anyone express it quite that way before."

The girl smiled and stuck one little toe out of the blanket to be warmed. They chatted for an hour, until the clothes on the pole were perfectly dry. Carson glanced at them suggestively.

"I have my car here," he said, and pointed to a dark object in the bushes. "I—er—I might—"

"Oh, no," she said, and stared absently at the fire. She hung her head a moment, and then, as she wriggled a toe out of the blanket, she said hesitantly, "I live so far, I could not get home till 'way late. If I could have this blanket until morning—"

"By Jove, of course, and my tent also," he said, jumping up. "Then I can take you back in the morning."

"That would be splendid," laughed the girl. "But I won't take your tent from you."

"Oh, don't worry about me," he said bravely. "I'm used to sleeping out. I can roll up in a blanket and watch the fire."

The girl objected, but after much discussion, Carson prevailed, and she took her dry clothes and hobbled into the tent. For more than an hour Hilary sat musing before the fire. Was he in love with her? He feared to ask himself the question. He blushed guiltily and blew a heavy cloud of smoke.

"A pipe dream, that's what it is," he thought. "And she is such a queen! Shades of Broadway! I never saw such a face."

Finally he fell asleep, and when he awoke in the morning, he saw the girl looking at him. She had just washed her face at a nearby spring, and her cheeks glowed.

"Good morning, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Mr. Carson. Hilary Carson is my full name. You can call me Lary," he supplied her. "And I might say, good morning, Miss—Miss—"

"Oh, just call me Daphne," she said. "My real name is Dorothy Leeds. But I like Daphne better."

"All right, Daphne," laughed Hilary. "And now, we'll have breakfast."

Together they prepared a breakfast that Carson said could not have been equalled anywhere. They laughed and chatted for an hour, then Carson got up and started his car.

"Jump in," he called to her, and she obeyed.

"Now, Daphne, you show me the way," he told her, as he steered the car on to the road.

"I'll try," she said. There was a little doubt in her voice.

After half an hour the girl looked up at him.

"I'm afraid we're lost," she whispered.

"I don't give a darn if we are," said Carson, laughing.

She looked at his eyes and laughed too.

"I was beginning to feel sorry that you were going so soon," he said seriously.

She glanced at him shyly. He swallowed the bait, hook, sinker, and line, and was willing to be pulled up without a struggle. He took her hand and pressed it to his lips. The girl drew away her hand and put it to her own lips. She looked so gentle, so helpless, that Hilary could not resist. He crushed her to him. She did not struggle, but turned her face up to be kissed. He did not have to be urged.

"Let's get married," suggested the girl, as he let her go. "It will be so romantic."

"Sure thing," he argued vehemently. "Where is a justice of the peace?"

The girl showed him the way, and they were soon inside the justice's house. At last Carson had the girl of his dreams, a queen.

"It is too good to be true," he laughed to himself. "Wait till those fellows up in the city see my find."

The justice filed a certificate and started to perform the ceremony. Suddenly, there was the sound of a motor outside, and a nurse and two orderlies from a nearby asylum rushed in and took the pretty Daphne, who had escaped the day before.

—*Elmer H. Thorpe, '18.*

Bordhed of '49

BORDHED was a name that worked magic. It could raise a whole city in the night. It was more powerful than government, law, and public opinion, but it based its power on the fickle foundation of wealth. It could build a railroad across the continent in a few months. Bordhed was a name to be respected and bowed to along with the universal Deity. At the University the most unsophisticated freshman had heard volumes about Bordhed. The senior spoke of Bordhed—Bordhed of the famous class of '49—with reverence and awe. The Bordhed Stadium with its classic design paid tribute to the great man. The largest buildings for the development of modern knowledge were the gifts of Bordhed—Boadhed of '49.

The night before the great day at the University was rainy and cold. The Institute was enshrouded with a kind of mist, and the rusty iron lantern that was suspended over the doorway dripped water downward upon the steps below. The steps themselves were worn with the erosion of time and decay. Within, the great hall was brightly lighted. The portraits of great scientists hung from the old drab walls and gave inspiration to their successors. A long table occupied the centre of the place, and about it were perhaps a score of venerable men. Many were so decrepit with years that their hands were unsteady and the merest gesture became a burden to them. Amid a tense quiet the president of the Institution arose and fingered his glasses. Then, clearing his throat noisily, he began to speak. At first his colleagues could scarcely hear the words he uttered, but at last as he summoned his strength they understood. With the trembling voice that they had grown to venerate and esteem he told them how he had worked with them for years in the interest of science and the arts. He passed over the many years that had found them united in a common cause, and then shrilly announced his intention of giving his entire mass of wealth to the University. The master minds of science gradually absorbed the moment of his words and a ripple of emotion spread over the assembly. Gray heads were bowed in thought. As they again turned or raised their faces to the speaker, Bordhed was seated.

The great day dawned at last and amid the sunshine of the late spring there glistened the banners of various factions. A group of students stood before their hall and mercilessly criticized each other and the world in general. The enjoyment of the occasion was measured by the amount of discomfort they could produce. As their shrieks of laughter were at their height, there wandered into their range of vision a curious figure. With a pathetic stoop the object came ever closer. The old battered felt hat only partly hid the grey locks. The old-fashioned coat was wrinkled and worn. A large cane supported the

trembling old fellow. To the spectacles was attached a tape to prevent their dropping. A general hush fell upon the group. An over-venturesome youth with a great deal of cleverness jumped from his seat upon the steps and simulated the actions of the stranger. The old fellow looked first angry and then seemed to be amused. He turned and made his way to the next group of buildings. His tender emotions were struck and before he had gone far he was forced to seat himself upon a nearby bench. As his feelings passed rapidly from anger to humiliation, he became more and more exhausted. They found Bordhed a few hours later upon the University campus and rushed him to the hospital. He lay there for several days, but regained consciousness but once. Every care that was possible was bestowed upon him. A fortune was spent to waft the slender threads of his life back to the normal. On the third day he died. Bordhed, the President of the Institute, the head of six railroads, the modern Croesus, lay dead. The members of the Institute assembled and paid their highest tribute to his memory. The officers knew what Bordhed's wishes had been in regard to the disposal of his wealth.

The attorney broke open the legal paper and adjusted his glasses. When he arrived at the sentence, "to my fellow stock-holders I hereby will and bequeath my real and personal property," the members of the Institute gasped. But when they found that his all would fall to those whom he had little cared for in life, their astonishment was beyond the expression of speech. At length his closest friend arose and said with mournful voice, "He hadn't time to change his will."

The president of the University sadly murmured, "Private gain. The University loses."

—H. P. Schenck, '18.

Mother

*She read no more that day.
The hand that held the paper to her eyes
Fell slowly. Gentle eyes
With infinite distress within their depths
Gazed far beyond the measurement of space,
As if in dumb entreaty to the Mind
That thought it fit to take her son away,—
His body carrion now—I see her
As she turned. Her slender form
Encased in black. Her eyes,
If anything, were gentler still.*

Lines to Biology 1.

*The course to which all freshmen must submit,
Composed of eloquence and lack of wit,
I sing. So bend thine ear, O gracious Bull,
To thee my song I dedicate in full:
In hopes thy blessing thou wilt not refuse,
To one who worships thee alone, O Muse.
When man's progenitor, the hairy ape,
Plucked unconcernedly the luscious grape,
He little dreamed in his contented state,
The dangers in the dainty that he ate.
But now, alas! since medicated foods
Have metamorphosed monkeys into dudes,
There's danger in the very air that we
So naturally breathe yet cannot see.
To elevate the freshmen, Profs. agree
That they must undergo biology.
Perhaps in time they'll tolerate the class—
(For e'en a fairy queen may love an ass.)
The learned freshman takes it for a bore,
But soon he learns to sleep without a snore.
And while the genial Doctor dissertates,
His rapid talk a perfect sleep creates.
"Now, class, in preparation for this course,
You must pursue the subject from its source,
And learn to veil, like Mr. Wm. James,
All common subjects with uncommon names.
The main result from Friday's recitation
Is to create, in short, a false impression.
Appendicitis is the name we take,
To designate the passé stomach-ache;
And viscera the things which common mutts
Outside the classroom blatantly call "guts."
Your mouth's depressus semi-angle ori
Was first discovered in the laboratory;
And next we have the squamous esculator,
Developed best within the alligator.
Now, class, I find I have to go away;
Begin tomorrow where we stopped today.
And if a word of all this talk you've missed
I'll flunk you all at mid-years! Class dismissed!"*

Sappho

*Sappho is dead. No more the sound of lyre
Rings through the sun-kissed glades of golden Greece . . .
No more her song shall waken thy desire;
Even the sweetest voice perforce must cease.*

*Dead is the poor, sad songster, but her song
Lives on forever in the heart of us,
Gaining in glory through the ages long,
Beloved of men, becoming part of us. . .*

*Sappho is dead. Ah! Mnasidika, weep!
One tear I beg of thee if only one . . .
Weep, Atthis! thou whom Sappho loved the best.
Nothing she feels in her eternal sleep,
With joy and tears at last forever done;
Peace after toil and after travail rest . . .*

—Jacques LeClercq, '18.

Helas

*Grieve! for the life of summer is done,
Softly mourned by the wailing breeze,
And the russet leaves, dropping one by one,
Bare to the sky the naked trees . . .*

*Slowly the silent shadows sink,
The bitterns over the marshes fly,
And the wind in the reeds by the river-brink,
Sings its dirge to the autumn sky.*

John W. Alexander, 1918

ALUMNI

DECEASED

The death of Frederick Wistar Morris, '60, occurred during September.

Edward Cobb Sampson, '59, died on September 25th, in his eightieth year.

Robert Bowne Howland, '43, died on August 5th, 1916, in his ninety-first year.

At the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, William W. Comfort, '94, was elected President. George Wood, '62; Jonathan M. Steere, '90; and Alfred C. Maule, '99, were elected Vice-Presidents. The Executive Committee consists of Henry Cope, '69; Charles J. Rhoads, '93; William C. Longstreth, '02; Frederick H. Strawbridge, '87; Alfred M. Collins, '97; Edward R. Moon, '16. Emmett R. Tatnall, '07, was elected Treasurer, and Joseph H. Haines, '98, was made Secretary. The Editorial Board of the *Alumni Quarterly* consists of Parker S. Williams, '94, President; Emmett R. Tatnall, '07, Treasurer; Joseph W. Sharp, '88; Joseph H. Haines, '98; Christopher D. Morley, '10; J. Henry Scattergood, '96; Winthrop Sargent, Jr., '08; H. E. McKinstry, '17; and Richard M. Gummere, '02, Managing Editor and Secretary.

We take great pleasure in publishing the following letter:

"According to this month's HAV-
ERFORDIAN, it seems that prominent
business firms in Philadelphia and
vicinity have seen fit almost un-
animously to select new *associates*,
and for this purpose the Haverford
'newly-grad' has been greatly
prized. There is, however, one
member of the class who frankly
disclaims the honor thrust upon
him by the Alumni Editor. This
gentleman, being himself of a
retiring disposition, has delegated
me to speak for him, and to say
that reports are exaggerated, and
that he is *not* on the staff of the
Public Ledger, neither the editorial
staff, the reportorial staff, nor
even the staff of office-boys, scarce
as the latter may be just now.
Persistent query on my part finally
drew from him the reluctant ad-
mission that he is working for a
publishing house on Washington
Square. 'But as yet,' he added,
'I see no immediate prospects of
becoming *associated*.' I trust that
you will take this epistle at its
true value.

"Yours, in the interests of
Exactitude,

"Homonymous."

Among recent works published
by the Carnegie Institution of
Washington are pamphlets by T.
W. Richards, '85, on various Atom-

ic Weights, on Compressibility, on the Electromotive Force of Iron, and on the Electrochemical Investigation of Liquid Amalgams of Tin, Zinc, etc.; by H. S. Conard, '94, on Waterlilies, and on Fern-Structure; by F. E. Lutz, 1900, on various phases of experimental evolution.

The Browning Society of Philadelphia, of which Charles Wharton Stork, '02, is President, will hold its opening meeting on November 16th. Edward W. Evans, '02, will read the poem on "War," which appeared in the *Haverford News*. David Bispham, '76, will sing.

'82

"Archaeology and the Bible," by George A. Barton, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature and Semitic Languages in Bryn Mawr College, has been published recently.

'88

Howell S. England, who for many years practised law at Wilmington, Delaware, is now practising law at Detroit, Michigan, with offices at 633 Dime Savings Bank Building.

'89

The W. B. Saunders Publishing Company announce that the book on "Occupation Therapy" by Dr. William R. Dunton, Jr., has been widely adopted by the nursing profession. The volume treats of matters which may serve for the mental diversion of convalescents and those suffering from chronic illnesses. The chapters on Hobbies, Psychology of Occupation, and the Mechanics of Recovery give basic principles which it is expected will appeal to the physician no less than to the professional nurse.

John Hogdell Stokes was elected Secretary of the Haverford College Corporation at the annual meeting.



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'92

Christian Brinton has completed the official catalogue for the forthcoming American exhibition of the paintings of Ignacio Zuloaga, the Spanish artist. He will also lecture before the Washington Society of Fine Arts on "Contemporary Scandinavian Painting."

'96

Joseph Henry Scattergood was elected Treasurer of the Haverford College Corporation at the annual meeting.

'99

Royal J. Davis is a regular writer of editorials in the *New York Nation* and the *New York Evening Post*.

'06

H. Pleasants, Jr., has written the introduction and notes to Linden's translation of Vikenty Szmidowicz's "Memoirs of a Physician." Published by A. A. Knopf.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Raphael Johnson Shortlidge on October 22nd.

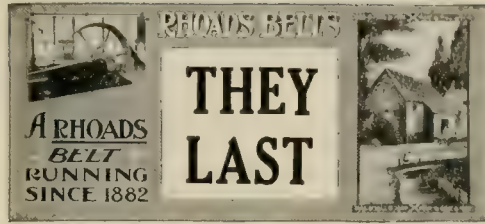
'08

D. DeWitt Carroll is at Columbia University. His field is Economics.

A daughter, Charlotte Elizabeth, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Hill on August 10, 1916.

'10

W. P. Tomlinson is studying at the School of Education in Columbia University. His address is



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'12

The engagement of Robert E. Miller to Miss Elizabeth D. Keller, of Lancaster, Pa., has been announced.

'13

Class of 1913 held a class supper at the Arcadia Cafe, Philadelphia, Pa., on October 13th. The following members of the class were present: Crowden, Diament, Hare, Hires, Howson, Maule, Meader, and Tatnall.

'14

Walter G. Bowerman has been admitted by examination as Associate of the Actuarial Society of America (A. A. S.), and also Associate of the American Institute of Actuaries (A. A. I. A.).

'02

C. W. Stork has written an article on the Swedish poet Fröding which will appear shortly in the *North American Review*. An anthology of Swedish lyrics for the American-Scandinavian Foundation is in the course of preparation. Dr. Stork has also translated six songs of Richard Strauss and is translating six songs of Linding's for the Boston Music Company. At the meeting of the Philadelphia group of the Phi Beta Kappa Society on December 4th, the Phi Beta Kappa poem will be read by Dr. Stork.

Mr. and Mrs. Raphael Johnson Shortlidge announce the birth of a son, George Haughton Shortlidge, on October 22nd, 1916.

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December

1916

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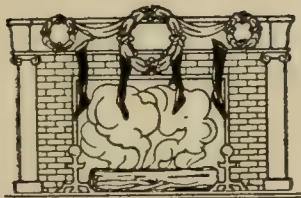
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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month during college and year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *twenty-fifth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

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No. 6



Night

*Now fades the rose-glow into purple gloom,
Enchantress Night broods darkly o'er her loom,
Her host the shining stream of pallid stars,
Her sword the silver sickle of the newly-risen moon. . . .*

*White through the night her faery garments fly,
Beneath her silent spell the dim hills lie,
Mourning the fading rose of parting day,
While stars are sprinkling silver star-dust through the sky.*
—John W. Alexander, 1918.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXVIII.

HAVERFORD, PA., DECEMBER, 1916

No. 6

Impressions of Plattsburg: by a Rookie

PLATTSBURG is a varied subject; and all one can do with it is to give one's own very limited impressions, which probably no one else who has been there will agree with.

Though there were many quite new features in the life to the average college man—the type which predominated in the Junior camp, though those having graduated, or about to graduate, from preparatory or high schools, were admitted also,—yet in other respects the college man found himself more or less in an accustomed atmosphere. Through lectures, books he is asked to read, manner of addressing, and the whole method of instruction, appeal is made to the intelligence of the cadet, or “rookie”; on the assumption of his being, partly at least, a college trained man. While this appeal to intelligence is emphasized at training camps of this order, it is also, interesting to note, by the by, especially characteristic of the American army. Briefly, the principle that is followed is this: not only is an officer blamable for disobedience to orders, but also and equally for stupid and pig-headed application of orders which obviously do not fit the situation. He must, even though he be a veriest private, set at some post or other for the moment, use his intelligence and his knowledge of the situation, to decide whether or not his orders exactly applied are calculated to bring about the results known to be desired by his superior—though of course he violates such orders at his peril in case he is unjustifiably mistaken. For this reason the complaint so often made of military life, that it deprives a man of initiative, is at least not so applicable to our own army as to armies of most other countries. There is also at Plattsburg, comparing it with a college, something of the inimitable spirit of fellowship that forms the glory of college life. As another factor, spare time over and above required duties is so considerable—over five hours a day and all day on Sunday—that one can continue on the side a good deal of one's accustomed life in diversions and avocations—and so in that way the change is not so great.

There was still another way in which Plattsburg reminded one of college and in a feature which one was surprised to find a very important element in the life of a soldier. What is known as college spirit finds a close counterpart in the company spirit among soldiers. This unit in army organization, consisting of about one hundred and thirty men, in squads of eight men each, is the unit on which the whole social life—as well as in large part the tactical governance—of the soldier is based. It is the soldier's home community, as the smaller group or squad is his home. To his company he belongs, much as the student to his college—though perhaps the feeling of the soldier here is normally more akin to the student's class spirit, since in any case he owes further and absolute allegiance to the army as a whole and to the country,—but we felt this latter feeling less at Plattsburg and so our company feeling had far more strength than class feeling has in college. This was natural, considering the exclusiveness of the separate companies. In camp each company forms a separate street of its own, and the next street, unless you already know someone there, is as far off socially as the twentieth down. The disadvantage is that there is disappointingly little opportunity for making new friends, except from the hundred and twenty or so men of the company in which you happen to be thrown. All the other thousands in the camp are of no use to you. And since you have to live and work quite constantly with the men in your particular squad, if you happen not to like them there is a further disadvantage in the arrangement of things—well, you learn something about one side of democracy, anyway. But in addition to the men of a company living together, they also march, sing marching songs, and drill together. More than all, they are all under one man.

This man is a captain or lieutenant of the U. S. army. As is he, and, of about equal importance, as are the men under him, so is the character of the company. In one company I heard of no one cared a rap about how they paraded, drilled, or performed any other of their military duties. Their motto might as well have been, "Don't let drills interfere with your military training,"—and they looked poor on parade ground. Investigation disclosed the fact that the men caught this spirit from their captain, who was incompetent and had no pride in his company. We, on the other hand, had a man who was all pride in his company, except what was determination and ability to make us worthy of that pride. He exhorted, encouraged, threatened us, in a quiet but emphatic sort of way, to make us share his desires, and by constantly telling us how we could, should, and already had begun to, in some measure, take the lead over the other companies, he gradually

got us into the state in which men would groan, curse, hold their breath up and down the dangerously swaying line as we passed the judges on parade, for fear we would make a poor showing and not do justice to the captain. One (to say the least) remarkable result of this was that on the rifle range, out of the whole forty-eight companies of the Junior and Senior camps, we stood the first on the score book. I was told of another company in which the loyalty was so strong that whenever in ranks a tendency to disorderliness was noticeable, someone would call out, "Remember you're in Company,——" and order was assured. From our captain we also gained a wonderful idea of what military training can do for a man, and of a true soldierly spirit and devotion to the cause of national defense, united to real personality and individuality—there were many such men in the camp. On the exterior our captain appeared harsh and forbidding, but he had a heart, as we very soon felt, and showed that the grace of sympathy can exist with the austere virtue of military firmness and discipline.

The most striking part of the experience, and the part which was new to the typical American, was of course the military training and discipline itself. This was interesting, since it was quite a little the real thing—as much so in fact as anything short of actual fighting can be. And when we reflect that of this, one of the supreme facts in the life of man everywhere hitherto, and particularly in much of the world now, of this fact of military experience and training, Americans have for some time past been blissfully and profoundly ignorant, something of the interest and significance of this new revival in the popular appreciation of that fact, is apparent. To the ordinary high school or college man the controlling spirit of military life, discipline, was at once evident and might imaginatively have been described as a strange, exotic, almost spectre-like being, rising out of the past with commanding figure, imperious mien, and lips issuing sternly to multitudes of men—of a free country—the strange command "obey." There is something of this spirit in a football team, there is something of it in a great industrial system, but nothing outside of the army is quite like it. It is the highest consummation of the human genius for co-operation.

The extent to which one realized this gigantic conception depended a good deal on how well the officer over one had grasped it. As I have said, our own commander was a master of it, and he did the best he could to give it to us; though, of course, as he told us frankly, he could not exercise the same authority over us as he could have over regular soldiers in the army. Nevertheless, when he had several times ordered "Silence, down there!" with considerable savageness, upon someone's

innocently sneezing in line when standing at attention, we began to see how sweeping is the demand that an individual's private desires and impulses shall count as nothing in the face of the purpose of all—which in this case happened to be silence and order.

Now for our daily routine. We were awakened, by bugle of course (and the bugler is never drunk in the morning), at 5.20. Our groans were cut short by the necessity of dressing for the formation of reveille in ten minutes. Dismissed at once from that, we returned to put tents in order—blankets folded just so on top, and other possessions under one's "bunk." Neatness is required of a soldier.

Just as we were getting comfortably settled again, in what became our favorite position, at all hours in the day, and for as many of them as possible, we were roused by the call to morning mess. To this we were not at all reluctant to go, even though we knew what it meant.

Breakfast meant: some sort of fruit—mostly prunes; a hot cereal without a name; cold cereal—good stuff while milk lasted; something like sausages; something which was called coffee,—and a lot of scrambling—yes, I forgot eggs—but everything was scrambled, scrambled from one end of the table to the other, until we sometimes wondered if the game was worth the candle, if the eating was worth the scrambling. Certainly the scrambled eggs were seldom a compensation, and sometimes, alas, a decided check to gastronomic ardor. The worst things about the meals in camp might be said to have been these two sorts of scrambling.

On the whole we managed to keep alive and healthy, and during the ten-days hike found the regular army field ration to be unbeatable for a vigorous life in the open.

Well, breakfast being over—one can't express one's feelings about it in five times the length of time it took to eat it—we went either to a neighboring lunch counter for a second, and, as some were wont to say, a real breakfast, or to our tents to see how the surface of a bunk harmonizes with the longing in one's back to come in touch with it.

Soon, however, we were up again, adjusting packs and marching equipment for the morning jaunt or parade of three hours or so. This was in our company the real day's work usually, the afternoon being given over more to lectures from the captain—lectures in which, however, sleeping was strictly prohibited, and the prohibition enforced.

There was some lecturing in the morning, bits of instruction during a halt, but a good lot of tramping, drilling, maneuvering, parading, sham-battling and many other arduous affairs. In all these the chance to learn was considerable, and the instruction in most respects eminently

practical. This will be discussed more later under the subject of the hike.

The roads about Plattsburg are, as we believe, the dustiest that ever were toiled over by a soldier. In fact in a march over a typical sand-dust Plattsburg road, the ten-minute rest, when it came at last, after the regular fifty minutes of marching, was as blissful a change over what had gone before as the taste of the sugar in the bottom of our cup of so-called coffee. The tediousness of marching was relieved by many oft-repeated marching songs, but by very little talking. The same man always walked before you, the same man always behind you, the same man always by your side, and probably he was the same chap who ate and slept with you, so unless you were particularly congenial with him, the subjects available for conversation were apt to be exhausted early in the game.

But the mere feeling of marching, in the inspiring army style—which makes every man feel a dignity far above his own independent weight, and which comes from the consciousness of being, as long as he does his duty, just as much in the service of the cause and of just as much dignity in the light of patriotism, as any other man, though by ranks his superior, in the army! Difference in rank is a postulate of efficiency, but in merit that comes of service, it has no meaning. This is the glory par excellence of the army. Until we have something in peace which approaches to it—even should a world federation for a long time to come without large armies be conceivable, which it is not—can we already say that this form of patriotism, whether for a nation or a world of nations as the fatherland, has had its day and should be frowned upon? If it has it is only a good substitute that can supplant it, and that, like all such substitutes, can only be won by developing and improving the present form. Just now, in the judgment of those who are studying our position, we are certainly in this country in need of increased military protection, and a form of protection that calls for equal service from all. This is the message from the heart of Plattsburg and it is a message that is apt some day to make itself heard in this country.

The morning of marching, and the afternoon of lecturing and drilling over, we come in the evening to Conference, held at 6.30, to which we all were marched, generally to a gathering of a regiment, sometimes of two regiments, to hear speeches from General Wood, Major Murray, and other officers of the camp; and from various distinguished visitors such as the Secretary of War, and a number of college presidents. Conference was considered tiresome, but in view of

the character of the speakers it was more of an opportunity than was appreciated.

This was our week-day's routine in the permanent camp. On the ten-days hike much was changed. The mornings were then our whole working day. We moved forward every morning about ten miles, with one part of the force representing the enemy and compelling the rest to fight their way along by setting up a defense on the strategic positions. Once or twice we had a grand battle over some steep pass in the hills. Those on one side of the valley could look over to the other and see their comrades fighting the battle there, and also the enemies' operations there, see the attack up the hillside, and the defense at the top; while the rifle and artillery fire was deafening on all sides.

We usually reached the camp site for the night by one o'clock or earlier, and in a very short time were comfortably fixed for the afternoon. The only exertion then more or less expected of us, and one gladly made, was to walk to the nearest stream or body of water for a swim, and to wash both body and clothes. For the rest we didn't do much of anything except clean guns and write letters during all the long afternoon. We certainly were not industrious on that hike. A soldier when he *has* to work hard, and when he doesn't have to he is apt not to work at all. To relax a mind strained by too vigorous mental work, a term at Plattsburg should be the thing.

Conference was held as usual during the hike and the morning's engagement discussed by the officers who had taken chief part in it.

Some of the valuable results of this training were the physical benefits from constant exercise in the open air; the military knowledge and skill acquired, which, though in the making of a soldier entirely insufficient and elementary merely, were yet enough for a good foundation in the science; increased understanding of the problem of preparedness; ability to take care of oneself in camp; a more real and practical patriotism; an enormous appetite; a passion for cleanliness; and an acquaintance, if needed, with the simple life, or a fair approach to it. Of course many of these results would only be shared by those who went to Plattsburg to learn, rather than to have a good time, or simply to put themselves in good physical trim—as many undoubtedly had solely gone for. But the opportunities, if wished, were there and as far as the training afforded goes, there was nothing in which to be disappointed.

Indeed with the novel and healthy life, the beautiful surroundings of the Champlain country, the blue waves of the lake sparkling in the

sun while the stirring strains of the band seem to mingle with them in one bright, dancing maze of joy, on parade day, the friends one may make; and the recollection of having marched shoulder to shoulder with others in a way that made every man a man and no one more, and no one less—in short, in having to some extent shared in whatever glory there is intrinsically in an army—all these things make Plattsburg an experience and a memory of the rarest kind.

In the Mountains

The twilight comes—

*The groves are still and in the solemn hush
Is heard the monody of mourning thrush;
The sweet, white dryads leave the trees tip-toe
To listen to the world-old, futile woe.*

The evening comes—

*The peaks are purple and dim violet
And each vague object is a silhouette;
The faint-heard roar of distant waterfall
Is mingled with the whip-poor-will's lone call.*

The darkness comes—

*And o'er the blackened spires of pines afar
Shines out the glory of the evening star.*

—W. S. Nevin, '18.

Man or Manners?

MRS. OLRy, a fat, lumbering matron, with an interior as lovely as her exterior is unlovely, belongs to the little noticed but very important army of cooks who help to feed New York's millions. Her place of business is a fifty-cent basement table d'hôte on Twenty-second Street,—one of those small, home-like restaurants in a private house, where the daughters wait on table, the electric player jangles in one corner, and the family cat humps its back against the shins of the cosmopolitan patronage. Faithful toil and thrift have brought twenty tables instead of five and scattered the dim gloom of gas light with individual electric lamps and mirrors on the walls reflecting them. A new glass door with her name neatly painted on it is the last improvement for which Mrs. Olry has drawn on her small but growing surplus; and now, with some new linen, a few palms by the entrance, and the ceiling replastered, her adjoining rooms savor more of hotel excellence than of boarding-house mediocrity.

Late one snowy December evening Mrs. Olry, weary with a day's work, peeped out the kitchen door and saw to her delight that there were only two diners left. One was a steady for dinners,—a young girl half-way down the room; the other a man just beyond, whom she did not know, but whose presence she accredited to an empty stomach and the glass door. He was eating the fish course, and the girl was nibbling at her salad.

"Sure they'll soon be through!" the cook muttered, heaving a sigh from her mighty bosom. "Mamie, get two creams!"

Mamie, long, lean, and freckled, left her dishes, wiped her hands, and obeyed her mother placidly.

"Mrs. Olry, Mrs. Olry!" a voice suddenly called from the dining-room.

The proprietress appeared in the doorway and saw the man standing beside the girl's table, with his hand on the opposite chair. She started for him with fists clenched and eyes blazing.

"Shure, what do yer mean by botherin' a poor, defenseless girl? I don't have no such actions in this place; this is a respectable—"

Then the girl leaned over and seized the woman's fat hand between both of hers, as she said,

"Hush, dearie! I don't want you for a policeman. I want you to introduce me to him. What is your name?" She looked up at the man's incredulous face.

"My name is Lindley,—Horace Lindley," he repeated slowly.

"What do you want me to do?" Mrs. Olry ejaculated, turning her flabby, mystified face to the girl.

"Introduce me to Mr. Lindley," she explained quietly.

"Shure, it seems you know him better'n I do."

"Never mind. Do it for me, please, Mrs. Olry!" the girl coaxed eagerly.

Then, with an explosive sigh and a sarcastic formality, Mrs. Olry performed the desired social function.

"Mr. Lindle—Lindley, this is Miss Putnam." The two shook hands and he sat down, while Mrs. Olry trudged disgustedly back to the kitchen.

"What's gettin' into Laddie? Did you hear that stunt she put me through? Ain't she gettin' fussy? An' I thought he was makin' up to 'er against her will! Laddie's a queer 'un! Beyond me!"

Mamie washed in silence, while her mother set to filling the sugar bowls and salt cellars which covered the kitchen table. A sound of voices came from the dining-room.

"Jest a notion!" chuckled Mamie softly, "they're hittin' it off all right now. Laddie's feelin' like a real live lady to-night, isn't she? Introductions! That's rich!" She gave her dishcloth a vehement wring, and emptied the dish-pan.

"Take the cream in to 'em," ordered her mother.

Mamie gave the man a long, hungry look as she sat the dish before him.

"Thank you!" said Laddie, as if to hurry her while she brushed the table.

"Yer *welcome*, Laddie!" grinned the waitress, a sarcastic emphasis on "welcome."

"You seem to be at home in this little place!" Mr. Lindley observed graciously.

"Yes, I always come here. They're good to me," said Laddie.

Then she gave Mamie a tender smile, which that poor creature considered she could well afford with a swell like that sitting opposite her.

Back in the kitchen Mamie bubbled excitedly to her mother: "Say, he's some swell feller: did yer see his dress suit and them diamond shirt studs?"

"Shure, I seen 'em; she met 'im through me," muttered the cook proudly.

"Ketch me hollerin' fer a knock-down if something like that sat down in front o' me."

"You ain't got no manners, anyhow, Mamie. It's lucky you're homely. If you was good-lookin', there'd be no holdin' you."

"So you think Laddie's good-lookin'?" inquired Mamie keenly.

"I think Laddie's good: that's all I care; an' the men folks think she's good-lookin': that's all they care, an' I guess we're both right."

"Huh!" snorted Mamie, half-discouraged, half defiant, for Mamie

still had hopes herself. It galled her that Laddie should receive, uninvited, the attentions which she could not win with her most daring schemes of courtship. She had often succeeded in wringing a smile or a word of recognition from the various men she served, and once a sallow, slender youth had taken her to the movies, but this was the sum-total of her conquests. So Laddie understood the resentment in her tone; she forgave it, knowing the yearning heart of an unattractive girl, and the superficial paint-and-powder viewpoint which most men take towards most women.

Mrs. Olry ambled up the back stairs to her room, and Mamie quietly took a seat just inside the dining-room to try and discover from Laddie a plan of campaign which would really bring results. Laddie's back was towards her, and Mr. Lindley did not notice her.

"How did you happen to be this far downtown?" Laddie was asking.

"My dear, I was detained at my lawyer's office and sent the car home to mother. I would have been late for dinner there, and was frightfully hungry, so I dropped into the first place I saw and there you were looking at me!"

"I'm not your dear, and I was not looking at you."

"O, it was perfectly natural that you should look. If I'd been an old lady or a newsboy, it would have been all the same," he replied easily.

"Then, why didn't you stay where you were?"

When Mamie heard the slow, deliberate question, an amused smile played on her lips.

"It seemed a shame for you and I to sit here, this miserable night, at opposite ends of the room, as mum as two clams. You're too pretty to be eating alone in a place like this."

"I hadn't noticed that until to-night."

He laughed.

"There are lots of things about ourselves that are so close to us that we can't get a good view of them, but I don't think beauty is one of these. Look!" he said, suddenly pointing. She turned her face quickly to the mirror beside her.

"Now my point is proved!"

She smiled back at him—a naive, provoking, half-reproachful little smile, which Laddie alone had a patent on. Then she suddenly grew serious and fixed his gaze for a moment with her large brown eyes.

"Do I look like the kind of girl whom you can sit down with and talk to without any—preliminaries?"

Lindley hesitated. He had an obstinate habit of telling the truth because he liked to be original, but she was in earnest and he must proceed carefully: so he compromised.

"You didn't look very awful to approach," he laughed. "And yet I wasn't as surprized as I might have been, when you summoned the—policeman."

"Not half as surprised as she was!" murmured the girl slowly.

"Why was that?"

"Well, you see, she sort of looks out for me—and we were the only ones here. She has some pretty rough customers sometimes."

"Yes, I suppose she does! Have one?" He had pulled out a gold cigarette case, taken one himself, and then recollected that she might keep him company.

"No!" she calmly answered.

"Aren't you the good little girl? What do you do with yourself?" he questioned, with business-like concern.

"Oh, I work," she confessed lightly.

"Where?"

"Why do you want to know?" she parried, smiling.

"Just interested!"

"No, curious. But I'll tell you. I work in Wanamaker's, third floor back, ladies' imported underwear: we're very busy around Christmas. That's why I'm late to-night. Things are so mixed up when we close store, it takes forever to put them away."

"You don't sell any men's goods?" he inquired softly.

"At my counter? No, sir! Downstairs, first floor, last two aisles: this way, elevator on your left." She made a floor-walker-like gesture, and they both laughed.

"You're an entertaining little thing for a store girl," he mused; "you know most of them are gum-chewing, harsh-voiced murderers of the English language."

"If you think that, you should keep away from us," she gently reproved.

"I don't mean you, Laddie—that's a pretty name, isn't it?"

"I have another one also," she answered, idly toying with a salt cellar.

"But you don't mind my calling you Laddie?" he exploded in genuine surprise.

"Did you ever call one of your 'real' friends by their first name as soon as you met them?" She puckered her brows in an accusing

little frown, and looked him squarely in the eyes. Mamie gave a gasp back in her corner.

"Why, I never met any real friends just in this way. If you wish it, you shall be 'missed' to your heart's content." He spoke politely, without irritation.

"No, I don't mind. Call me Laddie: it fits me better. I'm only a pickup: you're perfectly right."

Her tone was light, and her lips smiled, but the man sensed something bitter, almost tragic, behind the shifting brown eyes.

"Are you? You seem better than that to me," he replied casually.

"Do I?" she said quickly, in a voice that was at once eager, grateful, and tinged with emotion. "But looks are deceptive," she continued playfully. "Tell me something about yourself now. I've been furnishing all the information. You may be a gentleman burglar, or a confidence man, or—or married, for all I know."

"Nothing so exciting, Laddie," he answered. "I'm one of those distinguished New Yorkers who earn nothing, spend a lot, and buy nothing substantial with it except a reputation for having a lot more. I'm what men call a good fellow, women call a good match, and I call a well-dressed dummy; for I'm not sinful enough to ever become very good, and not good enough to ever become very sinful. Now you know all about me."

"That's like describing a beautiful painting—moonlight on the ocean, perhaps—and saying, 'It's dark blue and yellow; it's done on canvas; it's two feet square; there's a dollar's worth of paint in it, and it's worth five hundred; now you know all about it.'"

"You mean this painting has something else in it?" he urged, smiling.

"Yes, of course."

"What else has it?"

"Why, it has imagination, expression, appeal; you can hear the waves, see the glimmering of the yellow trail, and feel the salt breeze.—It's just alive, that's all!" She gave a convincing little gesture with her hands, which dispelled any doubt in Lindley's mind as to the artistic value of her picture.

"How did you learn all that behind a shirtwaist counter?" he exclaimed.

She laughed at him.

"You see, they're not private property, either the moon or the ocean: and everything that's public we store girls get wise to."

"You do, eh? That's interesting! How about the sun and the stars?" he inquired seriously.

"Now you're making fun of me. I've talked too much and I must get home. But I've enjoyed this. It's been much better than sitting alone this bum night."

She smiled at him frankly, and her little face, between the cheap hat and imitation fur collar, lighted up with a warmth that was undeniably sincere.

"I wish I had come up to you sooner. You see I didn't know Mrs. Olry, or I might have gotten her to—"

"Of course you didn't," she agreed. "It was all right."

He helped her on with her coat; then, as she took out a small threadbare purse, he stopped her.

"No, no!" he answered to her upturned eyes, "this is my treat."

"Thank you so much. Good-bye." She gave him a firm, warm little handshake, and moved towards the door.

Lindley stood and watched her open it, felt a cold draft of snow-clad wind, and heard it shut behind her.

"She's a dear little thing!" he muttered half aloud: then, turning about, his eyes fell on Mamie at the far end of the room.

He was through with his dinner, and she made no signs of moving, so he sauntered up to her.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked.

She watched him with an awe-struck stare from eyes that seemed to say, "Lord! Ain't he wonderful!" Finally she answered, lowering her glance confusedly:

"A dollar—if you're payin' for her, sir."

He pulled out a roll, selected two one-dollar bills and tossed them on the table before her.

"What's the other one for?" she asked.

"That's for keeping you in so late. Laddie and I got talking and we didn't notice the time passing."

"No: none of the men do when they're with her. Thank you, sir."

"Is that so? You know all about her, don't you?"

Lindley had formed his opinion and was curious either to hear it confirmed or discredited. His brief glimpse of her had aroused his interest and left it suspended in mid-air like the first installment of a story with no "to be continued" at the end.

"No, sir. None of us knows all about anybody: but I know she's been in here with a half a dozen different fellers and they don't all pay for her dinner and they don't none of 'em give me nothin'."

"She seldom comes alone?"

"No; and when she does, she ain't alone any longer'n she was to-night."

"Well, well, she didn't seem that kind," mused Lindley, as though disappointed not so much in her as in his own lack of judgment.

"Won't you sit down?" Mamie invited suddenly, with her softest, most seductive smile.

"No, thank you," he handed back coolly, and the smile sagged slowly to a drooping despair.

"I wonder why she wished to be introduced to me," he reflected absently.

"Jest for novelty!" Mamie retorted. Her feminine pride had lately been so battered and juggled with that now it could not stand more than one hard jolt without striking back. For this was the only weapon left to beat off the humility which otherwise would crush her beyond repair. Her tongue was keen, and if she could make others suffer too, her own bitterness was lightened accordingly.

Lindley walked back, put on his hat and coat and disappeared, leaving Mamie with the same dull, dreary pain in her breast which had been her portion since school-days, the pain of a girl who will not give up longing.

Laddie in the meantime was walking silently through the swirling storm to her little room on Nineteenth Street. When she turned the corner into Broadway, it seemed more like three A. M. than nine P. M. A few buzzing taxis, a slow-moaning trolley car, and a struggling team or two came out of the night for a moment, only to fade again behind the white curtain. Their noise was strangely muffled by the thick, heavy-laden air, and the grind of the trolleys died out as soon as they disappeared. The gleam of the street lamps struggled but a short distance through the myriad dancing snowflakes that swept by in a still, mad race. The stores were mostly closed and dark. Those that were open stood shining and unoccupied while the snow piled against their doors. Even the people on the sidewalks were wretched, forlorn figures, plodding aimlessly through a desert of cold stone walls which seemed to rear above them in mocking triumph over their exposure.

But, judging from Laddie's open coat, bare hands, and light, care-free gait, the chill air might have held the softness of June, and the snowflakes might have been apple blossoms. The passers-by turned their red faces and gave her curious, puzzled looks to see whether she were demented or advertising some especially cold-proof underwear. Laddie was too radiantly happy to notice them. A warmth which

came from within glowed through her body: she had acted a real lady with the kind of a man who was used to decent, well-bred girls. It was thrilling to find someone who would listen to her demand for respectful treatment, who had not even tried to kiss her or hold her hand, who had paid for her dinner, for the mere privilege of talking to her, whom she had met and parted with like a lady. Small wonder that the cold, the snow, and the staring strangers did not exist for her! "You seem better than that to me." She repeated those wonderful words over and over again. They meant something when said by a man like him. "I am better—am better," she told herself exultantly, and was still repeating it when she climbed the stairs to her fourth floor bedroom.

"Kitty, you here?" she said quickly, on entering into the darkness. Kitty mumbled an inaudible something from the further corner of a double bed and turned away from the light which Laddie had switched on. After removing hat and coat, she sat on the bed.

"Kid, I'm sorry if I woke you. But it's done now and I must tell you about him." She leaned over and shook the motionless figure next to the wall, in an effort to restore its fast fading consciousness: then she rolled it over like a dead thing, and Kitty slowly opened her eyes.

"What's bitin' you, Laddie? I'm tired. Turn out that damn light," she muttered sleepily.

"I met him at Mother Olry's. He paid for my dinner."

"I don't care. Get undressed," and with that she rolled back to the wall.

"He's got lots of money, a car, and diamond shirt studs. I was introduced to him, and he sat with me for a half an hour. I told him I worked, and he was just as nice as though I was an heiress. O, he's wonderful looking, Kitty!—dark, curly hair, a big broad figure in a dress suit, with handsome eyes and oh, such a smile, and I'll never, never see him again." Her head sank dismally on her hands.

"Cut that ravin', and go to bed, will yer?" growled Kitty dangerously.

The two girls knew plenty of men, and such a girlish, romantic outbreak would have sounded queer in the daytime, but at night, to Kitty's clouded, half-sensible brain, it seemed wild as a babbling brook. She had not lived with Laddie four years without gaining a reasonable confidence in her good sense. When they had picked each other out of the crowds to join hands and hearts as fellow fighters for a livelihood in a big city, Kitty had given Laddie's unsophisticated mind a course in the elements of conduct which would pilot her through the storms that an unprotected girl might have to weather. Laddie had

caught on to the plan with all the keenness of youth and health. She knew how far to go and how far not to go. She knew how to mind her own business, how to think quickly and calmly when in trouble, how to judge girls and handle men; all this, to a degree which did credit to her pupil, Kitty had taught her. But she was continually taking chances on a good time and no expense.

It was discouraging to hear her come home from a half-hour's talk with a strange man and act as though he were some new, unheard-of species which her innocent eyes had never yet beheld.

Kitty, by nature, was wise, careful, and hard-working. She was Laddie's senior by five profitable years. She, too, had her regular evenings out, but always with one man, who had more or less intentions of marriage according as Kitty's judgment approved or disapproved of his unsteady manner of life. He drank a little, and Kitty, perched on an eternal water-wagon, was the goal towards which he in his sober hours was struggling. She, in a grim, rather superior way, had been a mother and sister and father to Laddie, whose ruddy cheeks and simple charm had caught her eye and won her sympathy from the beginning. She had warned her many times since, that her faith in people, and careless use of her free time, would land her so far in the hole some day that it would take a derrick to pull her out; for she would go out any evening anywhere with any man who had the slightest claims to his manhood. "Good night! Kitty," she would argue. "I'm young and alone and working. I can't be an old woman now. I rather be dead than never have any pleasure. These men at the store and restaurants are all I can meet. What choice have I?" Then Kitty would vainly try to explain the difference between going out with "a" man and with "any" man: to which Laddie would reply that she picked the best-looking ones, which was all any girl could do. Finally Kitty had persuaded her to eat at Mrs. Olry's, where that good old soul might keep an eye on the men that took a notion to her pretty face.

If Kitty could have known that she was kneeling beside the bed in her cotton nightgown on the bare, cold floor, praying that she might somewhere run into Lindley again, she would have turned over in her sleep and boxed her ears. Laddie only prayed on important occasions, and only knelt on the most important. At last she arose slowly and crept in beside her room-mate.

"You play safe with your steady, old girl, but I'd rather take a chance, and maybe get somewhere beyond a counter," she muttered to the figure humped against the wall. A little later her lips drowsily found the words, "You seem better than that to me! Yes, I am, Horace, and if I can only find you again some day, I'll prove it to you"; and in her last vague moments of consciousness before she fell asleep, she dreamily pictured an expensive restaurant, an evening gown, soft-colored lights, music, immaculate waiters gliding over a noiseless carpet,

and finally him sitting there opposite her, ordering up such a feast that she wanted to take home what she couldn't eat and save it for another meal; for, after all, this luxury was only a pretty pretense of which she wished to retain a little, to break monotony of Child's and Mrs. Olry's.

At six-thirty the following morning Laddie awoke to the sound of shovels scraping on the sidewalks. It was frightfully uninteresting to begin the dull course of a day's work without a hope of seeing Lindley again. She lay staring at the ceiling, wishing vainly that she could roll back the hours to the night before and have another chance with him. How differently she would have acted! She had let him slide through her fingers without a murmur, and fall back into the whirlpool, where fate might run a thousand years before tossing them together again.

She sat up in bed and gave Kitty an unceremonious shake which brought her crashing down from the heights of a rosy dream to a sullen earth. While they were dressing in the shivering room Kitty, who usually preserved an ominous silence during this tiresome formality, came out with a statement which took all the strength from Laddie's knees and brought her on to the bed with a bounce.

"I'm goin' to get married: suppose I might as well tell you now," she announced calmly, with her comb poised above her head.

"O, Kitty, how could you!" Laddie exclaimed desperately, after the full significance of the fact had dawned on her.

"Well, why shouldn't I get married? Other people do it: in fact, it's quite common: you didn't think I'd been runnin' round with Bill all this time for my health, did you?"

"I thought it was for his health. You don't really love him, do you, Kitty?" she asked, with painful reluctance.

"No; but he loves me, and I'm not goin' to grow wrinkled and gray waitin' on people: then get turned out 'cause I'm too old. I wouldn't marry the best man on earth, Laddie, if I didn't see a black cave of wretchedness in front of me where I'm afraid to enter alone. I've got a little money now, but s'pose I got sick and had to stop work."

"And what about me?" The white figure on the bed held out two small, bare arms in earnest entreaty.

"All I ever get will be yours—always, Laddie. You know that."

"I don't want your money, I want you! You'll be his after you marry him, and I'll be alone!" cried Laddie emphatically.

"Guess I'll have the say about whose I am, and whose I'm not," retorted Kitty ominously. "He'll do as I say or he don't get me, that's shure."

"He'll get drunk again after he's married you," Laddie murmured dolefully.

"No, he won't."

"He'll spend all your money."

"No he won't!"

"He'll get tired of you, and be looking for other girls."

"No, he won't."

"He'll make you work harder than you do now."

"He will not!" exploded Kitty finally, throwing down her comb. "What do you think I'm marrying him for? Fun? Not much. He'll support me! He'll not drink a drop, nor wink at another girl, nor spend a nickel that I don't give him."

"Who'd you say it was you're marrying?" inquired Laddie bitterly.

"It's no laughing matter!" announced the rebellious partner quietly. "I know him pretty well, and I've spent several years' thought over the matter: I'm not a fool."

"But he's not good enough for you!"

"A man's good enough for any woman that he loves."

"What!" Laddie almost yelled. "What was that? Kitty, you've turned crazy. I'd as soon see you marry the dago fruit man at the corner!"

Kitty turned on her with yearning eyes.

"Laddie," she replied, "I'd sooner see *you* married to him, than trotting beside some man you're not married to. "

"Nonsense! I'm out of the cradle; I'm in earnest about this: we've been together for years! I can't live by myself. I'd die of loneliness. He's not worth breaking up house for, Kitty! Truly he isn't!"

Kitty combed in silence for a time; then she came to Laddie, tilted her face so that their eyes met, and said with sudden tenderness:

"You're young, Laddie. I'm not. Remember that! This city is full of girls who didn't marry or who couldn't. You can tell 'em when you see 'em. A few of them are happy, but most of them are wretched. They slave away till they're too feeble to keep up the mad pace of the younger ones, and then they die without enough money to bury them. If a man loves you and is worth anything at all it's better to marry him, Laddie. You can fight for the best in him, and make something out of him, or else go the other way along with him. Then at least you've done something; you've made an attempt and failed; your life hasn't been work, eat and sleep till you go crazy with the monotony of it, knowing that all you mean to the world is six dollars a week, and you, and a hundred others like you, can drop out of existence without the girls on the next floor above knowing it. If there's one solitary person out of six million whose heart beats with the same joy and pain as yours, Laddie, it makes New York feel like a different place."

"Then you're marrying him because you're afraid to grow old

alone! Choice of two evils, isn't it?" mused Laddie, tapping the floor with one bare foot.

"You didn't need to say that!" muttered Kitty accusingly.

Laddie bit her lip, and her eyes burned with a warning of tears.

"Well, I feel it," she said slowly with head hung. "I'll have to find someone else. I can't live alone. I'd—I'd never thought of your marrying. You're always after me for the men I go round with, and I didn't suppose you'd ever consider Bill seriously. He's not half as good as—"

"That'll do! He loves me. They don't care a hang about you, the men you know. They like to watch your pretty face, but Laddie, child, that won't last forever."

"I'll be married myself by then," assured Laddie with a nonchalant toss of her tousled head.

"Find someone and we'll do the job together," Kitty declared vigorously, giving her hair a final twist and spearing the knot with a hairpin. Then she turned brusquely to Laddie, who was still sitting, hands folded, feet kicking, without the vagest notion of dressing.

"Get dressed, you lazy kid! I suppose you're eating an imaginary breakfast that an imaginary maid has brought you: but you're still a store girl in spite of your millionaire dreams. If you don't work you don't eat. Come on! Move!"

Laddie arose and mechanically slipped into her clothes. She walked quietly about the untidy room, with a lost, self-absorbed air, as though her eyes were searching beyond the four gloomy walls into a grim, uncertain future. Kitty was, for her, the foundation of all human relationship,—the one necessary and unchanging factor in the shifting hopes and disappointments of a department store existence. The million unseeing eyes, and the million uninterested hearts which she encountered on all sides and in which she did not exist, caused her life to be so close to the one soul who shared it, that separation could scarcely be conceived of.

"What'll I do? What'll I do?" she murmured perplexedly, as she finally pinned on her hat.

"You can live with me as long as you want to, dear!" Kitty consoled, with a good-natured hug. "We've only been together two years, but it seems as if I'd known you two lifetimes. There's something in a city that makes friends like that: sympathy, I guess, to make up for the extra happiness of so many people all together: the more crowds, the more competition; the more competition, the more poverty. Me for the country some day if I have to live in a tent, and peddle vegetables!"

"When are you going to be married?" demanded Laddie, meditating.

"In a couple of weeks, when he gets his next month's pay: and you'll be maid of honor, without the honor. It'll be a very quiet wedding."

"It'll be a funeral for me," answered Laddie.

(To be continued)

—C. Van Dam, '17.

In Memoriam Henryk Sienkiewicz: Author and Patriot

IN the recent death of the novelist Henryk Sienkiewicz Poland lost far more than her most distinguished man of letters. She lost one of her most ardent and self-sacrificing patriots, a man whose voice never ceased to plead the cause of his hapless country, even under the most discouraging conditions. Sienkiewicz and the pianist, Ignace Paderewski, were the two leaders in the movement for Polish relief; and the death of the aged writer is supposed to have been hastened by the appalling reports of the desolation and misery that have fallen upon Poland as a result of the war. But, as the world outside of Poland is more interested in Sienkiewicz from a literary than from a national standpoint, it is fitting to commence an appreciation of his work with a review of his artistic achievements.

It is unfortunate for the fame of Sienkiewicz that he is so widely known merely as the author of "Quo Vadis." It is easy for readers who are only acquainted with this book to dismiss the author as a brilliant, but superficial writer, with an almost journalistic predilection for the sensational. Outside of the character of Petronius there is nothing in the work to indicate that the author was anything more than a clever man endowed with marked capacity for appealing to the popular imagination. If one wishes to gain a truer perspective of Sienkiewicz' literary genius he should turn to one of the novels of modern Polish life, "Whirlpools," "Without Dogma," and "Children of the Soil."

"Without Dogma" is perhaps the author's masterpiece. Not only does it contain one of the best studies of the Hamlet type in modern literature, but the character of the heroine, Aniela, is drawn with the tenderness and delicacy that seem to be the peculiar gift of all Slav

novelists. The book is primarily an analysis of Ploszowski, a man whose philosophy of negation and utter indifference is suddenly challenged by the awakening of a great, overwhelming passion for a married woman whose love he has formerly cast away in a moment of supine neglect. In vain he tries every artifice of seduction; with inflexible constancy Aniela resists all his advances, although her own heart pleads strongly for him. The sharp contrast between the weak, vacillating, yet highly intelligent and sensitive character of Ploszowski and the simple faith and native dignity of Aniela is brought out with marked power. The tragic importance of insignificant occurrences is dwelt upon with a morbid intensity that suggests Thomas Hardy. And, in the climax, where Ploszowski resolves to follow Aniela to the unknown land that lies beyond the grave, the author attains great heights. The failure and tragedy of two lives are expressed not in pages of melodramatic bombast, but in the four simple words: "Aniela died this morning."

This work alone would entitle Sienkiewicz to a high rank among modern novelists. But in "Whirlpools" he has created a still more diversified piece of character study, although it is inferior in point of plot and artistic finish. It is through these and other novels of present-day life that Sienkiewicz deserves his place from the literary standpoint. "Quo Vadis" and his shorter stories of the early Christian period are of comparatively little value, historically or otherwise. But there is one duty that every Pole regards as higher and more sacred than the attainment of the loftiest artistic achievement. That duty is the keeping alive of the spark of Polish national consciousness, which has persisted under a century of ruthless trampling by the forces of three mighty empires. How deeply Sienkiewicz felt his responsibility in this matter may be judged alike from the number of his books which deal with Polish historical subjects and from his continual labors in the work of relief for his stricken country.

Some of the author's strongest work is to be found in his trilogy of novels dealing with Poland of the seventeenth century, "Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael." In *Zagloba* he has created a modern rival of Falstaff. And the battle pictures which form an important part of these stormy novels are drawn with a graphic vividness which would excite the envy of a war correspondent. In kaleidoscopic rapidity of action and fertility of imagination these books suggest the works of the elder Dumas, although Sienkiewicz has a certain advantage in dealing with a fresher field and a more picturesque background. Yet this comparison is not altogether fair to the Polish novelist: for

he has passages of deep feeling which are altogether lacking in his French prototype. Perhaps the finest of these passages is the death of Pan Michael in the last novel of the trilogy. The town of Kamenyets, which the hero had held for months in the face of a fierce Turkish attack, is surrendered by the cowardice of the local officials. Pan Michael, feeling that his honor is gone with the surrender, unflinchingly blows himself up along with the fortifications of the city. The whole scene is painted with epic simplicity and dignity, free from Hugoesque rant and affectation. Another purple patch in the author's historical novels is the description of the battle of Grünwald in "Knights of the Cross." It was in this battle that the ambition of medieval Germany to conquer and exploit Poland and other Slav territory was definitely crushed by the overwhelming victory of the Poles. Sienkiewicz almost assumes the role of a modern Homer as he describes the changing fortunes of the conflict, the clang of steel on steel, the fierce shock of thundering cavalry charges, the final desperate onset of the Germans, which broke on the solid wall of Polish breasts. The author bursts into a paean of jubilation as he concludes the glorious story of the victory of his countrymen. "And so unto thee, O great day of purification, liberation and redemption," he cries, "be glory and honor through all future ages." At the conclusion of "Pan Michael" Sienkiewicz explains his purpose in giving up the creation of artistic masterpieces like "Without Dogma" and writing instead the long sequence of historical novels. "Thus ends this series of books," the author says, "written throughout a long space of years, at no small labor, for the strengthening of hearts." In other words, he aspired to do what Mickiewicz, the greatest of the Polish romantic poets, achieved in "Konrad von Wallenrod," a poem which exalted the heroic past of Poland in stately measures. But Mickiewicz, despite the beauty and grandeur of his work, has only been able to appeal to his own countrymen. The difficulties of language and metre have excluded the possibility of translation. Sienkiewicz, on the other hand, is known throughout the civilized world, as his strong, simple prose style lends itself readily to the translator's purposes. And certainly he has rendered no mean service to his beloved country when he has so conclusively demonstrated that her disappearance as a nation was due to no inherent defect in national character, but rather to the insatiable greed of her neighbors and the folly of some of her leaders.

In summing up the value of Sienkiewicz to Poland and to the world he must be considered under two aspects, as literary artist and as patriot. Considered simply as a novelist he deserves a high place. "Without Dogma" is a work which stands out as a masterpiece of psychological

insight and philosophic penetration. As a writer of stirring romances he can easily be compared with Scott and Dumas. Even in his less serious works he frequently achieves tremendous dramatic effects. His picture of the conflict between the civilizations of the East and West is a gorgeous piece of painting on the grand scale.

As patriot his work has been even more potent and far-reaching. He has accomplished something that no Pole except Chopin, through his music, has been able to accomplish. He has presented the case of his nation squarely at the bar of civilized public opinion. The increasing labor in the work of Polish relief which probably hastened his end was only the climax of a life that was primarily devoted to pleading the cause of his oppressed native country. While the great Polish lyric poets of the last century, Mickiewicz, Slowacki, Krasinski, failed to appeal except to a very small circle, Sienkiewicz has succeeded in interesting thousands of readers in every land with the thrilling tale of the vanished glories of medieval Poland. If, as now seems likely, Poland is to receive some slight measure of recompense for a century of brutal tyranny in the recognition of her autonomy and separate national existence, the great novelist will be acknowledged as one of the most potent factors in this long-delayed act of international equity. Not only lovers of literature, but lovers of freedom and justice, will mourn the death of the patriot-author, Henry Sienkiewicz.

—*W. H. Chamberlin, '17.*

Some Recent Books

The Brook Kerith, by George Moore. MacMillan; \$1.50, net.

ONE of the most significant of the MacMillan Company's recent publications is George Moore's historical novel, "*The Brook Kerith*." Starting with the assumption that Jesus did not die on the cross, the author builds up a plot of marked artistic beauty and historical interest. He also succeeds in drawing down upon his head the anathemas of all orthodox and respectable critics.

The story of "*The Brook Kerith*," told briefly, is as follows: Joseph of Arimathea, a young Jew of more than average intellectual and spiritual endowments, meets Jesus in Galilee and is profoundly impressed with his personality. Master and disciple are estranged by the illness of Joseph's father. Jesus, in the full conviction of his Messianic character, will not excuse the defection of a follower, even for the sacred duty of attending on the bedside of a dying father. In spite of the separation, Joseph is, of course, deeply moved by the news of the crucifixion. Being a personal friend of Pilate, he begs the body of Jesus as a favor, intending to bury it in his family vault. On reaching the vault he finds that the crucified man is still alive. By constant attention and careful nursing Jesus is gradually brought back to health, and goes to rejoin the little colony of Essenes, or Jewish ascetics, with which he had previously been associated. Joseph is murdered by the priestly faction; and the secret is confined to the isolated settlement of the Essenes, where Jesus resumes his former peaceful occupation of shepherd. The real dramatic climax of the book comes late, when Paul inadvertently stumbles upon the Essenes and tells them of the risen Christ, who is the Saviour of mankind. Jesus vainly tries to convince the apostle of his error; but Paul, obsessed with his belief, considers the Essene shepherd a madman or an evil spirit, and goes forth to spread over the whole world his doctrine of redemption through the death and sacrifice of the Son of God.

While there is no definite proof in favor of Mr. Moore's idea, it is intrinsically far less improbable than many other conceptions that have been adopted to form the basis of historical romances. More important than the mere problem of historical accuracy is the question whether the author has really caught the spirit and character of Jesus. His picture is certainly radically different from the idealized Christ of modern religious thought. But it is not fundamentally at variance with the Christ of the early Gospel narratives. When the later Jesus of

Mr. Moore's imagination looks back upon his period of fancied Messiahship, he makes the following observations:

"I fear to speak of the things I said at that time, but I must speak of them. One man asked me before he left all things to follow me if he might not bury his father first. I answered, leave the dead to bury their dead, and to another who said, my hand is at the plow, may I not drive it to the headland? I answered, leave all things and follow me. My teaching grew more and more violent. It is not peace, I said, that I bring to you, but a sword, and I come as a brand wherewith to set the world in flame I said, too, that I came to divide the house; to set father against mother, brother against brother, sister against sister."

Evidently the Essene shepherd had not learned the art of explaining away all doubtful and ambiguous points of his teaching by throwing the rich mantle of allegory over every difficult passage.

It is a pity that the book will inevitably be considered chiefly as a battleflag of theological discussion: for it is very well worth study as a pure work of art. The author's style suggests not, indeed, the rich gold of a strong creative period, but rather the exquisite silvery shimmer of an age that is subdued without being positively decadent. Some of his nature scenes are worthy of that greatest of literary landscape painters, Turgenev. His choice and grouping of words reveal the temperament of the true artist. Many of his passages flow along with the constant, quiet murmur of the brook Kerith itself. Others seem to float like the evanescent mists that rise from the hills of Galilee. While Moore succeeds better with his pictures of nature than with his characters, his pictures of Joseph, of Hazael, the venerable President of the Order of Essenes, and of Joseph's aged father, Dan, are excellent. Nothing could exceed the dramatic effect of the meeting between the founder of Christianity and its greatest missionary.

Mr. Moore is to be congratulated on his careful avoidance of the temptation that besets every historical novelist, the tendency to flamboyance and exaggeration. He writes of Palestine at the time of Jesus as quietly and unostentatiously as if he were describing England of to-day. If his example were more generally followed, the historical novel would have far more educational value than it has at the present time.

—W. H. Chamberlin.

The Advance of the English Novel, by William Lyon Phelps. Dodd Mead and Co.; \$1.50, net.

In this day, the novel is the most popular form of literary expression and it has the widest appeal; it is read by patrician and plebeian,

it is written sometimes by poet and often by peasant. George Moore, John Galsworthy, Joseph Conrad, Thomas Hardy and H. G. Wells are novelists and must share that title with Messrs. Cosmo Hamilton, Howard Bell Wright and other "fearless" writers of "gripping and powerfully realistic novels." Indeed, a recent advertisement of one of the novels of Mr. Wright stated that "that man must have written with jaws set and soul on fire." After perusal of the novel we can but surmise that the fire which played havoc with the author's soul did not see fit to spare his brain and wish his jaw had been set in silence. To attest to the popularity of the novel, Professor Phelps mentions the invasion of the stage by dramatized novels, and it is rather significant to note that in New York at present no less than seven dramatized novels are being offered to the public, viz., *Pollyanna*; *Nothing but the Truth*; *Treasure Island*; *Come Out of the Kitchen*; *Bunker Bean*; *Pendennis*; and *Rich Man, Poor Man*. And this, since the publication of Professor Phelps' book!

Beginning with the present state of the novel and prefacing his work by a lucid and scholarly exposition of this *genre*, the author goes on to trace the development of the novel from Defoe and Richardson in the age of Anne down to our times.

The conception and treatment of the theme is that of a student in the subject, but its expression is so spontaneous and so utterly and delightfully devoid of pedantry that anyone may read and enjoy it. One might reproach the author with his neglect in leaving out such names as Compton Mackenzie, Coningsby Dawson (who has *one* good novel to his credit), Gilbert Cannan, Theodore Dreiser, E. V. Lucas, Horace Annesley Vachell, and J. C. Powys, but he guards himself in his preface against any such attack. We must therefore look at the book as "a record of personal opinions." True, we should like to dispute some of them: the judgment passed on John Galsworthy's "The Dark Flower," which is, in the opinion of some, a superb piece of psychological narration, for example. But Professor Phelps' opinions are all splendidly given, and occasionally his sentences are like "sharp little Roman swords," as G. K. Chesterton says somewhere, speaking of a poet. His epigrams are very amusing and usually are justified—a thing which does not happen too often to Mr. Chesterton. One of the happiest is on Romain Rolland; speaking of *Jean Christophe*, the author says: "*Its author has the French clearness of vision, with a New England conscience,*" and, as a matter of fact, this might itself serve to characterize the author of *The Advance on the English Novel*. Again, a character in one of Henry James' books is spoken of as "the

The Resignation of President Sharpless

IT takes an event of considerable importance to stir a conservative institution to expressions of regret. Probably no other single thing could have elicited the general disappointment of Haverford College, collectively and individually, than was occasioned by the resignation of President Sharpless after many years of service. For almost fifty years the name of President Sharpless has been identified with Haverford College. The influence he has exerted and the results of his wise guidance are incalculable. His resignation comes almost as a calamity. There are many students who have come to Haverford, not because it was Haverford, but because it was President Sharpless. The Board of Managers, the Faculty and the College world in general have expressed their appreciation of his services. But it is the regret of the students, the ones for whom President Sharpless has devoted his life work, the ones who have felt the breadth of his sympathy, and who have been inspired by the brightness of his example, that we wish to express. For his leniency, for his wise and patient guidance, for all that has gone to make him a great President, we are grateful. His resignation is our loss, and if unanimous sentiment can persuade a reconsideration President Sharpless will continue in office. We respect his wisdom, whatever his decision may be. We have come to Haverford College and President Sharpless with respect; we will leave Haverford College and President Sharpless with respect—and love.

one altogether unlovely whose pronunciation of the dog-letter rasps our nerves and who has never been house-broken." Among contemporary novelists with whom Professor Phelps deals are H. G. Wells, Edith Wharton, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Gertrude Atherton, Booth Tarkington, George Moore, John Galsworthy, Jack London, Joseph Conrad, J. M. Barrie, Dorothy Canfield-Fisher, W. DeMorgan, Winston Churchill, Owen Wister, James Lane Allen, Leonard Merrick, W. B. Maxwell, and Eden Philpotts.

—*Jacques Le Clercq.*

Haberford 10, Swarthmore 7

*Ramsey the Captain, so hefty and doughty,
He hits where they ain't, or he hits where they are.
Marney's the boy with the toe that's so stout he
Can kick 'em a mile; and Dam is a star.
Now whenever you speak of aerial passes,
Dread visions of Bush may float into your mind,
But open your eyes and brush off your glasses,
For Sangree's the fellow who actually shined.
There's Chandler the brave, and diminutive Curtis,
There's Hayman and Morgan, who bolster the line.
Bring 'em on heavy, you bet they can't hurt us;
For Gilmore can stop 'em and Bob Moore is fine.
There's one more, of course, to whom you must hand it.
As good as they come, and as fast as they go,
Speaking of punishment, he's there to stand it,—
Pop Howland's the man, he's a corker, Yea Bo!
Doc Bennett put such a team on the field,—
It's a team that plugs on and will never say quit;—
The Garnet grew weary and over they keeled,
For the team that won out was the team with the grit.*



HAVERFORD FOOTBALL TEAM, 1916

SPARKS FROM THE GRIDIRON

Dr. Bennett—"Si monumentum requires, circumspice!"

Swarthmore take notice! "A good wine needs no Bush."

It is said that the Yale Bowl was filled to overflowing. Well, Haverford had lots of punch!

"Not the least of one of these" = Bob Maxwell.

Swarthmore's consolation—*Weight* for next year!

ALUMNI

Joshua L. Baily, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday on June 27 last, died on December 6 at Langmere, his Ardmore home, after a business career of three-quarters of a century as a dry goods commission merchant. Mr. Baily was educated at the Friends' Select School and the Westtown Boarding School, entering the dry goods business at the age of sixteen. For sixty years he was a member of the Philadelphia Society for the Employment and Instruction of the Poor and the Pennsylvania Prison Society, of which he was president at his death. He was one of the founders of the Society for Organizing Charity, of which he was president for eighteen years and was one of the original members of the Committee of One Hundred, founded in 1879. For more than thirty years he was president of the Philadelphia Fountain Society. Other positions held by Mr. Baily in connection with humanitarian projects were chairman of the Citizens' Relief Committee, member of a committee to collect relief funds for Ireland in 1846, member of the National Relief Commission during the Spanish-American War, vice president of the American Tract Society, the American Peace Society, the American Bible Society, the National Temperance Society and the American Forestry

Association. He was a member of the Twelfth Street Meeting of the Society of Friends.

Mr. Baily's five sons, who survive him, are all Haverfordians. Three grandsons also have the distinction of being Haverfordians.

We reprint the following from the *Haverford News*:—

"After nearly thirty years of active service as President of Haverford College, Dr. Isaac Sharpless has felt it expedient to hand in a final insistent resignation, which has been very reluctantly accepted by the Board of Managers. The resignation will take effect at the end of the present year. As yet no successor has been appointed and the managers are at a loss to know how to fill the position.

"About a year ago, President Sharpless wished to retire, feeling, as he expressed it, that he 'ought to let someone else have a chance,' but the managers and faculty were so insistent that he was prevailed upon to defer action, or at least to retain the position until this June. A little less than two weeks ago, Dr. Sharpless called the faculty together and confided to them his contemplated retirement. A petition was presented a few days later by the professors, giving reasons why he should hold his position for at least another year. How-

ever, this was of no avail, and President Sharpless pressed his request to be allowed to retire at the coming commencement. The Board of Managers granted the request at a meeting held last Friday evening, feeling that the President had earned a rest and deserved to be allowed a retirement.

"Isaac Sharpless has been President of Haverford since 1887, and a member of the faculty since 1875—more than forty years. He will be sixty-eight years old next month. He came to Haverford as instructor in mathematics, and was made professor of mathematics and astronomy in 1879. He was appointed dean of the College in 1884, a position which he held for three years until his appointment to the presidency.

"He was born in Chester County, Pa., December 16, 1848, and was graduated from the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University in 1873. He holds a number of academic degrees: ScD., University of Pennsylvania, 1883; LL.D., Swarthmore, 1889; L. H.D., Hobart, 1903. One of his latest honors was the conferring by Harvard of an honorary LL.D. in 1915.

"He is the author of a number of textbooks on physics, mathematics, and astronomy, and has long been interested in local and Quaker history, some of his books on these subjects being: 'A Quaker Experiment in Government'; 'Two Centuries of Pennsylvania History'; 'Quakerism and Politics.' Along educational lines, his recent

book 'The American College,' shows a deep interest and sympathetic study of the function of the small college in this country. In scholastic matters he has long been a devoted champion of the cause of liberal education, and the advantage of broadening, general studies over a mere vocational training. A few years ago he was chairman of the Pennsylvania Association of College Presidents, of which he is still an active member. He is a member of the Westtown School Board, The Penn Charter School Board, and President ex-officio of the Board of Haverford School.

"He is much interested in local politics from the standpoint of clean citizenship, and is a former president of the Main Line Citizens' Association.

"In recent months he has been very active in the Peace Movement, and in opposition to the growing spirit of militarism in America. He is one of the vice-presidents of the League to Enforce Peace.

"He is a lover of the outdoors and usually spends his summers in the Poconos, occasionally going on a fishing trip to Canada.

"He has always had a keen interest in Haverford athletics, and has stood as have few educators in the country for amateurism and true sportsmanship in athletic relations."

President Sharpless recently sailed for England where he will spend about six weeks on College business. Dean Palmer is acting President during Dr. Sharpless' absence.

The following editorial appeared in the *New York Evening Post* of November 25 and in the *Nation*:—

The resignation of President Sharpless, of Haverford College, to take effect upon the rounding out of three decades' service at the close of the academic year, gives occasion for comment on the value of the small college—the college that not only refuses to enter into the general scramble for numbers, but also refrains from attempting the role of a university. Of this type of college Haverford is perhaps the very best example in the country, and in Dr. Sharpless it has enjoyed the good fortune of having an ideal head. No universal rule can be laid down for the guidance of young men choosing a college; but there are unquestionably many for whom a college like Haverford would be best, and who simply drift with the tide in going to the big universities. As the *Philadelphia Inquirer* says, "Dr. Sharpless has always set great store by having students come into close contact with the professors, something which is impossible in the large institutions. He thinks this makes for individuality and for a better developed character." A point of no little interest may be noted in connection with the remark made by that newspaper that "the ideal would seem to be to have young men and women take their purely college course at small institutions and go to the universities for higher training." How short a time it is since the idea of young women going in for the ordinary college

curriculum seemed a striking novelty, yet now to have them thought of as going to college in preparation for the higher training of the university is a mere matter of course.

'95

Officers' Club, NG. US. PA.
Battery D, Second Pennsylvania
Field Artillery,

Camp Stewart, El Paso, Texas.
Editor of HAVERFORDIAN:

It has been my uncomfortable fortune to be located down here on the border since last June, and though with my regiment my heart has lately been in thought on the Haverford football field. What a glorious victory! Greatest congratulations! It is always like Haverford to build up a clean-cut capable team of winning against a clean-cut enemy, and such an enemy for football! It takes one back to the old days, and if ever there is occasion to fight here I hope it will be a clean touchdown for Uncle Sam in the interest of peace for our ignorant neglected neighbor, really only a half-civilized people, not even a worthy enemy—more to be pitied than shot at. I want to congratulate Haverford on its foresight in establishing the Mexican Scholarship which the newspapers have been taking notice of. Only we must start with the myriads of infants around the "dobie" houses. It is a case of cleaning up and then education,—a sad case for Uncle Sam to handle. The American youth in the National Guard has proved that the country can develop men-at-arms, if need be,

from every walk of life. Life in the open develops the best there is in a man.

Three cheers for the "scarlet and black!"

Lieutenant ERROLL B. HAY,
Class 1895.

November 11, 1916.

To the Editor of the HAVERFORD-
IAN:

May I ask the privilege of your columns in order to bring to the attention of your readers an opportunity for men who are eager to help in connection with the American Ambulance Field Service in France?

We have had sections of American volunteers on the Yser, on the Aisne, on the Somme, in Champagne, at Verdun, in Lorraine, and in Reconquered Alsace, and we have recently sent a section of thirty-five ambulances and men to Salonica to serve with the French Army of the Orient. In this Service have been graduates or students of more than fifty American colleges and universities. In sharing many of the hardships and some of the risks of the French soldiers, and by the rapid and tender transport of their wounded, they have won many tributes from the French Army and have gained many expressions of appreciation from the French people. More than fifty of these volunteers have received the *croix de guerre*, and two have received the *medaille militaire*, the highest decoration for valor at the disposition of the Army.

As illustrating the spirit in which France receives our efforts, I would cite the following recent tributes:

When at the end of September, 1916, one of our ambulance sections was suddenly detached from an army division in Lorraine, in order to join the French Army of

the Orient in the Balkans, the general in command of the division with which this section had served expressed himself as follows:

"At the moment when an unexpected order of departure deprives the 129th Division of American Sanitary Section No. 3, the general of the Division desires to express to all its members his deepest thanks. Since the 25th April, 1916, the Section has followed the Division to the various points on the front where it has been in action: at Lay St. Christophe, in the dangerous sector of Thiaumont, at Verdun, and at Bois-le-Prete. The American volunteers have everywhere shown an unforgettable example of devotion. They carry away with them the gratitude of our wounded, the admiration of all those who have seen them at work, and regrets caused by their departure. They leave behind them an example which it will be sufficient to recall when in another Verdun their successors will be called upon to show the courage and self-abnegation so necessary in the accomplishment of their mission."

A week later, the general in command of the division in the vicinity of Dead Man's Hill near Verdun, with which another of our sections had been serving, wrote as follows:

"I wish to express to you my congratulations for the unwearied activity, the devotion, and the fearless contempt of danger shown by the drivers of American Sanitary Section No. 2 under your command, since their arrival at the Division and particularly in the course of the days and nights from the 18th to the 20th September.

"The American drivers have shown themselves worthy sons of the great and generous nation for

the emancipation of which our ancestors shed their blood."

These are characteristic examples, of which many more might be cited, of the feeling of the French Army toward the American Ambulance Field Service. I will quote only one more tribute from a letter just received from an officer upon the staff of General Joffre:

"The work of the American Ambulance Field Service is the most beautiful flower of the magnificent wreath offered by the great America to her valiant little Latin sister. Those who, like you and your friends, are consecrating themselves entirely to our cause, up to and including even the sacrifice, deserve more than our gratitude. It is impossible for the future to separate them from our own."

With this record of splendid and deeply appreciated service before them, I sincerely hope that more university men may feel stimulated to emulate their comrades in France. We can today send two more sections to the front from the cars at hand or under con-

struction in Paris, as soon as we can secure sufficient volunteers to man them. Certainly the opportunity will never come again for the youth of America to render such a service, not only to France, but to their own country and to themselves as well.

An authoritative account of the work of the American Ambulance Field Service can be found in the book "Friends of France," written by members of the Service, and just published by the Houghton, Mifflin Co., but the qualifications and requirements for the Service can be stated in a few words.

We need regularly thirty or forty volunteers a month to take the place of the men compelled to return to America at the expiration of their term of enlistment, and an even greater number to make possible a further development of the Service.

The French Army regulations require that all men who go into the field enlist for a period of six months. At the expiration of the initial enlistment, men are permit-

Zimmerman's

MEN'S

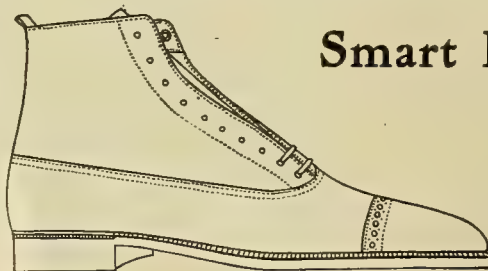
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ted to re-engage themselves for periods of three months. Volunteers must be American citizens, must be able to drive and take care of a Ford car, must be willing and physically able to face the conditions of life at the front, and above all, must be loyal to the cause of France and the Allies, and in character and ideals worthy representatives of America.

Three hundred dollars (\$300) should cover all necessary expenses for six months, passage over and back from New York, uniform, equipment and living expenses. But this estimate only covers the strictly military part of a driver's equipment. Heavy boots, gloves, warm underclothing, are not included. Volunteers need allow nothing for board and lodging after reaching Paris. While in Paris, they will find a home at the Headquarters of the Field Service, 21, rue Raynouard. In the field, they receive army rations and lodging, and special needs in these matters are provided for by the Field Service.

Men wishing to join the Field Service should communicate with Mr. Henry Sleeper, care Lee, Higginson & Co., 44 State Street, Boston, Mass., or Mr. W. R. Here-

ford, 14 Wall Street, New York City.

Sincerely yours,

A. PLATT ANDREW,

Inspector-General of the American Ambulance Field Service.

On the Friday evening preceding the Swarthmore Game the Alumni of the Pacific Coast held the dinner of the California Haverford graduates in Los Angeles. Among those present were E. O. Kennard, '81; Horace Y. Evans, '87; C. H. V. R. Jansen, '89; C. E. Newlin, '02; Ralph W. Trueblood, '05; A. L. Marshburn, '12; J. L. Baily, '12; M. Kojima, '13.

After the Haverford Swarthmore game several members of the Classes of 1889 and 1890 took dinner together at the Merion Cricket Club as the guests of Henry P. Baily, of the Class of 1890.

'92

The Class of '92 held its annual reunion and dinner on November 25th at the University Club, Philadelphia. It was one of the largest dinners ever held. Twelve members were present, including % P. Jones who had been unable to attend for several years. Those present were—A. W. Blair, Richard



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A book entitled "The Mastoid Process," by Gilbert J. Palen, A.B., M.D., has just been published.

'96

W. C. Sharpless has just entered the University Hospital for an operation upon his arm.

Dr. J. Babbitt, P.G. '96, and Mrs. Babbitt held open house for tea after the Swarthmore Game for old members of the Cabinet and Haverford football teams.

Thomas H. Haines, Ph.D., M.D., Clinical Director of the Bureau of Juvenile Research, has written a pamphlet on "The Increasing Cost of Crime in Ohio," recently published by the Ohio Board of Administration. It is the tenth publication of the Board and the fourth bulletin of the Bureau of Juvenile Research.

'97

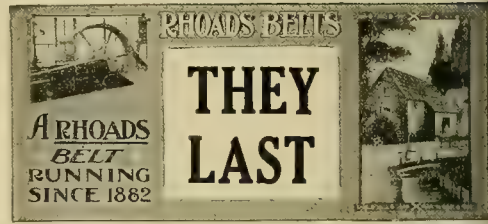
Alfred M. Collins has just been re-elected President of the Main Line Citizens' Association. He is going on another exploring tour in January.

'03

I. Sheldon Tilney is the floor member of the firm of Walker Brothers, Stock Brokers, 71 Broadway, New York.

Howard M. Trueblood, 569 Barrett Avenue, Haverford, is Assistant Professor in Electrical Engineering at the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. J. Kent Worthington is now at 709 Hume-Mansur Building, Indianapolis. He has taken over the office and practice of a surgeon who died suddenly August 1st.



This ancient belt drives a flour mill at Doylestown, Pa. It was originally an 18-inch double. After considerable service it was reinforced with a 6-inch strip on each edge. In this form it has completed thirty-four years of service, and looks good for years to come.

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George Pierce has left Baltimore in order to conduct research work in organic chemistry for Colgate and Company at the Jersey City Laboratories.

Robert L. Simkin, of Chungking, West China, writes:—

"We have just two weeks before the opening of our autumn term, for the Chinese make so much more of the New Year Holidays than we do that we have to give them a longer play time than and a relatively shorter vacation in the summer. Many of my students will have had very little rest this summer, for nearly half of them chose to remain during the summer in the dormitory and employed one of our teachers to give them special instruction in Physics, Chemistry, and Mathematics. The climate here, being much hotter than at Haverford, makes work during the summer more trying. I am hoping to send several of our best graduates to the University of Chengtu. If I succeed in inspiring in them the hope of a better education and the determination to secure it I shall consider our temporary stay in Chungking well worth while. There are so few in this section of China who have secured a really thorough college education that even the high school student scarcely realizes that there can lie anything beyond. The University is progressing as well as can be expected, but it takes time to build up in the high schools an expectation of going on to college, when so recently graduation from High School was for most students the last word in education."

'06

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas K. Brown, Jr., who has been named Thomas K. Brown, 3rd.

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'07

E. R. Tatnall, President of the Franklin Coal and Coke Company, has recently announced the opening of two new offices, one at 1032 Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, and one in the Whitehall Building, New York City.

J. E. Hollingsworth has removed from Ackworth, Iowa, to 1259 Redman Avenue, Marshall, Missouri, where he is teaching in Missouri Valley College. He has taken his Ph.D. at Chicago University. His dissertation was on the "Antithesis in the Attic Orators." After completing his work at Chicago University he taught in Spokane, Washington, where he took an active part in the Classical Association of the Northwest and in organizing the Spokane Classical Club.

Willard E. Swift is with the United States Envelope Company, Worcester, Massachusetts. His address is Massachusetts Avenue.

Alfred B. Morton has entered the Law School of the University of Maryland. Mr. Morton is in the real estate business with offices in the Title Building, Baltimore.

'08

Cecil K. Drinker, of the Department of Physiology, Harvard Medical School, published an article in *Science*, N. S., Vol. XLIV., No. 1141, Pages 676-678, November 10, 1916 on "Preparation for Medicine."

'10

C. D. Morley, who held the Rhodes Scholarship, is writing regularly for *Life*, and has just finished a novel which is to be published shortly.

W. L. G. Williams, who also held a Rhodes Scholarship, is teaching in the Mathematical De-

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Mr. Harold Alan Furness has announced his engagement to Miss Amy Charlotte Olander, of Aberdeen, South Dakota.

'12

Hans Froelicher, Jr., was admitted to the bar in Maryland in August last. He has opened an office for the general practice of law at Room 659, Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Froelicher was a member of the campaign committee of the Woodrow Wilson League of Mary-

land, arranging several meetings to further the re-election of the President. He delivered more than twenty speeches during the campaign in the interest of the President.

Robert Everts Miller was married to Miss Elizabeth D. Keller on December sixth at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. At home after the first of May, Wheatland Avenue, beyond School Lane, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

'14

Paul Sangree is doing a very successful bond business affiliated with the firm of Rufus Waples & Co.

Joshua A. Cope is teaching Forestry at the Westtown School.

L. B. Lippman has gone to Boston for the winter.

E. M. Pharo is working for a Philadelphia paper.

Douglas Waples is doing Library Extension work at Harvard.

A son was recently born to H. W. Taylor.

E. Rice is working for the New York Shipbuilding Company at the New York plant.

C. R. Williams has just entered the employ of the Richardson Scales Company, Passaic, N. J.

'15

E. R. Dunn has an article in *Science*, volume 44, number 1144, on the "Song of Fowler's Toad." He is at present revising the Genus *Spelerpes* of the salamanders.

'16

John Kuhns is at present with an invalid mother at the Hotel Traymore, Atlantic City.

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1917

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Eternity

*A voice at night that speaks of awe
and fears,
A scarlet cloud that breathes desire
and love,
A leaden sky that oft lets fall its
tears
Creep in succession thru relentless
years.*

—Donald H. Painter, '17.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXVIII.

HAVERFORD, PA., JANUARY, 1917

No. 7

Richard Wagner, Friedrich Nietzsche and the Spirit of Modern Germany

WITH the lapse of years Friedrich Nietzsche and Richard Wagner stand forth as the two most commanding figures in the aesthetic history of modern Germany. The time has passed when the writings of the one and the music of the other were subjects of acrimonious debate. Both the musician and the poet-philosopher have attained a high and secure rank that is acknowledged even by their severest critics. And the works and personalities of these men have acquired an added interest since the outbreak of the present War. Neither can be ignored in a complete and satisfying analysis of Germany's spiritual equipment for the conflict. True, it has become the first article of the creed of every English and Anglo-American writer that Germany has no spiritual background, that the War is primarily a contest between spirit and brute force, along with many other platitudes that are too well known to bear repetition. But this theory, while it may be very flattering to the self-righteousness of the Allies, will not bear the light of close investigation. No nation could have passed through Germany's terrific ordeal without the support of a profound and genuine idealism. Both Wagner and Nietzsche, the two most powerful modern factors in moulding the thought and sentiment of their countrymen, are essentially idealists, although their conception of idealism would probably not satisfy an English clergyman of the mid-Victorian period.

In some degree Wagner did for German music what Lessing, a century before, had done for German drama. Before the advent of the Bayreuth master no one had thought of looking in German legends for an operatic plot. Even the earlier German composers, Glück, Mozart and Beethoven, had been accustomed to use classic or Italian subjects for their operas. But Wagner, in the face of a storm of pedantic criticism, proceeded to appropriate the rich treasures of Teutonic mythology. With the exception of "Rienzi" and "Tristan und Isolde" there is not one of his music-dramas that is not based on a German poem or legend. The mighty Ring tetralogy, to which he owed so much of his

fame, was welded together out of isolated incidents from the Nibelungen Lied. And all these stories date from a period when Germany was not weak and disunited, as she was before 1871, but strong and formidable. The medieval operas, in particular, bring back recollections of the vanished glory of the Saxon, Franconian and Swabian emperors.

But it was through his music, rather than through his dramatic ideas, that Wagner attained his widest influence. Now the Wagnerian music is certainly calculated to exert a profound emotional and intellectual effect upon appreciative auditors. Contempt for conventional morality and the inevitable yielding of everything to the supreme law of love is the message of "Tristan und Isolde." Pagan ideals of character and conduct are glorified in the bright, heroic figure of Siegfried, the dominating figure in the Ring. Here again, in Brunnhilde's disobedience to her father, human ordinances have to give way to a higher and more universal impulse. Moreover, the defiant acts of Siegfried and Brunnhilde, of Tristan and Isolde, are expressed in music of unexampled power and virility. The wild whirr and sweep of the Ride of the Valkyrs might almost transform a pacifist convention into a cavalry charge. Everywhere, in these surging, portentous dramas, the element of strife is prominent, whether it be the actual clash and din of physical combat or the subtler emotional stress that finds expression in the conflict of mighty personalities. There is a rugged power even in the stage setting of the operas. Wagner is not given to parlor and drawing-room scenes. His characters love and hate and weep and laugh under the most elemental conditions: in the shade of huge caves, on the banks of broad rivers, on the slopes of lofty mountains. Now all this pent-up emotional energy has been more or less diffused in all civilized countries, with the recent wide popularity of the composer's music. But if an Englishman or an American can feel powerfully affected by these works, based on foreign legends and written in a strange tongue, imagine the effect on the naturally emotional German, when he hears the vague, indefinable aspirations of the primitive bards of the Fatherland suddenly voiced in bold verse and in music that seems to beat on the heavens as on a brazen shield! A generation that has been captivated from childhood with Wagner's Valhallas, rainbow bridges and Nibelungen hoards might be pardoned for falling asleep and waking with the dream of world conquest.

It must not be imagined from these reflections that I wish to fix any share of the elusive responsibility for the War on the shoulders of Richard Wagner. The spirit of courage, devotion and idealism which he infused into his countrymen was altogether for the good, and served

as a wholesome antidote for the wave of materialism and philistinism which threatened to set in during the economic development of the empire. Just as some of our own New England thinkers helped to give us the moral stamina to fight through our greatest war without flinching, so Wagner, with his sonorous trumpet notes, awoke the slumbering warrior spirit of Germany and gave his native country some measure of the indomitable resolution that has been so much in evidence during the past two years.

One treads on dangerous ground when he speaks of Nietzsche in connection with the War. For a number of enterprising writers, perhaps allured by the phonetic euphony, have pronounced the fatal formula, "Nietzsche, Treitschke, Bernhardi"; and have promptly condemned the whole trio as the embodiment of the demon that has seduced Germany into her present evil courses. Now Friedrich Nietzsche was as far removed as any man could be from the bombastic chauvinism of the Treitschkes, Bernhardis and Scharnhorsts. Some of the things that he has written about Prussia and Prussian Junkerism might well have appeared in an English periodical of the present day. The tone of his works suggests France, sometimes Italy, almost never Germany. Through all his books, with the exception of a few unworthy late productions, there runs a continuous strain of southern warmth and gaiety. In handling prose he possesses a light, firm touch, which is certainly not characteristic of the typical German author. Yet a close study of the man and his message will reveal the fact that he exerted a profound, though subtle influence on the development of the spirit which his country has displayed in the course of the War.

In the first place, it is a consummate piece of critical stupidity to brand Nietzsche as a purely destructive influence. Whatever his faults may be, lack of original and constructive thought is not one of them. Alike in the coldly analytical "Human, All-Too-Human" and in the passionately lyrical "Thus Spake Zarathustra," he is constantly indulging in the most daring speculations in every field, from morals to economics. In fact he is so rich and exuberant in the expression of new ideas that he often lays himself open to the charge of contradictoriness and inconsistency. But, at all events, his unquestionably great destructive power is more than surpassed by his genius as a creator. Many of his theories, of course, are fantastic; many are only of interest to students along specialized lines. But he can claim credit for giving to the world one of the most important moral conceptions of modern times. This conception was not the Superman or the Eternal Recurrence. It was rather the substitution of a dynamic for a static view of morality. Pre-

vious systems of morals, being closely allied with forms of religious faith, were based on the assumption that there are certain immutable laws of right and wrong, which have been revealed through the life and teachings of some man or deity, the founder of the religion in question. On the other hand, Nietzsche maintains that these supposedly immutable laws are really as shifting as the sands of the desert, that they undergo radical transformations with the changing biological and economic conditions of different lands. The world of philosophy has been an irreparable loser by the unfortunate malady which struck down the brilliant thinker just as he was on the point of giving permanent form to his sweeping readjustment of ethical values. As a result of this break we are compelled to be content with the aphorisms and paradoxes in which, like Heraclitus, he veiled most of his teaching. But, even in its imperfect condition, the influence of Nietzsche's system on modern Germany can only be compared to that of a violent electric thunderstorm. There are several reasons why the poet-philosopher was calculated to make such a decisive impression on his age; but I shall only mention two or three of the more obvious causes of his popularity and wide acceptance.

In more marked degree than any philosopher since Plato he was endowed with the precious gift of style. Kant, Hegel, Fichte, Schelling, and the rest of the Teutonic sages can only be read by the uninitiated layman by a heroic effort of will-power. There is an element of rugged strength in Schopenhauer; but even here the thought is decidedly preferable to the expression. But the magic of Nietzsche's style has fascinated many who indignantly repudiate his conclusions. The short, incisive sentences, winged like arrows and biting as the winter snow, the dazzling epigrams, worthy of Chamfort and Rochefoucauld, the gorgeous bursts of color and the magnificent rhythms of the great prose-poem, "Zarathustra," all these features of his writing have won for Nietzsche many readers who would never open a book of technical philosophy. Then he appeared on the scene at a time when the foundations of the old faith had been terribly shaken by a combined attack of the forces of scientific materialism and critical research. People had become hardened to statements which, a few generations before, would have provoked an outburst of shuddering awe. The outworks of religion had been so badly battered that Nietzsche's attack on its main citadel found considerable sympathy. And in many ways the author was peculiarly well qualified for his role of religious iconoclast. Not only did he have the gift of merciless analysis and keen satire, but he also inherited from the Protestant Reformation, that movement which

he so heartily despised, a quality of intense moral earnestness, which gives to his work a tone of convincing sincerity. Somewhere Nietzsche makes the observation that Christianity would eventually be destroyed through the element of intense spiritual conscientiousness and zeal for truth which it had itself introduced. Whether or not this prophecy will prove to have any basis in fact, there can be little doubt that Nietzsche's own scepticism was more intense, more genuine and more sincere because of his long line of pious ancestors.

Admitting that he is one of the most formidable modern enemies of Christianity, I still think that too much has been made of Nietzsche's irreligion. Goethe and Stendhal, the other members of the post-Renaissance pagan group, were both at bottom more profoundly irreligious than Friedrich Nietzsche. But Goethe treats the whole question with an attitude of detachment and indifference, while Stendhal's incomparable brilliance is only appreciated by a small circle of readers. Nietzsche, on the other hand, more outspoken than Goethe and more widely read than Stendhal, has really received more than his fair share of abuse from upholders of the old beliefs.

Now a word as to the much-discussed character of Nietzsche's influence on modern Germany. It has been, I think, potent both for good and for evil. No man can initiate such sweeping and revolutionary changes in the popular conception of morality without doing a great deal of unintentional harm. In justice to the author it may be said that he fully recognized this danger and never expressed any striking or radical theory merely for the sake of creating a sensation. His idea of the transitoriness of moral values requires, of course, very careful handling. This idea, combined with the philosopher's passionate contempt for sham and affectation, has probably helped to make his country more cynical, in outward appearance at least, in its observance of treaties and principles of international law. He is inclined to emphasize the virile side of character at the expense of the more humane emotions.

But there is a brighter side to the influence of Nietzsche on Germany. More than any other man, perhaps, he prevented the economic reconstruction of the empire from engrossing the entire attention of the people. That Germany did not fall into the cultural slough of twentieth century America is due in no small measure to the life and work of Friedrich Nietzsche. With a trumpet call that is clear and high he summons his followers back from the treacherous lowlands of modern materialism to the heights of ancient Greece, where the wind blows strong and free. And the heroic element in his teaching is responsible, in no small degree, for the magnificent spirit which Germany has shown

in the present War, a spirit so resolute and undaunted in the face of overwhelming odds that one is compelled to admire it without regard to the justice of its cause. The future will forget many details of Nietzsche's philosophy; but it will remember that he stood for ideals of culture, heroism and aesthetic beauty in an age that was too much obsessed with commercialism, philistinism and cheap sentimentality.

—W. H. Chamberlin, '17.

To a Friend in Sorrow

Catullus 96

*Ah, Calvus, if there can come to the mute ears of dear ones departed
Any note grateful to hear, happiness born from our woe,
When those affections of old we review and, mournfully longing,
Silently weep for the friends lost to us long years ago,—
Ah, Calvus, then must the all-too-early death of Quintilia
Bring to her heart less grief than joy in thy love's tender glow.*

—J. W. Spaeth, Jr., '17.

The Brave Man With a Sword

*"The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword. . . ."*

TIME: *Night.*

PLACE: *A dungeon in a tower of the castle.*

CHARACTERS: *An old man.*

Agrarius, a youth.

Magdalene, a child.

Yaughan.

It is very dark in the cell. Through the barred window one sees only the blackness of night. Yaughan is seated on a slab of stone, with his hands to his head. The curfew in the belfry-tower strikes, but he does not hear it. He is engrossed in his thoughts, which are neither joyous nor gloomy; his features are as expressionless as those of a mask. He sits perfectly still as though lifeless, nor does he hear the jangling of keys and approaching footsteps: it is only when the heavy door bangs and the old man is in the cell that Yaughan looks up.

THE OLD MAN. Good day, my son.

YAUGHAN. Who art thou that shouldst wish my last day on earth to be good?

THE OLD MAN. I am a stranger. I chanced to be passing through these parts with my grandchild and I heard of thee. The townspeople were all talking about thee.

YAUGHAN. The townspeople always talk about men who do as I have done. But tell me what dost thou wish of me and why thou camest hither.

THE OLD MAN. I came to bid thee be of good cheer. I came to tell thee that I understand why thou didst that which thou didst. There is another youth in the town and he too understandeth. He is with my little granddaughter, but he will come in unto thee presently.

YAUGHAN. Why should they come, since I do not wish to see them? I only have a few hours of life and I wish to be left alone. Why should I be disturbed even in my last moments; who are they that they should wish to see me?

THE OLD MAN. The youth is he whom they call Agrarius; he is an honest lad and he wisheth to comfort thee. Magdalene is my grandchild; the youth is taking care of her. They do not wish to disturb thee nor to offer thee advice. Agrarius wishes to speak to thee for a moment to tell thee that he un-

derstandeth and that his heart is heavy that thou shouldst have to die.

YAUGHAN. I do not believe that the youth understandeth; he is too young. The child may peradventure know. . . .

THE OLD MAN. Shame on thee! The child knoweth nothing.

YAUGHAN. Tell me why thou art here, for I do not believe that thou knowest why I did that which I did.

THE OLD MAN. This morning, my son, I heard the townspeople say that the governor of the country asked thee whether thou wouldst suffer a priest to come in unto thee and absolve thee of thy sins. Thou didst not answer the governor of this country nor didst thou suffer the priest to come in unto thee. Wherefore didst thou this?

YAUGHAN. The sight of the priest would have filled me with fear. The priest is a young man and his face is red and he hath a loud laugh. How could he absolve me of having murdered my wife if he did not know why I did it? That is why I did not wish to see him; he is young and hath a red face and his God is not my God nor hath he lived long enough to understand.

THE OLD MAN. The youth of whom I spake cometh; I can hear steps in the hall and the jangling of keys. He walketh blithely, for he is young, yet he told me that he understood. The door openeth; here is he whom men call Agrarius.

Enter Agrarius and Magdalene.

AGRARIUS. My blessing, brother.

YAUGHAN. Wherefore dost thou bless me? I have no need of thy blessing; thou shouldst curse me even as the townspeople curse me.

MAGDALENE. Let us curse him! The townspeople curse him, and the townspeople are always right.

AGRARIUS. Hush, Magdalene!

YAUGHAN. Thou art but a youth and thy face is smooth as the face of a maid; thy voice is shrill and thou hast no great knowledge. Wherefore dost thou pretend that thou understandest wherefore I did that which I did?

THE OLD MAN. Thou lovedst her well, Yaughan. Speak therefore to us about her. The townspeople say that she was very beautiful.

YAUGHAN. She was very beautiful. A smile played about her mouth and her eyes laughed with sheer glee and merriment. When she smiled thus it was as the moonbeams dancing on the lake

and her laugh was even as the melody of a rippling brook through the forest.—But why do I speak of her to you? Ye do not understand; no one understandeth.

AGRARIUS. A burgess said that her tresses were long and golden and as she leaned from out her bower-casement that they touched the pavement of the court.

YAUGHAN. Her hair was soft and golden as the honey of sweet Hybla bees. It fell over her shoulders and even lower than her feet. Kings would have thrown their crowns asunder to kiss her hair, even though it were but once, and vanish thence, unknown, unseen, unsung—into the night.

THE OLD MAN. The tanner said her eyes were blue—

AGRARIUS. Another townsman avowed that they were brown—

MAGDALENE (*monotonously*). The townsmen said her eyes were very beautiful. The townsmen are always right.

YAUGHAN. Sometimes her eyes were violet as the veils of eve that creep up the mountainside slowly, to meet the long black shadows of the night. Sometimes they were clear and limpid blue as the lakes in the depths of the forest where the naiads and the fairy-folk weave garlands of fragrant flowers. Sometimes they were as deep and troubled as an angry sea; sea-green they were and cerulean even as if her mother had been a mermaid and Neptune her sire. Sometimes they were luminous as precious pearls that fisher-folk deliver up unto queens. . . . They were as stars to which men look to guide them on their way and give them hope to live until the morrow; yet they lived not the life of a star. . . .

AGRARIUS. Her mouth, they said, was very full and sweet, meet to be fed and kissed by emperors. . . .

YAUGHAN. Her mouth was red as though the sweetest rose of June had lain and feasted on it, yea, and found it sweet. On it the blood-red rose of love had left the savor and the color of its fragrant kiss. The dying sun's last crimson gasp amid the sombre sky was not as crimson as her mouth. Rose-petals were her lips, ever abloom, their perfume wafted by her soft-sweet breath as gentle zephyrs fan the roses' scent in summertime. . . . Her cheeks were wan as are the waters of a rivulet, pallid and white even with the virginal candour of the lily. They were pale as are the cliffs on which the ghosts of the sea have laid their pallid faces at the dawn. . . . Her cheek was soft and creamy-white, and full her throat;

as marble from the isles of Greece her shoulders were. Her arms were long and lithe, sinuous and winding as the mountain paths, moving as a snake crawling hither and yon on the breast of the earth.

MAGDALENE. The townsmen said her hands were very beautiful. The townsmen—

YAUGHAN. Her hands were long and thin and even as ivory; their very touch was a caress. . . . Ah!

A pause.

MAGDALENE. Thou art a wicked man, Yaughan. The townsmen cursed thee and the townsmen spake the truth. They would spit upon thee and smite thee with their fists could they but come near enough unto thee. Why didst thou kill her, O thou evil man?

YAUGHAN. Do ye tell her.

AGRARIUS. Magdalene, thou shalt not judge lest thou be judged thyself. He slew her because she was unfaithful—

THE OLD MAN. The townsmen curse him, my child, because they understand not. The townsmen saw him kill her, but they know not the reason thereof. We know not wherefore he killed her and we must not curse him.

MAGDALENE. The townsmen are always right and they always speak the truth.

THE OLD MAN. But they wot not that he slew her because her heart was black with treachery and she was unclean in body and impure in mind.

AGRARIUS. He dealt her the death of an adulteress even as she deserved; but the townsmen know not this, wherefore they would have him done to death.

YAUGHAN. Ye are wrong, my friends. Ye know not why. . . .

AGRARIUS. She was too beautiful to die!

YAUGHAN. I slew her not because she was unfaithful.

MAGDALENE (*sobbing*). How beautiful she was! She was too beautiful to live.

Yaughan looks at her, surprised. His expression then becomes fixed and his features are absolutely expressionless as he murmurs in a low, even voice:

The child alone has said it, yet she understandeth not.

—Jacques G. C. Schuman *Le Clercq*, '18.

The Influence of the Modern Newspaper

ONLY within recent times have we begun to consider the importance of the influence which is exerted by our modern newspaper. We are beginning to realize that our newspaper is an important product of civilization and a product which has kept step with civilization itself. The days of the small journal, which was dominated completely by the personality of its editor, are gone; and instead we have our modern newspaper—organized, efficient, and run on strictly business principles.

There are two groups of causes leading to the growth of the newspaper: first, the reduction in expenses, and secondly, the improvements in operation. The expense of publishing a newspaper has been cut down considerably by the lowering of delivery and collection rates and the use of wood-pulp, while the introduction of linotype machines, multiple presses, and the photo-process of illustrating, has made it possible to print a much improved paper in a much shorter time.

But greater than either of these is another cause for this development which is both vital and far-reaching, and this cause is found in the wonderful growth of advertising. Our first dailies carried only a very little advertising—a few legal notices, an appeal for the return of a stray cow, or a word about a house for sale, but now yearly figures show the immense sums invested in advertising. Most of the large department stores and manufacturing firms in the United States spend each about a million dollars a year to advertise their goods, and no one has been able to calculate the capital set aside for local purposes. This seems perhaps like a waste of money, but the tremendous power of advertising to carry an idea into the minds of the people and stamp it there is amazing, and sometimes even amusing. Formerly a speaker used a quotation from the Bible or Shakespeare when he wanted to strike a common chord, but nowadays he works in an allusion to some advertising phrase and is sure of instant and universal recognition.

This rapid growth of advertizing has aided the newspaper in a material way, since the increased volume of advertising has forced our papers to create special departments for its care, and these departments, by their growth in efficiency and importance, have proved themselves to be the chief factor in financing a newspaper. Indeed, so completely is advertising the source of all profits that there is not a single newspaper in America which can be printed at its selling price. The average newspaper receives an income from its advertising nine times that of its subscriptions and sales combined, while successful papers cover their

expenses with their advertising alone. The possibilities of this method were seen a short time ago by some students at Yale, who ran a college paper supported only by "ads" and placed a free copy every morning before each student.

And now we must consider the different influences which act on the newspaper itself, because these influences are definite and important and should be considered before taking up those influences which the newspaper itself exerts. There are two forces, it is thought, which threaten the independence of the modern newspaper, and these two forces are represented by the advertisers and owners of the paper. Taking up first the advertisers, we find that the power of advertising is tremendous and is one of the most significant things in modern journalism. It is a new power and, so far as we can judge, its influence has generally been for the good. It is advertising which has enabled the press to outdistance its old rivals, the pulpit and the platform, and thus become the great ally and interpreter of public opinion. Moreover, honest advertising has brought the producer and consumer into closer and more direct contact and has, in certain cases, actually abolished the middleman. But there are strong arguments to support the fear that advertising will have a harmful effect on the press. Advertisers are now becoming aggressive and look upon the giving of an advertisement to a publisher as something of a favor for which they have a right to expect additional courtesies in the news or editorial columns. This condition may be responsible for the fact that our newspapers are no longer organs but organizations, and if journalism is no longer a profession, but a commercial enterprise, it is due largely to the growth of advertising.

The second force which may be exerted against the freedom of a newspaper is that exerted by the owners of the paper. Here is the confession of a New York journalist: "There is no such thing as independent press. I am paid for keeping honest opinions out of the paper I am connected with. If I should allow honest opinions to be printed in one issue of my paper, before twenty-four hours my occupation, like Othello's, would be gone. The business of a New York journalist is to distort the truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to vilify, to fawn at the foot of Mammon, and to sell his country and his race for his daily bread. We are the tools or vassals of the rich men behind the scenes. Our time, our talents, our lives, our possibilities, are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes." This extreme statement is interesting, since it reflects the opinion of many people who admit that the editors are the "moulders of public opinion" but ask who are the "moulders of the editors." The danger of these influences, however,

is plainly more or less exaggerated, for an editor who is afraid to offend must discuss topics about which everyone agrees or nobody cares. Such a policy would certainly produce a colorless newspaper.

The newspapers themselves do not feel that either the advertisers or owners are greatly to be feared, and they consider of great importance the existence of defects within the paper itself, such as carelessness and inaccuracy. A common example of this is the ease with which a witness of any event will often be able to discover mistakes in the accounts of the affair which appear in the newspapers. But this is clearly unintentional, and constant effort is being made to correct such faults. Another weakness which the newspapers are outgrowing is blind allegiance to political parties. The days when the Republican organs told the people that the worst Republican was better than the best Democrat, and the Democratic papers said the same about the Republicans, have happily passed, never to return again. The growth of the great politically independent press is one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

And now it is time to consider the influences which the newspaper exerts, because we have reached the conclusion that the newspaper has come to stay. It is indispensable and necessary. An examination of the daily paper makes a man well-informed on the news of the last twenty-four hours. Moreover, the place of the newspaper cannot be filled by a periodical like a weekly review, because the average reader prefers to form his own opinions from the cold facts of the case before he is ready for outside comment. And yet the periodicals have largely usurped the duties of the editorial page of our daily newspaper. Whereas people formerly read the powerful editorials before turning to the few shabby news items in their small papers, now this function of the newspaper has greatly declined in importance and has largely fallen into the hands of national publications, which, from their general nature, discuss most issues more wisely than a local newspaper can from its limited viewpoint. But the news-columns of the newspaper are now the great medium used to extend the influence of the press. Skilled writers have learned to so flavor their articles that readers are unconsciously led to the desired conclusion, and a cleverly written news item will arouse to action a man who would regard with suspicion a pointed editorial on the subject.

In studying our newspapers we immediately find that their influence is exerted along lines dictated by that great force known as public opinion. Advertisers and owners are both dependent upon public opinion, and every paper, to be successful, must understand and aid this popular force. The one great aim of the editors of a paper is to make it a success and for this purpose they will often adopt a policy

of which they do not personally approve. The "funny paper" was not invented because the editors wanted it, but because they found that it appealed to children; and the same is true of other departments. In fact, so completely do our newspapers reflect public opinion that they will be valuable historical references in the future for studying the conditions of today. Newspapers, like works of literature, reflect national characteristics, and therefore the papers of different countries are distinct in form and contents. For example, compare American newspapers with those of Europe. We in America want our impressions quick and complete. In Europe, if a man is the subject of newspaper comment, they describe him at length, but in America we print his picture. All these facts show that the newspapers are very close to the people's thoughts and that there is no more accurate authority on what the people want than the newspapers.

This conclusion is a most important one, because it offers the one sure method of attack on evils which may exist in our newspapers—namely, an attack through the people. Of all public institutions the newspaper is most sensitive to changes in popular taste and it must conform to them or disappear. News will be pictured sensationally only as long as there is an appreciable number of people who desire news in that form. No amount of railing against unwholesome influences will better our press, for public opinion is the controlling force and we, who help to form that opinion, must make it our first thought to encourage in newspapers all that is uplifting and permanent, and to discourage the reverse. That way lies all opportunity for improvement.

—*Kenneth W. Webb, '18.*

Man or Manners?

(Continued)

TWO ordinary weeks went cavorting by in true New York style. Laddie waited, nourishing an optimistic belief that something would happen. The something came as follows:

It was a Saturday morning. A stiff-legged floorwalker passed Laddie's counter at regular intervals, ignorant of the forbidden magazine which her downcast eyes were devouring. She had been idle for several hours. The hand-embroidered and imported lingerie on the fifth floor, found buyers only between eleven and one, when the better class of women ventured to brave the cold in their well-heated limousines.

Laddie, thoroughly absorbed in her story, was gliding past the signor's house in a Venetian canal and casting longing looks up at the dark latticed windows, when a sharp woman's voice called to her across the globe, and demanded the price of a bit of expensive underwear in the show case above her. The girl's head bobbed suddenly above the counter, and the magazine slid to the floor.

"What's that, mam?" she asked, her expression showing deep concern.

"I speak very clearly," replied the customer, eyeing the girl with lofty displeasure.

She was a tall, pompous person, peering with a bored languor through gold lorgnettes at Laddie, who was vaguely speculating at the market value of her gown.

"What is the price of this?" she demanded airily, fingering a dainty creation of Irish lace which the girl had shown her.

"Twelve dollars, mam," Laddie replied casually, letting her glance fall from the woman's face to her diamond-clad breast.

"I like them. Send me half a dozen, size 40. Mrs. J. R. Lindley, 448 Riverside Drive; will you have them there by to-night?"

Laddie's eyes lifted to meet her glance squarely.

"Why—yes, mam—but—how's Horace?"

Then she smiled sweetly as though she were asking, "And how is the dear baby?" of some proud new mother. Of course it was only a chance, but they were rare in New York, so Laddie always took them.

The two words, from their effect, might have been "Presto-change." The lorgnettes dropped, the eyes narrowed, the flabby cheeks contracted, and the two scant eyebrows puckered ominously.

"I beg your pardon, girl! Is it possible that you're inquiring after my son's health!"

"I wasn't sure if he was your son, madam. There were so many in the telephone book: but he looked as if he lived on Riverside Drive."

She lingered on the last phrase and Mrs. Lindley's face registered horror.

"Impossible! You don't know him, a common store girl! I think you're lying!" She darted a keen glance into Laddie's eager eyes.

"I'm not lying, Mrs. Lindley," She answered earnestly. "I had dinner with him one evening! You took his car and made him late getting home, so he stayed down town."

"I can't believe it!" the indignant mother gasped tragically. "Did he make love to you?" she asked, while a shiver passed through her over-dressed body.

"No, he didn't: that's why I liked him," replied Laddie with a calmness which belied her throbbing pulse and flushed cheeks.

"And where did you meet him?" the woman demanded with a fierce glare which said, as plainly as eyes can talk, "You low creature, how dare you entrap my darling son in your snares!" Laddie saw the look, translated it correctly, and smiled back at the woman with ingenuous familiarity.

"I met him through a friend of mine. I hope you will extend to him my kindest regards when you see him: and now—you wish to pay for these, madam?"

Mrs. Lindley gave a disgusted little snort at the imperturbable shopgirl, pulled out her gold purse, sighed deeply and tragically said:

"This is very annoying to me: I did not think my son had stooped so low."

Laddie took the blow calmly, but her cheeks paled and her eyes flashed fire as she exclaimed quietly:

"So low? A rather hasty judgment, isn't it? I'll have them up by six. Thank you, madam."

Then the girl bowed politely and returned the change to her very angry and somewhat bewildered customer: but when she saw the large figure sink out of sight in the elevator her mouth slowly twisted into a grimace.

"Lord, how can he have a mother like that!" she muttered perplexedly.

Two days passed and Laddie began to believe that her "presto change" question had been nothing but a crazy impulse, which could not possibly have helped matters. Lindley was rapidly becoming a memory, and that memory was becoming confused and glorified by a haze of thought pictures which her imaginative mind had built around

him. But on the third evening she sat in her accustomed place at Mrs. Olry's, where she had eaten regularly since the memorable stormy night, and was just about to swallow a spoonful of soup when Lindley's figure appeared outside the door, and the soup fell back into the plate. As he came up the aisle, tall, strong, smartly dressed, with his face wearing the same genial, thoughtful smile which she had admired the former evening, he seemed very wonderful to Laddie: and when he stood by her table, removed his hat, and said "Good evening," it was a small, far-away voice that answered his greeting. He sat down opposite her and his face sobered instantly.

"I came here tonight to try to find you, and tell you what a foolish girl you have been," he began briefly.

Laddie flushed and her ears began to buzz horribly. Lindley's tone was earnest, almost angry, and try as she might she could not lift her eyes to meet his; the longer she kept her lashes lowered the more she felt like a scolded child. Lindley paused, and continued:

"I don't know what gods of chance conspired against me and led my mother to the fifth floor of Wanamaker's, when she rarely shops there: but I do know this, that your very kind solicitation after my health has put me in most horribly wrong. I would have said that you were possessed of a little more tact."

"I am very sorry," murmured Laddie wretchedly.

"Unfortunately, that doesn't help matters. Listen, Laddie," he went on rather bitterly. "I am engaged to the daughter of one of my mother's dearest friends, and to make a long story short, mother insists that I have made love to you, and declares me utterly unfit to be the husband of such a sweet girl as is my fiancée. She also says she will take pains to see that the girl I intend to marry knows about my 'escapade' with you, since no happy marriage can be founded on deceit."

Laddie had listened with turbulent interest. His engagement had been a severe shock: but it was indeed thrilling to know that she might, by any means whatever, come between Lindley and his fiancée.

"You deceived me by not telling me," Laddie declared with a terrific attempt at calmness. "I did not suppose that a gentleman such as you seem to be, would care to talk to strange girls if he were engaged to a girl he loved."

Her eyes challenged his with an injured, half-accusing glance and Lindley looked away. He was thoughtful for a moment and his lips moved nervously.

"You know as well as I," he argued, "that our dealings were purely platonic."

"I told her that."

"You did?"

"Yes; she thought I was lying. I wonder if she thinks all store girls are liars. We have a bad rep. with the upper classes, haven't we? They read too much, and know too little about us, I'm afraid. Our names get in the papers when we have gone astray or committed suicide, but the thousands of good ones are never mentioned."

"Perhaps so. But listen! What I came to say is this: Neither my mother nor her opinion of me are all that they might be. She thinks I'm a hopeless scapegrace, and that none of me is worth anything except one or two minor characteristics that I get from her. Here's the point! Mother is not going to say anything to Julia about you and me, if you or I can prevent it! I'm sorry this has happened, Laddie, and if you will help me out of it, I'll see that you don't lose by it."

"You're very kind!" said Laddie, trying to hide the bitterness in her tone. It was rather a tragedy to have to smooth the path for her hero to travel to the altar with another girl.

"If Julia heard anything of this, it would annoy me greatly," continued Lindley. "You know what a girl is when she's in love."

"I know!" said Laddie understandingly.

"Well, you and I are going to mother and tell her frankly the truth, that we had supper together, conversed casually for half an hour and parted supposedly forever. Is that not the truth?"

"Yes," Laddie agreed meekly, thanking God that he could not read her thoughts. "But won't we have to tell her about tonight too?"

"Certainly, and if she has not the insight to understand the possibility of a man's talking sanely to a girl without anything further, I shall tell Julia myself, and trust that the wife I have chosen is broader-minded than the mother the Lord gave me. And now let's have dinner."

"All right, if you think it's safe," Laddie agreed uncertainly.

"Dangers don't exist until you acknowledge them. I haven't acknowledged you yet, Laddie," he smiled.

"But why will your mother believe me again, if she thought I lied in the store?" she demanded, perplexed.

"If we get together we can make her believe anything," declared the precocious son.

The pair finished their dinner under the malicious gaze of Mamie, who sulked jealously in the rear, and were soon whirling uptown in a taxi: for Lindley declared that there could be no delay, since his ever suspicious mother had reached that peculiar stage of silence and sighs which forestalls a general explosion of feminine emotion. His disagree-

ments with her, he declared, had lately sounded more like the quarrels of married couples than ever before, for they knew each other so horribly well that every scathing sentence sounded old and hackneyed, and every point of difference had been worn threadbare years before.

Laddie sat back in the dark cab, oblivious of the clang of the streets and the lights of Broadway. She was happy to be alone beside Lindley, yet trembling within, at the thought of the scene that was to come. She had decided one thing, that prayers on her knees paid good interest. She had found Lindley again almost by a miracle, and felt strangely sure that she was sailing up Broadway on Wings of Faith, which could not carry her astray.

She listened spell-bound while he talked of himself; of Julia, whom she had learned to hate thoroughly; of travel, of New York, of business, and, last and most, of herself: then the car stopped and Laddie stepped out before a gaily lighted house with a wide piazza around it. For a moment the strangeness of her situation and a sense of unfitness in such surroundings made her courage sink, but she set her teeth, swallowed three times, and followed her god-like hero up to the stately entrance. Inside she had a brief but dazzling impression of rich furniture, Chinese screens, and shining silverware; then heard Lindley saying:

"This way, Laddie; mother's in the library."

As she passed through the door, she remembered her feelings on entering the operating room when she had her appendix removed. She saw the old lady sitting by a reading lamp at the center table, with newspaper fallen to the floor, eyebrows scowling, such as they were, and mouth wide with surprise. Laddie wondered incongruously, whether she could have looked any fiercer if she were suddenly to announce her engagement to Lindley.

"What's this mean, Horace?" she piped shrilly. "How dare you bring that shopgirl into my house?"

Something in the old lady's tone vibrated through the chords of Laddie's sensitive heart, like the cry of a ghost, and turned her pale with anger and resentment. Fear vanished like snow in a furnace and she stood in front of the old lady with a faint smile on her pretty lips, eyes bright, and wits as keen as the scorn in her heart.

Lindley spoke first:

"Mother," he said, calmly but firmly, "I'm tired of arguing with you. I have brought this girl up here tonight to tell you in queen's English what she told you once before in regard to the dinner we had together the other evening."

Mrs. Lindley winked several times, pursed her lips spitefully, and addressed Laddie:

"Why don't you stay behind the counter where you belong instead of worming your way into decent society?" she demanded in a moaning tone which was a cross between reproof and condescending advice. Then, turning a shrewd glance on the other member of the rebellious pair, she addressed her son:

"Horace, I've known you twenty-five years," she snapped, "and you can't tell me, after all your tantrums with girls since you put on knickerbockers, that you've suddenly reached the stage when you will force acquaintance with a shopgirl, take her to dinner, and still conduct yourself in a way befitting a man who is engaged to a girl of your fiancée's station in society. If such be the case, it doesn't speak very well for your intellect!"

"Nor for mine!" observed Laddie, with whimsical quietness.

"Then you think we are both liars," said Lindley coldly.

"It looks that way," declared Mrs. Lindley raspingly. Then she sniffed stubbornly and picked up her paper, while the pair looked at each other.

"Mr. Lindley, may I have a few words alone with your mother?" Laddie asked suddenly.

"Certainly!" said the son, in puzzled surprise.

He withdrew quietly, and Laddie calmly pulled up a chair and sat down beside the bewildered mother, who, in spite of her austerity, was taken aback at the thought of a private interview with what she considered little better than a streetwalker: for she was a "poor old rich lady" who measured humanity by its family name and its bank account, and for whom the working classes were merely subjects for charity, and long-distance sympathy.

"I am very sorry your son has taken a fancy to me, but really I couldn't help it," Laddie began easily.

"Well?" ejaculated the suspicious listener.

"I'm also sorry that chance let you find us out." The girl's tone was a beautiful imitation of a sincere confession. "I took a liking to your son the minute I laid eyes on him in the restaurant. He's a fine-looking man, you know, and I thought he was some high-up stuff; so when he asked if he could sit with me I'd have been a fool to say no, now, wouldn't I? We girls don't get chances like that every day. There's lots of men, but not like him. Well, we had a dandy little dinner, then he asked if he could take me home. I thought there was a taxi and maybe a theatre in for me, so I said 'Sure,' and went with him. I built him a nice little

fire in the sitting-room, such as it is, and we sat before it, on the torn old sofa, and talked confidentially about our lives, and ambitions. I told him about my men friends, and he would have told me about his girls, but they were so stylish and society-like they made me jealous, and I told him they didn't interest me.

"Well, it was warm, and we were very comfortable, and I somehow felt myself drawn toward him; he was very handsome with the firelight on his face, and his manners were so gentle and considerate of a girl's feelings. He kept asking me if he might kiss me and naturally I was crazy to let him, but it doesn't pay to give in too soon. Of course I finally yielded and let him take me in his arms. You know how young people are, Mrs. Lindley! You were young yourself once and forgot sometimes what the world said you must do, and did as you felt. Now please don't scold him or tell Julia about it, because he couldn't help it any more than I could."

During this charming tale Mrs. Lindley's fat face had been going through such a series of contortions that Laddie had found difficulty in refraining from laughter.

"Tell Julia! How do you know her name?" demanded the exasperated old lady.

"He told me all about her, and said if he had been free and never met Julia he might perhaps—"

"He declared he did not make love to you," she interrupted in a trembling voice.

"Naturally he wouldn't confess it to you, of all people," answered Laddie with an air of superior understanding. "Don't tell him I told you this, will you?" she added.

"Bah!" shrieked the old lady, in a full-fledged explosion. "It's lies, lies! every word of it lies! Horace, Horace, come here, my boy!" she called shrilly.

The son, who had been quietly smoking in the billiard room, hurried to the call, while Laddie arose, properly insulted, and faced him with all the dignity and injured pride of an outraged coquette.

Lindley cast a hurried glance first at her, then at his mother.

"Horace," informed Laddie tartly, "I told your mother about the wonderful hours we spent together on my little sofa, and she says it's lies, Mind you, the nerve of it! Lies!"

"And so it is 'lies,'" declared Lindley furiously. "I have never been near that girl's house and don't know even where she lives. I brought her here to tell the truth and this is what I get for it. Once for all, mother, I had no dealings with her beyond an ordinary conversation.

It's my word against hers. Now choose, by Heaven, which will you believe?"

"O my boy! my boy!! I believe you," wept the old lady weakly. "You've got something fair and decent in you somewhere. You couldn't stoop to such a tawdry love as she describes: such cheap park-bench affection is below you. Come here and kiss me."

Then the boy leaned over and kissed his mother, while Laddie withdrew discreetly into the shadows.

"Send that vile girl away, and don't ever go near a shopgirl again. Stay in your own class whatever you do. You will, my boy, I know you will!"

"Mother, she's not so bad!" murmured Lindley, with a new light of understanding in his troubled eyes. "You'll not speak to Julia about this? Please!"

"No, if you promise me—"

"Don't worry, mother; I shan't disgrace either you nor myself."

Thus he left the excited old lady with her paper and her thoughts. He found Laddie leaning against the outer door, patiently awaiting him.

"Well, you fooled me all right," he said in a low tone. "What did you tell her?"

She looked up with a queer, pained expression, and gazed earnestly at Lindley's face.

"She would not believe the truth, so I told her lies about you and me—and pretended to try to win her to my side of the question; then she saw that I was as common as she thought I was, and became willing and glad to believe that my lies were lies. That's the way you've got to handle a woman like her, Horace, but it's a mean job! She has forgiven you. That is all you needed me for. Good-bye!"

It took all the courage she possessed to extend her hand to him, but she held it there, giving him ample opportunity to leave her for all time.

"You little wonder!" he exclaimed slowly, ignoring her hand. "Yet she thinks you're as low as they come, and I might as well tell her that the sun won't rise in the morning as try to make her believe otherwise."

His lips curled in a half-tender, half-cynical smile as he looked back toward the library.

"What can you do with people like her, Laddie?"

"Nothing except to try and not be like them," said Laddie so seriously that he thought her fine eyes were filling with tears.

"Come, I'll take you home," he declared with boyish suddenness.

Seizing her hand, he pulled her down the steps. Before they reached the sidewalk her faint resistance was overcome.

"You ought to leave me now," she warned as they stood waiting for a taxi. "You promised your mother—."

"Hush, child!" he laughed. "Don't advise me. I've got to live my own life, and you're not going home alone."

Laddie silently blessed him, and resigned herself with a free conscience to whatever the future might hold for her.

When they halted before her boarding-house Lindley reached up without hesitation and paid the driver. Laddie was not slow to take the hint.

"It's not very late; won't you come in? It isn't very beautiful inside, but—" she stopped, thankful that the darkness would hide her confusion.

He hesitated for several seconds as if making up his mind. "What's the difference!" he muttered at length. He frankly admired Laddie for the cool, dramatic little scene of which his entrance had formed the climax. Somewhere in the back of his mind, a comparison between Laddie and his intended wife was unconsciously forming itself. He had been curious to carry it further, as soon as he had realized that he was not ashamed to associate Laddie in the same thought with her. With all his faults, he was a stubborn seeker after truth, and seized with a sort of grim satisfaction at the unpleasant realities which humanity is too cowardly, too lazy, or too proud to face. It was a normal process, he thought, to measure each being with whom he came in contact, beside the men or women who had climbed the highest toward his own ideal: for Lindley, being one of those unfortunate unbalanced souls who have the insight to see far beyond the point they have the strength to reach, was considered inconsistent, unsettled, and sometimes utterly lawless by some of his more easy-going companions. They could not quite comprehend the intricate mental construction of a man who could lean over the bar, glass in one hand, bottle in the other, and discuss the social evils of his sex with a straight face. And so Lindley, smiling inwardly at himself, a trifle careless of the future, a trifle uncertain of the present, seized the rusty iron railing firmly, and climbed up the steps.

In the tiny hallway she reached and turned up the gas. They unconsciously looked at each other, and laughed. Behind Laddie's bright, tender eyes was the thought, "Kitty, old girl, he's here, dropped out of the millions. Three days! God made pretty good time."

"Hang your hat there," she said quite simply. "Try to forget you're in a ten-dollar boarding-house, and I'll try to help you."

"Why—this is fine—" he exclaimed with an effort.

"So it is, to some people," she murmured, opening the door into a neat, but cheaply furnished sitting-room. In the fireplace the embers had died to a dull red glow, which cast vague shadows on the four picture-covered walls. She leaned over and stirred the fire while Lindley stood motionless in the background, and watched her thoughtfully. After a little coaxing, the flames danced up and she invited him to sit by her on a gaily colored, old-fashioned sofa with a high back and springs that accurately announced the slightest shift of weight. He sat gingerly down, folded his arms and stared at the fire doggedly.

"If mother could only see you now," mused the girl with a rueful smile, "she'd disown you or else have you treated for insanity."

"It's good to be a little insane sometimes, Laddie. Every one is too rational these days: they run it into the ground. The world is overladen with people who are 'nice and normal,' and as dull as a London fog."

Having thus delivered himself, he realized that it disturbed him to be alone with Laddie as an evening caller. It savored of an intimacy contrasting strongly with the impersonal argument of the hour before. Still, Laddie was refreshing. She came as a complete reaction to Julia, who, charming as she was, lacked the sympathy and understanding that suffering teaches. For the time being, Laddie's vivid personality absorbed him and crowded from his mind the idol of his worship, who, under most conditions, had claimed his sole attentions.

He sat for some moments lost in the coiling flames and she moved up beside him.

"You know women are eternally curious," she broke in softly. "Why did you come home with me to-night?"

"Why?" he hesitated. "I guess it was habit. You were a girl—and girls ought not to travel alone at night, in this city. It's sort of second nature to take a girl home, you know."

"But I'm used to going alone. I can take care of myself," she laughed. "And why did you come in? Was that habit too?"

"No, Laddie, I didn't want to leave you so early, to be quite frank—I wasn't sleepy."

"Oh, that was mean!" she said in a low tone. "You didn't come in because you weren't sleepy, but because I prayed to God that you would."

Lindley darted a careful glance at her averted face and saw that she had spoken earnestly.

"Did you really!" he exclaimed, astonished. "Well, I'm glad I'm here: yet I don't know why I came. I never dreamed of it when I left

home. I pitied you at my house. You were brave and suffering and helpless. I was a stranger, and you did more to get me out of trouble than some girls would do for their lovers."

"Not more than I would do—"

She checked herself and he filled in her sentence.

"'For mine,' you were going to say?"

"Why—yes," she admitted confusedly, turning away.

Lindley studied, for a moment, the squatting, shadowy figure beside him, and wondered how such a little being could so completely fill a room for him. She had drawn her feet up beneath her skirt and was sitting perched like an Egyptian goddess before an altar flame. He felt that the room, the dusky outline of picture frames, the monotonous clock in the corner, and even the squeaky couch which bore his weight, had all drifted far into the back of his consciousness, leaving a shining head, set on a divine little neck, alone in the foreground.

"Why do you sit that way? It's bad for the circulation," he declared suddenly to break the silence of his mental soarings and bring them back to words.

"Just habit!" she retorted briefly, and then smiled wickedly at the annoyed look on his face.

They talked on while the fire arose to its height, sagged, and finally sank into glowing ashes. Each five minutes brought Laddie's temperament into fuller view. He discovered a quick brain behind her sparkling eyes; he discovered a level of thought and a longing for better things, of which he had only gained a glimpse on the first evening; and, above all, he saw that she had an insight which could appreciate and measure values that were utterly unexplored by the average girl.

They had been talking of the struggles of the poor in New York, and Lindley was eagerly devouring her words, for she spoke with an enthusiasm and sincerity that compelled attention.

"You come across some terrible people in this city," she was saying. "Last week I had to go 'way down town to see one of our girls who was sick. She lives all alone in a mean little room with half the paper off the wall. She had had the doctor, and the woman who owned the house was taking care of her. Well, the last time I went there no one answered the bell, so I walked in and went upstairs to Betty's room. I opened the door and saw a man leaning over her bed with his arms about Betty, kissing her. He stood up quickly as I entered. Betty blushed red, and it was the only color I had seen in her cheeks in a month. The man left, mumbling excuses. Betty said he was the doctor who had been so good to her and loaned her money to tide her over her sick spell. Well, I

was suspicious right away. I saw some harmless looking pills on the table by her bed. She said they were a headache medicine that he had given her. I took them home with me and paid to have them analyzed. They were morphine, pure and simple, just enough to keep her laid up so that he could make love to her undisturbed. Well, that doctor's in jail now and Betty's well and working. She couldn't afford a good doctor—so you see what girls like us run into. But I'd rather have saved Betty from him than have ten dollars' raise in my salary."

"That was a good job," Lindley exclaimed. "If I ever did anything like that I'd think I was a hero."

"You would be if you had the chance!" said Laddie worshipfully. "Julia probably wants to marry a hero. Most girls do."

"I wish you would not speak of her. I have managed to forget her, and I should think you might."

"Has it been such hard work?" she asked, with ineffable meaning.

Lindley was silent. This girl knew too much. She wasn't safe. She was "deliberately friendly:" moreover, she was infernally pretty just at that time. Her surroundings did not touch her any more than a leaden setting dulls the brilliance of a diamond. A palace was none too good for her that night! Yet what had Mamie said about "any fellow, any time!" Were the two facts reconcilable? Surely, his judgment was better than hers. Besides, girls were fiendishly jealous of a little good looks. Why not ask her?

"By the way," he began discreetly, "is Mamie, the girl at the restaurant, a friend of yours?"

"Yes. Why?" was her truly feminine answer.

"I was speaking to her of you."

"Were you? What did she say?" demanded Laddie, all interest.

"Well," continued the man carefully, "she said you often came there with different men."

"What kind of men?" quizzed the girl keenly.

"Do you know all kinds?" inquired Lindley with feigned perplexity.

"No, no; but tell me what she said," Laddie demanded, annoyed at the hidden reproof, and embarrassed because she had revealed her feelings.

"Well—any kind!"

"O, did Mamie say that!" she echoed in a low tone. "Well, perhaps it's true! There are few of the men I know that I admire. I go with them because I want a good time, to be quite frank, They don't mean anything to me beyond that. I knew you were different from them at first glance. I saw how cheap their manners and methods were beside

yours. I saw a vision of the girls you must know and associate with, and longed to be like them. I was afraid of my clothes, afraid of my English, afraid of my whole self, except my earnest desire to make myself over to meet you on your own level."

Lindley was touched by this tribute so artlessly paid, and felt keenly how little he deserved it. He was trying to conjure up a plausible answer when Laddie, too nervous to sit still, jumped up and stirred the sleeping fire. She was thinking that he would soon be gone, probably forever. Her eye caught the time on the mantel clock. 11.30! How the evening had flown! Still Lindley kept silent. Surely a speech such as that, deserved some reply. Perhaps she hadn't said anything unusual, after all. Perhaps—

But the couch had squeaked and Lindley had arisen unheeded. Laddie felt strong hands on her shoulders. She swayed lightly and then for a few eternal seconds her thin shoes brushed the floor of Paradise while Lindley took her in his arms and kissed her.

"I must go. It's late," he said briefly, on releasing her.

"I hope we can see each other again," ventured Laddie timidly, eyes shining and cheeks aglow.

At that moment the door was slowly thrust open and Kittie's head and shoulders emerged through the crack.

"Come in, Kittie!" said Laddie, quickly recovering herself.

The intruder came slowly forward, carrying a newspaper in one hand and staring at the couple in blank astonishment.

"My, you're late, kid, aren't you? Who is he?" she inquired, absorbing Lindley from head to foot.

"He's the one I told you about, Kittie. Remember! Mr. Lindley, I—"

"What!" cried Kittie, stepping back in horrified surprise. "Ye gods! what's he doing here? He's going to be married to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" echoed Laddie staring at him.

"Yes. Here's the notice of the wedding in St. Thomas's Church—a big social affair. Thousands of dollars' worth of presents, crowds of people; all New York—"

Kittie stopped, out of breath, and they both turned to the man who watched them, arms quietly folded, with the same weird smile that he had given his mother earlier in the evening.

"It is true. The reporter evidently did his work well," he remarked easily.

"Why are you not with her to-night?" demanded Laddie, eyes wide with surprise.

"She has been out of town for a short time and returns to-morrow morning."

Kittie looked him up and down and gave a disgusted little sniff at Laddie.

"When I get married to Bill he won't spend his last evening with any girl unless it's me."

"But she's away—" attempted Laddie, trying to protect Lindley from the scathing criticism which she foresaw in Kittie's tone and manner.

"Any man rich or poor who stays till twelve o'clock at night with one girl, and marries another one the next day, isn't worth much. Read this!"

She thrust the paper into Laddie's passive hands and bounced out of the room.

"What do you think about that, Laddie?" suddenly asked the man in question.

But for the moment Laddie seemed to have lost her tongue. Her jealousy of Julia had been temporarily forgotten under the potent spell of his presence. It came back now with all the impulsiveness of a sensitive girl. He was hopelessly cold-blooded, that was certain: and yet—

"I think you must be a very funny man," she answered at length.

"So I am," he agreed calmly.

"Why didn't you, why didn't your mother tell me you were to be married so soon? It would have saved this—this trouble," she faltered.

"Mother wouldn't tell you anything. She was horrified because you even knew Julia's name: and I—I didn't think it would help matters."

"No wonder! Do you love her?" demanded the girl incredulously.

"As much as I can love any one, Laddie."

"Don't talk in riddles. What's that mean?"

"It means that I need a wife both to hold me down and boost me up: and I know that she will be a good one."

"Isn't that awful!" exclaimed Laddie angrily. "You're as bad as Kittie. She needs a husband. 'If a man loves you and is worth anything at all, it's better to marry him.' That's what she says."

"Perhaps Julia says that too," smiled Lindley bitterly.

In Laddie's heart there was a dead weight:—the dreary, aching void left when an ideal is torn out by the roots. He was no god-like hero after all, but just a very human man with plenty of money, who was quite calmly marrying a girl with plenty more.

Her eyes looked miles past him, into the shadows of the future, and her lips barely moved as she spoke:

"I hope some day I'll find a man who'll marry me in spite of myself and the devil. Then I'll know he loves me."

"I hope so too: you deserve him, whether you find him or not. I've enjoyed this evening. I think it's done me good, even though I am to be married to-morrow. Come to the wedding if you can, but be careful what you say to anyone: I trust you. It's at twelve o'clock sharp."

Then she led him into the hall, gave him his hat, and opened the door.

"Good night, and good luck to you to-morrow and afterwards. Thanks for bringing me home, Horace."

"Good night. I hope you'll meet him some day, Laddie."

They shook hands in the doorway, and as his figure disappeared into the darkness she felt that she had spent the evening with a weird combination of a man and a coward. Then gradually she began to see a certain wild scheme to his nature. He was not altogether without order or reason. He had something of the artist, and something of the cold thinker in him. "Funny man to be getting married!" she mused.

When she returned to the empty parlour to turn out the light her mind was unconsciously reaching out to follow him home. A voice within kept clamoring through her outward pride, for mental recognition, and saying, "You love him: strength, weakness and all." She had built a god out of him and worshipped him at a distance. She had longed for him with that desire for the unattainable which tortures a baby who cries for the moon. Then, when she had him beside her, and felt herself in his arms against the heart that another girl thought was hers alone, there came a strange reaction. He came down from his throne in her mind, and walked with other men. In the beginning he was a gentleman. For that she adored him. But was a gentleman always a man? "His brain doesn't rule him. He isn't strong-willed or he never would have come home with me to-night," she pondered regretfully half-way up the stairs. It did not seem possible that a man with any self-respect could put his arms about another girl or even be alone with her on the night before his marriage; perhaps he just had money and manners, with a character that was easy prey for a pretty face or flirting eyes: he was horribly used to girls, which could easily be seen by his calm, natural manner of approach in the restaurant. "I may have been just amusement for him all the time. Now his back is turned on me, I may never have existed to him; perhaps Julia is a good, sweet girl and is deceived in him. Perhaps—perhaps lots of things; but he's a gentleman and I won't believe them."

With these thoughts pouring through her mind, she opened Kittie's

door. The mistress of that apartment was leisurely undressing on the edge of the bed. She looked up quietly.

"O, he went home, did he? I thought perhaps you'd fix him up on the couch downstairs."

"Don't be sarcastic. I'm not in the mood for it," ordered Laddie, in an even tone.

"I suppose he's given up his other girl and going to marry you in the morning," continued Kitty pleasantly. "You'd better stay in yer own class after this, instead of hooking on to millionaires."

"Shut up!" He is in my class!" cried Laddie, bursting into tears. It was a little too much to have Mrs. Lindley's words thrown at her from Kittie's lips.

"Now that I'm engaged to Bill, do you think I'd look at another man edgeways? The night before he's married! O Lord! Those society folks are all rotten."

"He's not rotten," shouted Laddie viciously. "He's a gentleman."

"Then give me laborers!" muttered Kittie, jumping into bed.

—C. Van Dam, '17.

(To be concluded)

Book Reviews

THE SPIRIT OF MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE, by *Ludwig Lewisohn*;
B. W. Huebsch, New York, \$1.00 net.

At a time when Germany is coming in for so many hard knocks from English and American writers it is refreshing to read a sane and constructive appreciation of one phase of modern Teutonic culture. Professor Lewisohn takes up German literature of the last forty or fifty years, and finds it a field of rich emotional and intellectual significance.

According to the author, two main tendencies may be discerned in recent productions of German novelists, poets and playwrights. In the first place, there is the doctrinal naturalism which concerns itself with social and economic conditions to the exclusion of more purely aesthetic objects. While this movement has not possessed any exponent of surpassing greatness, it has received a powerful impetus from the mass of industrial problems which the Fatherland has been compelled to face since the memorable events of 1871. To a certain extent it has influenced even such a noted dramatist as Hauptmann, in the construction of realistic works like "The Rats."

The second characteristic is the tendency towards individual expression and more humanistic ideals of beauty. In this connection the author mentions with high praise three lyric poets, George, Rilke and Hofmannsthal. But the leading figure among modern German humanists and individualists is the poet-philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche. Dr. Lewisohn is enthusiastic in his appreciation of Nietzsche. He ranks him among the five or six great prose stylists of the world; and speaks eloquently of the beneficial effect which such a powerful personality cannot fail to have upon an age that is steeped in smug materialism.

In a final summary of the two tendencies the author traces both of them back to that greatest and most universal genius, Goethe. Alike the feeling for realism and naturalism and the feeling for pure artistry can be found in the creator of "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister."

Professor Lewisohn has given us an excellent piece of critical writing in the present work. He attains the difficult combination of sound judgment with a style that is both brilliant and attractive. And, in addition, he has to his credit one achievement which is almost unique. In the year of grace 1916 he has written a work dealing intimately with modern Germany without a single reference to the Great War or a single effort to dissect and analyze that misty and tenuous substance, the "soul" of the German people. And for this forbearance the neutral world certainly owes him a debt of profound gratitude. —W. H. C.

The Shining Adventure, by Dana Burnet. Harper and Bros.; \$1.50, net.

Mr. Dana Burnet is a writer on the *Sun*: his rhymed news forms the delight of many; he is also one of the most gifted of our younger poets. In narrative poetry no American poet of to-day is more capable—a dubious compliment since Amy Lowell is one of his competitors! However, Mr. Burnet once wrote a poem called "*Grayheart*" which is as good as anything any living American has done. Ernest Poole in his novel "*The Harbor*" is not more pathetic nor more eloquent. . . .

"*The Shining Adventure*" is Mr. Burnet's first novel and it has been looked forward to with much hope; now that we have read it we must add that it comes fully up to expectation.

It is a story about children written for adults. The King, an adopted son of Miss Van Zendt, who is much interested in charities, decides that he is to set out upon his Shining adventure. A certain bishop, Trippet by name, being invited by the King's guardian to assist at the meeting of the United Charities, of which movement Miss Van Zendt is chairman, Miss Van Zendt decides to send the King with his governess to the Holland House until the visit of the reverend personage and the meeting of the United Charities are over. The governess, however, elopes with a taxi-driver and the King is left alone in his kingdom, the large park in front of the house. With the recklessness of a youthful monarch of eight summers the King smashes the Pig, the custodian of his accumulated fortune, and sets out. Having bought the kingdom from the gardener for a penny, the King invites his subjects—slum-children from O'Connor's alley who have never been permitted to wander to the right side of the railing—to enter into his Kingdom. A lame child, Maggie, is made queen and after conquering the tyrant of the Alley, a redoubtable knight yclept Micky, the King is crowned. The rest of his savings go to buying poor Maggie a plush-covered crush that she has wistfully admired in the window of a pawnbroker's for many days. The Bad Woman appears and is howled at by his subjects until the monarch assumes the *role* of Sir Galahad and goes to her home. There, in a pitifully furnished hall bedroom, he falls asleep in the arms of the Bad Woman, who sadly recounts the story of her past, of her own child whom God saw fit to take away from her, and, just before he goes off to the realm of sleep, makes him say as she: "*You must begin. . . .*" she murmurs in her soft voice.

"*You must begin. . . .*" repeats the King.

"*With the children.*"

"*With—the—children. . . .*" says the King in a low, drowsy

voice. . . . Meanwhile the Bishop (who writes books about the poor and destined for the poor but which are published only in *de luxe* editions at ten dollars a volume and which can only be read—as Miss Van Zendt does—with the help of strong coffee and smelling salts) has been expounding his theory of removing the poor from the cities to the country and the Doctor, a very likable old fellow seriously suspected of having a sneaking liking for Miss Van Zendt, has been heatedly attacking this wonderful charity system. The car ordered for the Bishop happens to run over the King, who is very badly hurt, almost fatally injured—and who repeats slowly and softly before losing consciousness: “*You must begin with the children.*”

How Miss Van Zendt realizes what nonsense those United Charities of hers are, how right the Doctor is, how she should look after the King instead of trying to do the inevitable, how Maggie ends by living cured, how the King recovers and invites his subjects to a feast at the Round Table, how Miss Van Zendt realizes that the country must be brought to the city and not the city to the country, and how the Doctor becomes father of the King is told in *The Shining Adventure*.

Mr. Burnet reminds one here and there of Mr. Booth Tarkington, but his is not the same character as the creator of Penrod. The King is infinitely more pathetic than any of Mr. Tarkington's figures; indeed, the novel of Mr. Burnet is one of the most beautiful pieces of child-study I have ever read. The Bishop, the Governess, Miss Van Zendt, that poor, unfortunate Bad Woman who throws herself into the river, Maggie, Micky—every character lives and breathes the fetid air of the city. There is not the lady-novelists' conception of the boy and his adventure; it is a story told by a strong and virile man who can be pathetic yet not sentimental, who has the most exquisite sentiment without being maudlin. The imagination of this King is very much awake and very finely exposed; Mr. Burnet writes like a poet. Every incident he describes is true and beautiful because he lends his mind so freely to the moods that prompt these incidents. *The Shining Adventure* is a charmingly conceived and beautifully related story: it bears a message yet does not persistently remind us of the fact in the annoying manner of many of our preacher-novelists; the style is simple yet very rich in sentiment; Mr. Dana Burnet by this one novel puts himself in a very high place in the ranks of our novelists; his book is a masterpiece in its line.

—J. G. Le C.

ALUMNI

Francis Stokes, '52, Manager of Haverford College from 1885 to the time of his death, and father of Francis J. Stokes, died Tuesday, January 2nd. He was born in Philadelphia on June 15th, 1883, son of John Stokes and Hannah Gilpin Smith. He entered Haverford in 1848 and left 1850. Besides his long term as Manager of Haverford College, he was Vice-President of the Alumni Association. He had long been a member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Mr. Stokes was a dry goods merchant and had been a lumber merchant 1858 to 1886. He married Katharine Wistar Evans on March 23, 1865. His residence was Locust Ave., Germantown, Philadelphia.

Besides his great interest in the welfare of the College, he was conspicuous for his intense interest in cricket.

The Alumni Dinner was held on the 27th of January. Dr. William Wistar Comfort, of Cornell (Haverford, '96), was toastmaster. Among the speakers were William H. Taft and President Schurman of Cornell. Dr. Sharpless who recently returned from England was present at the dinner.

The regular monthly luncheon of the Haverford New York Society was held at the Machinery Club, 50 Church Street, New York City, on Wednesday, January 10, at one

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o'clock. Plans were discussed for the annual dinner.

The Haverford Society of Chester County, of which Christian Brinton, '92, is president, held the annual dinner at the West Chester Golf and Country Club on Saturday, January 20.

Henry Cope, '69, has the following message for all Haverfordians—

"As is generally known, President Sharpless retires next commencement. An album will be presented to him containing the names of all donors to "Isaac Sharpless Hall" (no amounts being given), and it is expected to make this list a very long one. All hold him in honor, and all can give *something* to this permanent memorial to 'the maker of Haverford,' who has made this College's advancement his life-work."

The Editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN,
Dear Sir:

This sonnet by Charles Wharton Stork, '02, is so good I think the HAVERFORDIAN might consider reprinting it.

Faithfully yours,
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, '10.

WILL'S COUNSELLOR

By Charles Wharton Stork

"Give over, Will. Spur not thy
jaded lines

To fresh invention. Dost thou
ween forsooth

To set thy lady's name where Stella
shines,

Or rival Spenser with thy rhymes
uncouth?

Doth now thy lean muse travail of a
play?

When wilt thou help a Tamburlane
to birth?

Or teach mad Greene to daff our cares
away?

Or fill the room of Lyly's courtly
mirth?

Thou would-be shake-scene of this
mighty land,

Thou country jackdaw dight in
peacock's plumes,

That hast nor wit nor passion at
command,

And canst but mar the weave of
former looms;

Give o'er, I say; untune thy feeble
note!"

The other smiled, but paused not as
he wrote.

'63

The First Congregational Church
of Providence, Rhode Island, re-
cently celebrated its one hundredth



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anniversary, addresses being made by the representatives of the four churches which took part in the dedicatory services in 1816. Thomas J. Battey spoke for the Society of Friends and read appropriate selections from Whittier.

'82

George A. Barton was elected President of the Pennsylvania Society of the Archaeological Institute of America. On December 14th he read a paper before the Oriental Club of Philadelphia on "Two Babylonian Religious Texts of the Period of the Dynasty of Agade."

'85

Rufus M. Jones has been elected President of the Board of Trustees and of Directors of Bryn Mawr College.

'87

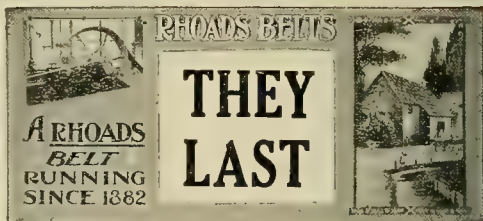
Alfred C. Garrett is Director of the Philadelphia Training School for Religious Teachers.

'92

The leading article of the month in the December number of *Vanity Fair* was by Christian Brinton and entitled "Ignacio Zuloaga." The article was illustrated with seven pictures never before reproduced in America, and in its treatment of the interesting episodes in the life of the Spanish painter and criticism of his productions proves to be an interesting and remarkable essay.

'93

C. G. Hoag published an article in a recent number of the *Survey* on proportional representation.



This ancient belt drives a flour mill at Doylestown, Pa. It was originally an 18-inch double. After considerable service it was reinforced with a 6-inch strip on each edge. In this form it has completed thirty-four years of service, and looks good for years to come.

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'97

Richard C. Brown has had an article in the *Westonian* for January.

'00

Wm. B. Bell has accepted the position of manager of the Pocono Lake Preserve in place of Egbert S. Cary, '92.

'03

Henry Joel Cadbury was chairman of the committee of arrangements for the meeting of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis held December 27th and 28th. He was elected Recording Secretary for 1917.

'05

Frederick W. Ohl is teaching Greek, Latin and German in the Germantown High School, Philadelphia.

Twins were born to Mr. and Mrs. John L. Scull, and named John and Phoebe.

'06

A recent issue of the *Outing Magazine* has a number of pictures by T. K. Brown, Jr. The accompanying article is written by T. Morris Longstreth, '08.

'10

A daughter was born December 28th to Mr. and Mrs. Page Allinson, and named Mary M. P. Allinson, Jr.

E. S. Cadbury has been transferred by the Carter, Macy Co. to Chicago, Ill.

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E. N. Edwards has announced his engagement to Miss Elizabeth Allison of Haverford.

'12

C. T. Moon has entered the employ of Carter, Macy Co., New York.

The *Westonian* for January contains an article by Joshua A. Cope.

Messrs. Hans Froelicher, Jr., and Leo Fesenmeier have announced that they have formed a partnership for the general practice of law under the firm name of Froelicher and Fesenmeier, with offices in the Munsey Building, Baltimore, Maryland.

'14

C. R. Williams married Miss Grace Jones of Atlantic City, New Jersey.

'16

The following is a list of address changes: W. M. Allen, 1012 North Broadway, Baltimore, Md.; J. Carey, 3rd., Drayton Hall, Boylston Street, Cambridge, Mass.; F. W. Carey, Drayton Hall, Boylston Street, Cambridge, Mass.; B. L. Corson, Y. M. C. A.; Syracuse, N. Y.; H. A. Johnson, 1129 Jersey Street, Elizabeth, N. J.; John Kuhns, 1010 Clinton Street, Philadelphia; J. G. Love, 53 Rodney House, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia; U. J. Mengert, Drayton Hall, Boylston Street, Cambridge, Mass.; E. R. Moon, care Harris-Forbes Co., 56 William Street, New York City; F. P. Sharpless, 4740 Hazel Avenue, Philadelphia; I. T. Steere, 4740 Hazel Avenue, Philadelphia; D. C.

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James E. Shipley is connected with the Girard Shoe Manufacturing Company, 313 Vine Street, Philadelphia.

'16

Claire Kendig is employed in a laboratory at Coatesville, Pa. He is conducting work along chemical lines.

The fifth Cecil Rhodes Scholarship to be won by a Haverfordian within the past six years has been awarded to Felix Muskett Morley, of Baltimore, Maryland. He is the brother of C. D. Morley, '10, who is also a Rhodes Scholar. He was engaged in active work in France during 1915-1916 in the service of the Friends' Ambulance Unit. His contributions to various newspapers while there gave evidence of marked literary ability and since his return he has continued his writing as a reporter on the *Public Ledger*. He has also attained prominence on the lecture platform in appeals for funds for war sufferers.



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The Haverfordian

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February

1917

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No. 8



In Remembrance of Philosophy 4.

*When I behold the broad moon's silver face
Dimming the stars with its more glorious light,—
Or poised, a golden disk, on wooded height;
And when I contemplate the boundless space,
And with a wond'ring eye attempt to trace
The fixed stars in their eternal flight
Across the trackless sky, till from the sight
They sink below the distant mountain's base;
When I behold the waves on pebbled shore
Race their prescribed course, and turn again;
Or faintly hear the curling breakers roar,—
Beating their rocky boundaries in vain;
My dull faith, rising like a mighty wind,
Acknowledges an universal Mind.*

—Albert H. Stone, '16.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXVIII.

HAVERFORD, PA., FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 8.

Books, Art and Morality

By J. G. C. Le Clercq and W. H. Chamberlin

The Loves and Losses of Pierrot, by William Griffith. Published by Robert J. Shores, New York, \$1 net.

Amores, by D. H. Lawrence. Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York, \$1.25 net.

Harvest Moon, by Josephine Preston Peabody. Published by Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston, \$1.25 net.

Poems of War and Peace, by Robert Underwood Johnson. Published by the Bobbs Merrill Co., New York, \$1 net.

Verse, by Adelaide Crapsey. Published by the Manas Press, Rochester, New York.

Ireland's Literary Renaissance, by E. A. Boyd. Published by the John Lane Co., New York, \$2.50 net.

The Trufflers, by Samuel Merwin. Published by the Bobbs Merrill Co., New York, \$1.35 net.

Rodmoor, by John Cooper Powys. Published by G. Arnold Shaw, New York, \$1.50 net.

Suspended Judgments, by John Cooper Powys. Published by G. Arnold Shaw, New York, \$2.00 net.

I

Mr. Griffith's book of poems is indeed a valuable asset to American literature. It has in it the spring gladness and the spring sorrow of Pierrot; his joy can be as delicate and rare as the mouth of one who has never kissed, his sorrow as poignant and tragic as a broken heart. Carefree Pierrot, airy Columbine, the ineffably lovely coquette Pierrette and the graceful Harlequin flit through these poems, bringing with them sunshine and shadow, trouble and peace, hope and despair, and we are always forced to share the mood of the poet.

How exquisite the music of these lyrics is! From the tender, happy "Homecoming of Pierrette" to the high garret they call home:

*"Blinded by star-dust in our eyes,
Do we regret
Our home is very near the skies?
Pierrette, Pierrette."*

to the last, wistful words of "The Stricken Pierrot":

*"Cut down my pride
Close to the sod.
Dead. . . . Say he died
Playing with God."*

there are a thousand different shades of emotion, each expressed with the most delightful fantasy. They live, these characters; Pierrot, the dear fool, the beloved dreamer, how we see him in the flesh:

*"Fool to ransack the sky
Seeking a sonnet
Instead of ways to buy
Pierrot a bonnet!"*

And that last, lovely farewell to "Pierrette," who is now but a memory:

*"She went so softly and so soon,
Sh!—hardly made a stir.
But going took the stars and moon
And sun away with her."*

Nothing so dainty, so fantastic, so full of the witchery of the love men feel for Beauty which vanishes like the bursting of a bubble but which is ever in our minds for its brief flight through the sunlight, has been done since Austin Dobson; no American, certainly, has ever shown so much of a Banvillesque lightness of touch unless it be H. C. Bunner. Americans take themselves too painfully seriously to do it; very rarely one throws off all his cares and material thoughts and wanders in a paradise of artificiality to pluck the sun-kissed flowers of fancy and bring them back with him into the stifling world where in their loveliness they are left gasping for breath!

The author of "Amores" is an Englishman: Mr. D. H. Lawrence. He publishes some very curious poetry, mostly dealing with passion in a perfectly frank and straightforward manner. There is a bitterness born of experience in his work; there are the pangs and irritation of unsatisfied desires; the disillusion of unfulfilled dreams, and yet withal an almost indomitable force and vigor. Evidently Fate has not been over-kind to the poet: much of the work is troubled and rebellious,

much the result of a well-governed mind suddenly and swiftly pouring out a torrent of bitterness. But he is young; and now and then the old, old sorrows of the past are forgotten and blindly, heroically reckless, he plunges into a dream or is swept away by a desire the immediate fulfilment of which is his only desire. At the end, always, is disillusion, which engenders not a violent anger and fury, but a quiet, hard, silent resignation and a black memory. Amid the discouraging gloom and darkness, here and there are rays of bright, warm sunlight: the songs of mother and child are the purest expression of a noble love and radiate around them a veritable halo of "sweetness and light."

Mr. Lawrence succeeds with his rhythms very well: the sudden change of metre to express a sudden change of mood is a very effective vehicle for the interpretation of the uncommon emotions the author feels; this together with sure touch and a force and power of character make a strange and fascinating poetry. . . .

In "Harvest Moon" Mrs. L. S. Marks shows that she possesses an abundant joy and love of life; a passion for the bettering and advancement of human existence; a tenderness and sympathy for guiltless sufferers and a remarkable gift of music and imagery. It is dedicated to the Women of Europe and is one of the most earnest utterances of a generous heart on the subject of the war. The dedication ends with these lines—a dialogue between woman and soldier:

" *And I must dare.*
 —*Who bade you try?*
 —*My manchild here, his cry.*
 —*I cannot let you by;*
Woman I stand on guard.
 —*And I."*

"The Cradle Song," first published in *Scribner's Magazine*; the poem "Dead Chimes," and several sonnets on the war are nobly imagined. Mrs. Marks is especially happy in the Sapphics of "Harvest Moon: 1916," in which she bids the "moon of compassion" look down and at last "on the hungering face of the waters" "there shall be Light":

"Light of Light, give us to see for their sake;
Light of Light, grant them eternal peace;
And let light perpetual shine upon them;
Light, everlasting."

Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson has in his poems several on the war, notably the well-known "The Haunting Face: on the portrait of

a child lost in the *Lusitania*" and the sonnet on Edith Cavell. The ode "Goethals of Panama" with its striking ending:

*"O soldier of the blameless sword!
Who serves mankind is servant of the Lord.
Servant of God, well done,"*

is in its field as great a poem as has been written in America. But where the poet succeeds best is in his perfectly personal poems, especially in "A Song at Parting," slightly reminiscent of Robert Bridges and yet absolutely individual and characteristic:

*"Nights of the waning moon,
Go not so soon!"*

Neither Dobson nor Calverly have better conjured up the figure of Horace than Mr. Johnson in his poem on "Reading Horace":

*"He, humble, candid, sane and free,
Whom e'en Maecenas could not spoil,
Who wooed his fields with minstrelry
As rich as wine, as smooth as oil,
And kept a kiss for Lalagé."*

II

One of the greatest losses American poetry has suffered is the death of Miss Adelaide Crapsey, a poet who succeeded in inventing a new form: the cinquain. It is a means of expression of one of the most dynamic imaginations that have been expressed in poetry: it is like an exquisitely wrought gem and when throughout there is the ever-appearing and haunting vision of death, Miss Crapsey attains undisputed genius. One has but to read "Triad":

*"These be
Three silent things:
The falling snow the hour
Before the dawn the mouth of one
Just dead,"*

or that superb, terrible "Warning":

*"Just now
Out of the strange,
Still dusk as strange as still
A white moth flew Why am I grown
So cold?"*

to be convinced that here is an artist pouring out the most sincere and pathetic and perfectly interpreted emotion of which the soul is capable.

Nothing like these cinquains has been done before; it is very unlikely that anything like them will ever be done again. They have been so perfectly done by Miss Crapsey. It is conspicuously infrequent to find a great and beautiful thought expressed in such a brilliant and all-powerful way. In vain the poet says:

*"Still as
On windless nights
The moon-cast shadows are,
So still will be my heart when I
Am dead."*

Her heart is not still; it bleeds before us and we are chastened and weep; it sings and we are glad; wherever we go we hear it in her poetry; it is in the "falling snow" she wrote about; it fills "the hour before the dawn"; it lingers on and sweetens "the mouth of one just dead." Its echo will never die; it palpitates and we cannot but hear it; as long as men love exquisite thought and perfect expression, so long will it be by us.

III

The literature of Ireland has always been interesting; not the work of men accidentally Irish like Congreve, Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde—English wits have always been Irish!—who belong to English literature, but that of men like W. B. Yeats, Lord Dunsany, Padraic Colum, Thomas Macdonagh and St. John G. Ervine. Mr. Boyd discusses the whole of Celtic literature from James Mangan and Sir Samuel Ferguson to Rutherford Mayne and Lady Gregory. The causes of Irish literature, its tendencies, its doctrine, its influences, its expression and its achievements are dealt with in a scholarly and sympathetic manner. Mr. Boyd is an Irishman himself; he has been associated with practically all the poets of his country; he knows its literature and is proud of its history; he is, in fine, considered an expert in this field. As such he unfortunately assumes now and then that the reader is better acquainted with the subject than is the case: but as a well-written, critical, authoritative statement of the revival of letters in Ireland and as a book indispensable to a student of this phase of literary development, simply because it is literature and not a history of literature (though a certain amount of the latter is indispensable and is in the book), Mr. Boyd's work will not soon be surpassed. Its value as a source-book is unfortunately lessened by its lack of an index; it is to be hoped that successive editions will supply this want.

IV

"The Trufflers," by Mr. Samuel Merwin, gives the public what it wants. It is not "highbrow"; it is honestly written for the masses. But it is superior to most novels of the sort. It is a good story told in a free and easy manner. To those who have lived in Greenwich Village, who have lunched at the Dutch Oven, dined at the Brevoort and danced at the Liberal Club to pianola accompaniment, it is very dear: it draws a good picture of life around Washington Square. The story is interesting and shows what humbugs the radicals are—or the would-be radicals—in a jocular, humorous vein. There are no embellishments and no graces; no English influence and no creeds; it is sober, convincing, entertaining; the humor is typically American.

A novel of a very different sort is "Rodmoor." The book, dedicated to the spirit of Emily Bronte, shows her influence. Rodmoor is a village on the North Sea: here the author lays the action of his plot. About this sea hovers an inexpressibly morbid atmosphere. "Our sea is not the same as other seas," exclaims one of the characters; "it eats into us." That is precisely what it does; there is the pre-eminent feature of the novel. The old families of the region are invariably queer; there is a streak of madness in them; they take to drink, go mad, kill themselves or each other. The sinister influence exercised by the sea assails all in its reach; sojourners, even, are struck by the terrible loneliness of the place.

The story is gloomy: Mr. Powys' characters live lives that are a barren and desolate waste. They accomplish nothing, they pass their dreary days in listening to the roar of the sea, a sound they are never able to shut from out their ears. The sea affects them all: shapes their destinies. To some it brings bitter sorrow and tears of vexation; to others utter gloom and despair; to the sensitive lunacy and death. These people are all half-wits ruled by a power of nature beyond their ken; like ghouls they gape, like East Anglia witches they grin. The sea and the terrific power of impulse: these rule them. It is no good kicking against the pricks; blindly they do what they know they must and the rest is silence. Indeed this motley throng of imbeciles, with their wretched characters and still more wretched victims, might well suggest the wildest fancies of Dostoevsky; yet here and there are many purely Anglo-Saxon touches, to wit, the man who beats a woman and thereby sows the seeds of a passionate love in her breast. Over and above everything prevails morbidity. Mr. Powys' novel is non-constructive. But it is none the less a good novel: its author is a keen psychologist; he knows human impulses, be they healthy or not;

his insight into human instincts and his expression of the power Nature exerts over human beings are among the notable features of a style the like of which has not been shown since Mr. Hardy's "Jude the Obscure."

In these days when constructive—hideous word!—novelists, in their presumptuous goodness of heart, aim to make this mad old world of ours the better and brighter by their vapid sentimentality and tradesmen's-entrance philosophy, it is with a feeling of infinite relief and gratitude beyond words that we turn to a man who writes for the pure joy of artistic creation.

V

The same author achieves a distinct success in another field of literary expression in his recently published essays with the significant title of "Suspended Judgments." Nothing, perhaps, is more difficult than expressing new ideas about men whose position has been fixed by the arbitrary canons of conventional judgment. Our critics usually solve the problem by selecting the "best" writers by an application of certain objective methods much as Mr. Walter Camp selects his all-American football team. But not so Mr. Powys. In his likes and dislikes he acknowledges no authority beyond his own taste and fancy. It is for this reason that his writing never conveys any suggestion of unimpassioned praise or commonplace condemnation. His interpretation of the writers with whom he deals has always the note of personal enthusiasm: as Swinburne said: "The critic's function is to praise."

A grievous peril is now confronting American learning: we have but to glance at the courses of a college curriculum to see that we are not being taught literature, but the history of literature. We are getting the wrong thing: it is choking our culture in its incipient stages. For Mr. Powys, however, an appreciation of a man's art does not include a glorified time-table of his progress through this vale of tears, with due notice of arrival, stoppage and departure.

Most of all to be commended is Mr. Powys' ruthless fight against the greatest menace which American culture has had to face: the insipid cant and pseudo-elevating Protestantism which Browning obscurely serves up as a substitute for Philosophy and the art of living. At a time when our greatest city is called upon to meet the humorous but none the less dangerous possibility of having its soul saved by the good graces of Mister William Sunday, the following quotation from Mr. Powys' book is especially grateful: "When one considers how this thrice-accursed weight of Protestant Puritanism, the most odious and inhuman of all the perverted superstitions that have darkened man's

history, a superstition which, though slowly dying, is not yet, owing to its joyless use as a 'business asset,' altogether dead, has, ever since it spawned in Scotland and Geneva, made cruel war upon every childish instinct in us and oppressed with unspeakable dreariness the lives of generations of children, it must be regarded as one of the happiest signs of the times that the double Renaissance of Catholic faith and pagan freedom now abroad among us, has brought the 'Child in the House' into the clear sunlight of an almost religious appreciation."

Mr. Powys is particularly fortunate in his appreciation of the great French humanists who have attained the golden mean between the two extremes of sensual abandon on the one hand and fanatical superstition on the other. The calm, clear wisdom of Anatole France, Remy de Gourmont and the great Voltaire glows anew with the light of warm enthusiasm in Mr. Powys' admirable review of these authors. In his essay on Voltaire Mr. Powys says: "To sit listening in the forlorn streets of a Puritan city—when for one day the cheating tradesmen leave their barbarous shops—to the wailing of unlovely hymns, empty of everything except a degraded sentimentality that would make an Athenian or a Roman slave blush with shame, is enough to cause one to regard the most scandalous levity of Voltaire as something positively sacred and holy."

When, we are tempted to add, was Mr. Powys last in Philadelphia, that he should know and describe it so well?

VI

A typical expression of this middle-class Puritan philistinism is the campaign now being waged against the John Lane Company, publishers of Mr. Theodore Dreiser's novel "The Genius," by the Reverend Percy Stickney Grant. After the difficulties which Mr. Dreiser encountered in the publication of his work—it required the courage of an English firm to publish an American artist's novel—it might seem as if he should be immune from further persecution at the hands of gentlemen who are doubtless worthy but mistaken, and whose conscience is more highly developed than their aesthetic perceptions.

Why do people insist that every book should have a moral? Why are we so frequently subjected to the argument: "Would you wish your daughter or sister to read it?"

To begin with, books are not written for our daughters and sisters: these young misses have a literature of their own, unless Miss Alcott and Whittier have lived in vain. If the judgment of immature girls is to be the criterion of literature, let us have done with the whole farce! Let us all be Longfellows and Bryants!

Rabelais is acknowledged a master; he has treated sex as no one before; so "completely as it ought to be treated." Yet his work is a sealed chapter—perhaps rightly so—in many a woman's experience. After all is said and done, if our mission be to produce children—*liberis procreandis*—and keep the race alive, is not sex the greatest and most all-important thing in life?

Mr. Dreiser has merely painted a portrait of life: sex for him is its chief thing. The sorry aspect of life deserves portrayal as well as the pleasant: in art questions of "healthiness," "morbidity," "morality" and "immorality" are futile. The real question, the only question that need occupy our minds is: "Is it art? is it well done or badly done? is it life?"

What de Maupassant and Artzibasheff have done, Mr. Dreiser does: only unfortunately he is neither French nor Russian; he is not distant enough for these dear good people that compose the reading public; he is American, he writes of sex and—they lower their eyes and blush!

Moreover, the only result that such prurient agitations as that of Mister Grant accomplish is that, instead of inviting fair-minded criticism on the part of intelligent men and women, they arouse the unhealthy curiosity of adolescents but newly awake to the fact of sex. Mr. Dreiser's novel shows us a man who follows his impulses rather than his thoughts, and who is punished by Fate, which is invariably a woman. To some he yields, to others he does not. It is what Mr. Hardy did with less courage but with humor in "The Well Beloved"; it is what Mr. Galsworthy did in "The Dark Flower"; it is what novelists have constantly been doing. It is a topic from which they can never get away, simply because it is Life. Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" was attacked with puritanical venom, but is now regarded as a work of art; has Mister Grant read this book? or Südermann's "Song of Songs"? Mr. Dreiser is an artist; even were he not, his work would deserve praise merely because it is a powerful protest against the smug complacency of the puritanical bourgeois, whose well-nigh invincible pettiness of outlook has blighted our literature.

VII

In these days when opulent feeble-mindedness is able to overrule law and order; when politics are filled with corruption and dishonesty; when the present generation is completely lacking in aesthetic views and artistic appreciation; when religion is threatened by fanaticism and vaudeville methods, it would seem as if Mister Grant's abundant energy might better be steered in other channels.

Man or Manners?

(Concluded)

THAT night Kittie's maledictions persistently dogged Laddie's brain. They danced in ugly shapes across the dark threshold of her closed eyes. There was truth in them, for otherwise they could not linger. The scorn of a best friend, whether justified or not, was no trivial weapon against any opponent, were it a man or a new hat. Kitty not only did not care for Lindley, she despised him as being utterly inferior: Laddie too began to doubt his sincerity in spite of herself. The meeting, the game she had played, the marriage,—the whole affair seemed so fabulous, that it cast a veil of mistrust over the man himself. Yet he had been very wonderful—a new type, a super-man to her, and she hated to acknowledge him a fake. The men that were allotted to her by society or by circumstances were of an infinitely low order. They took all that she would give, of her time, and of herself, and gingerly paid their tainted money for it. They left scarce room for that reverence born from admiration and love, that lets the mind reach beyond the human, and build its object into a half divine thing which fills all the requirements of a hungry soul.

But why should she expect so much of Lindley?

He had made no claims for himself. "What men call a good fellow and I call a well-dressed dummy" was not a very extravagant statement of his worth. He was honest in spite of his faults. Perhaps it was possible for him to kiss *her* on the night before he was married and yet be sincere about it. He had been respectful to a fault. Never by word or deed had he let her feel that she was beneath him in the social scale: he had weighed her opinions, listened to her arguments, and conversed as thoughtfully as though she were a life-long friend: then he had kissed her as though she were more than that. Before she fell asleep she determined to go to the wedding. It was something to see him again, even if he was marrying another girl. Her days, previous to her meeting with Lindley, had slipped by in an outward whirl, but with more or less inward peace. Since the night in the restaurant there had been no peace, but a restless suspense, half pain, half joy, which lighted fires within her that had never burned before, but always slumbered because no man she knew, had the breath of finer feeling to kindle them to flame. However, tomorrow would end it all and she could go back and be herself again, except for a memory, and a new item in the list of requirements for the man whom, some day, she hoped to find.

On the following morning Laddie had barely lifted her arm to take down her new tailored suit from its hook when the inexorable Kitty, still in bed, demanded where she was going. It was no use hiding facts from Kitty, for she could look straight through Laddie's liquid brown eyes and tell her the minutest details of what was going on behind them.

"To the wedding," said Laddie, trying to be casual.

"Then on a little trip with the bride and groom to Honolulu or Cuba or maybe to the Orient, eh? He doesn't want you at the wedding, dear child! Your very presence will be a nightmare to him, if he should happen to see you in the crowd."

"Why?" demanded Laddie, in nervous perplexity.

"Because even society men have a little code of their own which says that store girls, charming though they may be at night, are not to be cultivated in the day time; and above all must not be seen at weddings lest they recall memories which, at that particular ceremony, would not sit well on the smiling brow of the groom."

"He invited me and I'm going," declared Laddie with final emphasis.

"What shall I tell them at the store?"

"Tell them I'm sick: tell them anything."

Then Laddie, after purchasing new shoes and gloves and making herself as charming as she could, attended the Lindley wedding on Fifth Avenue. When she climbed the wide, low steps, and saw the stunning machines and beautifully gowned women escorted by faultlessly attired men, she felt very insignificant. But something akin to socialism boiled up within her and told her that she was as good as they. She marched boldly into the vast sea of pews. The church was already half full and the empty spaces were rapidly disappearing. The ushers seemed occupied, so she slipped up unnoticed and took a seat on the aisle where she might get a good view of the coming sacrifice and feel the full cure for her foolish infatuation. She waited patiently, casting furtive glances behind her for a stolen glimpse of the bridegroom. Then she remembered that the pair would not appear till the last minute and calmed herself with the amazing thought that all these fashionable men and women about her were assembled for the man who had spent the whole past evening in her little room. She thought of his mother and a possible encounter with her. It might mean public disgrace and no end of trouble for Lindley. She saw visions of a headline in the paper, "Romantic Store-girl attends Lindley wedding," and kept her head lowered while people passed by her into the pew. She did not want her face to be seen for fear it might

betray how hopelessly out of place she felt. After all, it was foolish for her to have come. No man who associated with the class of people she saw on all sides, would bother with her for anything more than a possible evening's amusement. Here was another wedding that felt like a funeral! She had a longing desire to fade away under the seats, unnoticed and unknown.

The wedding march burst the air mightily from the full lungs of a tremendous organ, and drove Laddie's fears down her throat in one big gulp. She cast a hurried glance behind and saw Lindley leading his bride up the aisle, followed by a cavalcade of ushers and bridesmaids. They passed and she caught a brief glimpse of the bride's profile. "O, she's glorious!" murmured Laddie softly; and all during the service the picture of a white-veiled angel, beautiful as the dawn, kept flitting before her fanciful eyes. The ceremony progressed in a dead hush of the church. As the moments drew near to the meek but mighty contract, Laddie had an inordinate desire to cry. Some emotion more magnanimous than jealousy made her pity the bride. How could Lindley speak last night as he did of that wonderful girl? How and why could he "manage to forget her," on his last night as a single man? How that lovely face would burn with anger and humiliation if the bride suddenly knew that the man she was swearing to love, honor and obey had last night kissed one of Wanamaker's host of employees! If that girl could not keep Lindley faithful, with beauty, education and money, what hope had Laddie of being more than a passing amusement furnished for the moment by time and place?

The bride was being given away by a tall, venerable gentleman. The ropes were beginning to tighten around the pair and the knot would soon be inevitably tied. At last when the faint murmur of assent came from both of them, Laddie closed her eyes and wanted to cry out, "Wait! He's a dummy, a well-dressed dummy, by his own confession."

It was all quickly over. They were coming down the aisle and this time Lindley was on the inside nearest Laddie. Every step of the way her eyes were transfixed on his face. It was calm, handsome, and faintly smiling. He was just in front of her when their glances met, held and shifted. Laddie smiled, but not a trace of recognition flashed in Lindley's eyes and not a muscle of his face moved. He had nodded at others as he passed, but Laddie might have been a beggar in the street for all he noticed her.

She was staggered, and a shiver ran the whole length of her spine. She drew in a deep breath and sighed. Suddenly she became frightened at her emotions and gazed at the people about her, one by one, in a

terrified stare. They noticed her and she tried to calm herself. He had cut her coldly and deliberately. It was quite simple. He was ashamed of her and ashamed to let anyone see that he recognized her. She must control herself, for it might pass and she might be able to forget. Other things almost as bad had come to her, and she had survived them. He was a coward, of course, and their evening had been a silly mockery. If she only had not come to the wedding she might have kept on believing him a true man. How foolish people were to want so much! The measure of one's hopes was never known till they were crushed. There were no real gentlemen after all. If they were fine on the outside, their characters were pulpy!

She noticed that people were leaving. Some one was trying to get past her into the aisle. She arose and joined the departing throng, determined to give up all faith and take it for granted that each man she met, was merely animal flesh and to be treated as such.

The sidewalk was massed. She stood listless and disinterested in the shadow of a pillar, vaguely wondering what she should do next. The gnawing pain would not leave her. It dragged heavily at her heart. The restless uncertainty of it nagged her. All the world seemed vain and useless through one man's contempt for her; all effort, ambition, accomplishment and victory were smothered by the drab curtain of doubt. Kitty was right. If he had even been posing as a man he would not have gone home with her: yet something beyond reason, in the far recesses where instinct lives, fought for faith with the fierceness of a last resort. There was no half-way in the stress of the moment. He was either all that a man could be in honor, chivalry, and strength, or he was nothing: she was not quite sure which. A fearful curiosity prompted to try and find out.

* * * * *

She saw the machines leaving. Where were they all going, surely to the reception? Why should she not go? The two ceremonies were branches of the same function. She had been invited to one; why not the other? She had no machine, but there were trolley cars.

"Something may happen; I can't go away feeling like this. I'll never love any man again if I do," she pondered: then with eager steps and new enthusiasm she darted away from the crowd and hastened through to Sixth Avenue. She found the bride's address in a drug store phone book and boarded an up-town car. Within fifteen minutes she stood beneath the sheltered entrance of Mrs. Horace Lindley's parental home.

A long line of cars was throbbing impatiently to discharge their

occupants at the door and whirl away. Laddie hesitated. She knew that she was about to do a crazy deed and with quick-breathed nervousness she tried to measure whether she were equal to it. It would take courage and presence of mind to go in there and stand before him. She did not want to lose control of herself and make a scene. She passed her hand across her forehead and leaned against the railing. The four hundred was flowing by in a steady stream. Perhaps she would not be noticed. The chance was worth taking. The fierce desire to make him acknowledge her and prove to herself that her dreams of him had not been nightmares made her fingers clench and her soft cheeks turn pale. It was no longer a personal affair. He was married and that ended him for her. It was no impulse of sentiment. She was above that toward a man who did not want her affection. It was a matter of faith in all mankind, for if the best that she had ever found was nothing but a pretty imitation—a glass diamond—what was the use of virtue, of honesty, of poverty and all that goes to make clean living? If he had refused and been ashamed to speak to her, where was there any reward for fighting to be decent, for everlastingly putting men off, for the sincere desire for refinement—that he had awakened in her?

She weighed the situation carefully and chose the lesser of two evils: it was better to take the chance of shame than to run away and hide with a frightful cynicism that might lead her to a worse fate—that of utter abandon.

She took a firm grip on herself and walked in the doorway. The hall was crowded with a laughing, happy throng of every age, size and appearance. She stood breathless: she was in full view, but no one noticed her. Her hand rested unconsciously on a piece of furniture. It was an overloaded hat-rack. Seeing that they were all without hats and coats, she removed hers. She tried to think what she should do or say should any one speak to her: but thoughts would not come. She only knew that she must see him, cost what it might. After a moment it became evident that he was not in the hall. The receiving line, of course! She moved along the wall as inconspicuously as possible. Her course dislodged several men, and a fat, overdressed woman. Laddie recognized Mrs. Lindley, turned her face to the wall, and almost fainted. She stumbled on. Nothing happened, so she concluded she had not been recognized. In the long, stately parlor the crowd was equally confusing. She saw a tiny black and white maid.

"Is there a receiving line?" she asked in a whisper.

The maid looked at her with a puzzled smile.

"Yes, ma'am, at the other end," she pointed.

Then Laddie caught a glimpse of the bridal pair dispersing a line of some fifteen people with hand shakes and laughter. Others were casually taking their place at one end, and Laddie joined them. How incredibly slow the line crawled! She watched the bride receive a blushing kiss or a loving embrace, and Lindley a few feet apart from her, beaming handsomely, and perfectly at ease. She saw visions of his buoyancy crumpling, and his smile straightening soberly when his eye should fall on her: but still she dragged along, step at a time, frightened, but pale with determination. When fifth in line she turned her face away and kept it there while her heart thumped madly at each advancement.

At last the moment came and she swung around and faced him. He had been joking with the man in front, and her hand was in his before he even looked at her. Then he realized, and she felt his grip involuntarily tighten. There was a barely perceptible frown and then a smile.

"Why didn't you speak to me? Am I not good enough in the daytime?" she demanded in a shaking voice.

"Where were you?" he inquired mildly.

"On the aisle. I looked at you and you looked through me as though you had never seen me before."

"Bless you, Laddie," he laughed, taking her hand in both of his, "I never saw you, dear child. Smile and forgive me!"

"I—I can't smile," said Laddie, after a tragic attempt. "I thought you were ashamed to speak to me."

"I should say not!" he declared fervently, and she did not know that he lied.

Then, taking her by the arm, he led her to the white angel and said:

"Dear, this is Laddie Putnam, a little friend of mine."

The angel withdrew her hand from the reluctant grip of some ardent gentleman and cordially clasped the small, cold hand that Laddie offered.

"How do you do?" she said gently. "I love to meet any of Horace's friends."

Laddie, whose whirling head simply told her that she must say something, answered:

"I hope you'll be a good wife to him."

The pink, white-shrouded face sobered, and the bride answered with frank sweetness, "I'll do my best, dear."

That was all there was to it. The tears flooded Laddie's big eyes and a choking tightness gripped her throat as she blindly pushed through

the crowd and escaped. Once on the sidewalk she fled away to cry unseen.

"He's a man—a real man, after all!" she sobbed, with infinite relief. "I'll work hard and perhaps forget him after a while. He was a gentleman and I thank God I knew him!"

She composed herself and returned peacefully to her commercial routine, in merciful ignorance that she had given Lindley the worst scare of his life.

—C. Van Dam, '17.

An Old Song

*He struck a match and as he lit his pipe,
Between the puffs of smoke, he turned and said—
"You haven't played my favorite record, yet"—
And then there was a click and a soft br-r-r,
A tinkling run of far-off fairy notes,
And from the distance came a long-drawn cry
That swelled and died, and from the violin
There burst a rush of poignant melody—*

*"Gone is the glory of sun-kissed hair,
Beauty is frailer than flowers,
Swifter than flight of birds through the air
Flutter the light-footed hours.*

*"Laughter and dust and darkening skies,
Perfume of petals that cling,
Gone is the girl of the April eyes,
Gone is youth and—spring."*

*It may have been the fire that made his eyes
To twitch, but all I know is that he said,—
"Oh, faugh! this pipe is sour! Have you a dope?"*

—W. S. Nevin, '18.

Ether

“**A**ND now, boy, no more water.” The nurse went out and closed the door. My throat immediately felt parched and my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. I looked at my watch for the fiftieth time since daylight. Five minutes past nine, and down at the end of the quiet corridor I could almost hear the big clock ticking off the flying seconds. Two hours more and I wouldn’t care how fast the seconds went, I wouldn’t care about anything except the drumming and ringing in my ears and the thick, sweet, sickening taste of ether in my mouth. And then to wake to an afternoon such as the man in the next room had passed a few days before. I imagined I could still smell the heavy odor of ether about his door and hear the paroxysms of alternate choking and groaning that seemed to wrench his very soul. Then all would be quiet for a moment save for the rustle of a nurse’s dress, and the calm voice of a doctor.

I sat up in bed, uncomfortably conscious of the loosely tied bandage, and of the iodine burning the skin made tender by shaving the evening before. It was a perfect day in early November, bright and crisp. Through my window I saw an ambulance drawn up at the receiving ward and two white-coated orderlies carrying in a motionless form covered by a sheet, while a policeman stood stolidly by. A student-nurse was coming down the path from the wards, her dark cape blown back so that the graceful curve of her blue waist stood out in sharp contrast against the scarlet background of its lining, and her hair, escaping from under the stiffly starched cap, was tossed in thin wisps about her face.

The door of my room swung open and my nurse brought in the outfit I was to wear in the operating room, worn with age and yellow with many visits to the sterilizer. It consisted of a loose pair of linen stockings which reached almost to my hips, like rubber boots, a tight undershirt, and a night shirt which barely reached the tops of the stockings. Although I didn’t feel exactly cheerful, a glance at the nurse’s face, convulsed with suppressed laughter, was too much and we both indulged for the first time that day in that which makes life, under any circumstances, worth living.

At five minutes of eleven the surgeon and his assistant strolled nonchalantly in and asked me if I was nervous. What a question! I tried to smile deprecatingly, but the effect was somewhat impaired by an involuntary twitch of my mouth. “That’s fine,” said the surgeon, feeling my pulse. “Give him a quarter of a grain of morphia, nurse,

and bring him up." With the sting of the hypodermic needle things seemed quite changed. The little noises that had been making me jump were farther away, and as my nurse helped me on to the stretcher and wheeled me down the corridor everything seemed of another world. The house doctor was standing near, but to my deadened senses he seemed a long way off, and although the elevator stopped with a jolt at the top floor I hardly felt it. I seemed to be floating on air.

The walls of the anaesthetizing room were bare and white, and the only furniture was an enameled chair and a formidable array of steel bottles connected by tubes to a large rubber respirator. Through a half-open door I could see a part of the operating room, its snow-white walls glistening with light reflected from the large windows. I felt the heated air against my face and caught a faint odor of antiseptics. Under the skylight the surgeon was adjusting the operating table, his face covered with beads of perspiration and looking fairly purple against his white gown. Behind the table was a glass cabinet filled with row upon row of shining instruments, and in the corner a white-capped nurse was placing piles of dressings in the great copper sterilizer.

The surgeon made a last adjustment on the table and gave a sign to his assistant. The head nurse covered my eyes with a damp cloth and rubbed my lips with vaseline. Then, and this is what I had been dreading, I was aware of the choking, nauseating fumes of ether. My nurse took hold of my wrist, but she seemed miles away. I took a few deep inhalations. From a great distance I heard the assistant's voice, "Now if I choke you, just grunt and I'll let up." With a tremendous effort I answered, "Shall I breathe through my nose or mouth?"

Dr. Wilmer: "Oh, that doesn't matter."

Myself: "You're giving it to me too fast."

The next thing I was conscious of was a conversation in which one of the speakers was the doctor, the other a voice, I feel sure it was not my own, which, however, sounded strangely familiar.

Voice: "Hell, this is fun."

Dr. Wilmer: "Best spree you've had for a long time, isn't it? Have you a robe for me, Miss Smith?"

Voice: "I know I'm swearing, but I can't help it."

Dr. Wilmer: "Oh no, you're not swearing."

Voice: "I can hear Miss Sisk laughing, by damn."

Dr. Wilmer: "She's not laughing."

Voice: "By damn! I can *feel* her laughing, through my pulse."

Dr. Wilmer: "That's all right; go to sleep now."

Voice (dreamily): "Kiss your little patient; good night, nurse."

H., 1919.

The Judgment That Snapped

DARK, cold and deserted was the main street of Pleasantville, Pa., when the town clock shattered the sleepy silence with twelve impudent, self-asserting clanks. A messenger boy had just handed Howells a yellow envelope, and after the ceremony of "signing up," had slammed the office door rebelliously and shuffled up the street. Howells unfolded the paper nervously—telegrams to many people spell trouble—and read the message, which expressed itself within the ten-word limit:

Norwalk, Pa., January 20.

Charles Howells, Jr.,

Howells Drug Mfg. Co.,

Pleasantville, Pa.

Norman Stein injured in explosion. Serious operation necessary.

G. B——, M. D.

Finding his nervousness justified, Howells promptly dismissed it and began thinking. "Guess I'll have to go," he said to himself. "There's nobody else to look after him. I can make the 12.10 if I hurry."

He hastily locked the door of his little laboratory adjoining the company's office. Here he had been consuming midnight amperes in perfecting a more economical method of making calomel—or perhaps it was ipecac—it doesn't matter particularly, as neither of these delicacies is concerned in the story in hand.

Howells and Stein, be it parenthetically remarked, had graduated together from Columbia six months before, at the end of a four-year course, in which (whisper it softly) Broadway's role was as bright as that of Morningside Heights. On their return from a summer's spree in the Yellowstone and Yosemite, they had settled down in nearby towns, Stein as an assistant superintendent in a "war bride" explosive industry and Howells "working for the old man" in the home drug plant.

Sent on his Samaritan mission, he was just turning the corner into the dark street that leads to the railroad station when he stopped short. "Hold on," he thought, "the poor devil hasn't got his first month's salary yet. Doctors and nurses eat greenbacks three meals a day. Yes, I'll have to snatch some dough—and get it quick." He had turned back and was half running, half sliding over the icy pavements toward the factory office.

"Wish Dad didn't freeze so fast to the key to the cash drawer," he muttered as he entered the office again. "Oh well, this will do just

as well. Regular movie stuff, eh?" The last remark was addressed to the office cat that rubbed against his legs just as Howells was taking a hatchet and chisel from the tool-box in the closet. Pluto, however, showed little interest in his demonstration of the novel method of opening a drawer without a key.

Funds hastily procured, he turned out the light, and was about to open the big office door, when the said door startled him by opening without his aid, and a negro rushed in and almost bumped into him.

"Ooh golly, Massah, yo' sca'ed me," blurted the ebon spectre in a frightened voice.

"Great Heavens, Jim," said Howells, recognizing the office janitor, "what are you doing here at this time of night?"

"I come up to look after the fires, sah."

"Well, look here," said Howells, "you tell Father in the morning that I have to go away. I may be gone several days."

"Yassah," said Jim as Howells brushed past him and into the snowy street.

The next morning it was still snowing. Colonel Howells, proprietor of the Howells Drug Manufacturing Company, was pacing up and down the floor of the main office. His face to the top of his half-bald head was flushed the color of diluted grape-juice and blue veins stood out at his temples. His chin, with its white, pointed tuft of a beard, worked energetically and mechanically as he chewed tobacco and spat violently at intervals.

The rest of the office showed no signs of anything particularly unusual. The stenographer was clacking away at an Underwood; the office-boy was sealing letters, and the gaunt bookkeeper stood at a tall desk commensurate with his own height, making entries in the ledger. In the room to the rear the big compressing machines were clattering noisily, and at times a faint odor of chloroform drifted into the room.

Just as Colonel Howells was sinking back into a chair, the office-door opened, and through it strode a man of no mean proportions, either in altitude or circumference. He smoked a gold-mounted pipe and wore eyeglasses—he was, be it known, the county detective.

"How do, Colonel?" he said. "You sent for me."

"Yes, suh, come heah, please, Mr. Jackson. Look at this, suh!"

Mr. Jackson looked. He puckered his lips into a silent whistle as he contemplated the shattered cash drawer.

"Humph!" he said, holding his pipe in his hand and letting the smoke drift out of his mouth as he talked. "When did it happen?"

"Last night some time," replied the Colonel.

"Much in it?"

"About two thousand dollahs."

The detective whistled—audibly this time. "Why so much in a cash drawer?"

"Two thousand dollahs," the Colonel repeated. "Pay envelopes, fust of the month, you know. Counted and stuffed last evenin'—all ready for the help today."

"But why," protested the officer, "why did you leave it in a cash drawer over night? That's plumb foolhardiness."

Colonel Howells flared up like ignited ether. "Young men, I've kept my pay envelopes there month's ends for fo'ty years, and I intend to keep them there fo'ty yeahs more. Don't call me a fool! Place is safe—windows barred—dooch locked. Impossible to break in."

"Yes, but somebody did," objected the officer.

"That's just why you're heah," said the Colonel, dodging the objection as though it were a whistling bomb.

With some men and many women argument does not pay. Jackson saw that he was dealing with one of this genus. "Yes, yes, to be sure," he said soothingly.

He refilled his pipe from a chamois bag, lit it, and took a few short puffs. "The doors and windows are firm and solid. Evidently the robber had a key."

"Exactly, exactly, yessuh, that feller has a key, quite right."

"Then you suspect someone?"

"It was my son, Charlie—nevah amounted to nothin' since he went to college. Gambled and loafed, and now it comes to stealin'." The Colonel shot a great wad of tobacco at the spittoon and sank his back teeth into the corner of a fresh plug.

"Your son!" exclaimed the detective, rather nonplussed; then regaining his semblance of composure, "Where is he now?"

"Gone, suh, that's just the point. Do you reckon he'd camp around yere when he stole two thousand dollahs last night? I'll catch the young scapegrace! I'll show him!" The Colonel was parading up and down the room excitedly. The bookkeeper looked up from his ledger and eyed his proprietor with a gloomy mien. The clacking of the typewriter stopped abruptly and the little brown-eyed stenographer bit her pink finger-nails as she stared intently at the dust on the hardwood floor.

"Who else have keys?" asked Jackson.

"Only myself and the janitor."

The detective took off his horn-rimmed glasses and held them between his thumb and first finger as he stood gazing meditatively at the broken drawer.

"I should like to see the janitor," he said, whereat the freckle-faced office-boy, who had been drinking in the situation during the process of envelope-stamping, left his chair and disappeared down the cellar stairs.

"The janitor wouldn't steal it, suh; he wo'ked for me these fo'ty yeahs—I brought him up from the South with me. Gets religion every revival. Never cheated me out of a cent in his life. But that son of mine—"

The detective interrupted. "Then you say your janitor is a regular back saint, straight as a die, teetotaler, and all that?"

"Oh, no, suh," admitted the Colonel, "not exactly. Fact is he drinks too much occasionally—very rarely, very rarely. But steal? No, he wouldn't do that. Jim—"

Just then the office door opened, and the oft-repenting sinner slouched in, accompanied by the office-boy. Jackson motioned him to sit down, taking a chair himself. Colonel Howells remained standing and bit off a fresh centimeter of plug tobacco.

"Jim," said the detective, "were you in the office last night?"

"Yassah, I come up to look aftah de fires an' see dat de pipes didn't freeze."

"What time?"

"'Bout midnight, sah."

"See anybody here?"

"I seen Massah Charlie. He come out jest as I come in. He said he was goin' away fo' sev'al days."

"See that," said the Colonel excitedly; "that's just what Jim told me this morning. I told you the boy did it!"

Jim was dismissed. The detective, with his pipe in his hand, was blowing perfect rings of filmy blue smoke. He had read his Conan Doyle and knew just how a detective should do it.

"Yes," he said reluctantly, "it looks pretty bad for Charlie—gambling habits, father stops funds—thefts—get-away—"

"Exactly, exactly. I'll show that young prodigal! I'll teach him the biggest lesson he ever had! I'll—"

"Will you swear out a warrant?" asked the detective, getting up and putting on his overcoat with an air of finality.

"Indeed I will, suh. That dasta'dly ingrate! I'll disinherit him. Not another penny of mine will he get. I'll—"

The Colonel's tirade sputtered on indefinitely like the red fire of an ignited Roman candle.

By nine o'clock that evening the storm had ceased and the big full moon shed a silvery, ghastly light upon the snow-covered roofs and pavements. In the office, Colonel Howells was alone. The building was painfully quiet except for the hollow, rhythmic, monotonous ticking of the clock on the wall. The old man was sitting beside a sizzling hot radiator, perusing the evening paper with about the interest that a hod-carrier would show in "Paradise Lost." For a few minutes he would read, then his eyes would wander from the sheet, he would wrinkle his brow and gaze as if looking through the dingy wall into infinite space beyond. Sometimes his fists would clench, and once he mumbled, "'Tain't the two thousand dollahs, it's the boy."

It was the old gentleman's habit to come to the office in the evenings—he had nowhere else to go—and there exchange comments on the latest submarine outrage and the general perversity of the times with a group of grizzle-haired cronies who were wont to wander into the comfortable room. But tonight the sages found cold welcome and were forced to toast their rheumatic limbs by other hearthstones.

The old gentleman was lost in a period of musing when the bookkeeper came in, and along with him a gust of cold night wind. The Colonel muttered something unintelligible that might be construed by an optimist to mean "Good evening," and the accountant came to the matter in hand without circumlocution.

"Jim Jacobs, our janitor, is shot," he announced, with the air of a judge pronouncing a death sentence.

"Shot!" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Yes, got mixed up in a row over a poker game down at Hank Smith's."

"Well, my wo'd, my wo'd, is the pooh man dead?"

"No, but he's in pretty bad shape. They took him home and his daughter's taking care of him. Doctor says he may not live till morning."

"Confound it, why does everything happen at once? Pooh old Jim! I'll nevah get another man like him again—nevah! Had his faults, but all in all—" He was interrupted by the telephone bell and the bookkeeper, who was in reach of the instrument, picked up the receiver.

"Norwalk 443 wants to speak to you," he said, handing the desk-phone to the Colonel.

"Yes, yes, this is Colonel Howells. What do you want? Who, Charlie? Oh, it's *you*, is it? You young reprobate,—you—you're arrested. You'll be wo'se 'n that before we're done with you—you deserve to be drawn and quartered! Don't guess they let people run around loose that steal two thousand dollahs, do they? You can't leave who? What do you mean? Who's Stein, anyway? No, I won't bail you out—it's all a frame-up—you lie! You're a thief and a liah. Don't let me heah another wo'd from you!" He hung up the receiver with a bang that made the instrument shiver.

"It's that dasta'dly son o' mine. Has some hard-luck tale about a sick friend. Jackson's arrested him. Reckons I'm going to let him off. I'll nevah do it—nevah! I'll—I'll—what's this, what's this?"

A little colored girl had entered the office unnoticed. Going timidly up to the counter, she handed the Colonel a grimy envelope, turned quickly around without looking into his face, and in another instant her kinky pigtails, tattered coat and calico dress had disappeared behind the street door.

The Colonel glanced inquisitively at the fat envelope, held it up between himself and the tungsten light and tore off the end. Out fell a roll of ten-dollar bills, a torn yellow pay-envelope, and a note scrawled in a childish hand on both sides of a piece of manilla paper. The old man squinted and held the paper close to his eyes, for the writing was scandalously illegible.

"Dear Col.," it read, "i am shot and maybe I am going to die and if i do i want to have a clear conchence for i cant bare to think of Mr Charley getting blamed for what i done because he was always so good to me and so i am getting my little girl to write to you for me. I went to the offis last night and i seen Mr Charley and he said he was going away and then i seen the busted cash drawer with lots of money left in it and I said there my chanst the Col will blame Mr charley if he dont show up tomorrow. Here is all that is left i am sorry i done it. My little girl couldnt help it could she so please dont tell nobody about and get her in truble you wont will you. I havent got no right to ask you but please dont."

In an unsteady hand the signature was affixed—"James Jacobs."

The Colonel spat viciously at the cuspidor.

"Well, what do you think of that?" he demanded of the bookkeeper, mechanically handing him the crumpled note, all the while gazing blankly out into the moonlit street.

His pedestrian mind had been struggling desperately in an effort to comprehend the inconsistent facts in which he had so suddenly been deluged.

Like the explosion that results when the slow-burning fuse of a grenade transmits its spark to the nitrocellulose, was the start with which the Colonel acted when an understanding of the whole affair suddenly flashed over him. He reached nervously for the telephone, and, putting the receiver to his ear, rattled the hook as though it had been the lever of a fire alarm.

"What was that number? Operator, give me Norwalk 443 and hurry the call!"

Ode to Doris

*Ephemeral maiden, like a transient dream;
Are all thy charms as real as they seem?
O angel mouth, mouth of delirious blisses;
O dear, tired eyes, dear eyes fast closed with kisses;
O soft white arms, O dark, abundant tresses;
O heart so soft and warm with love's caresses—
For you I would risk all, yea, even through
The jaws of Hell I'd gladly go for you.*

William W. Wilcox, Jr., '20.

The Quest of Beauty

THE chief aim of a poet is Beauty; he lives for it and often it is for Beauty that he must needs perish. There have been voices that have sung of other things, yet those which are as clear and as poignant as when they first were heard are those which are raised in the quest—and occasionally in the discovery—of Beauty. Some poets have found Truth and they have called it Beauty, even as some have found Beauty which they have named Truth—and they are both right. From the earliest ages we have heard the song of them that would behold Beauty: Sappho's chant is as mellow as ever it was when it rang through the isles of Greece.

In Sappho we must not see a demon and a perverted virago who croaked passionately and shrilly for that which she would have, nor must we see in her a sweet, insipid young miss that tosses herself from off the Leucan cliffs for love of the ferryman. If we think of her as such we do not make her live, and she was so extraordinarily vital. A chord from her lyre has found its way into the harp of Horace, an echo of her burning voice is heard in Swinburne's song—but besides these, just as clearly as hundreds of years ago, we hear her melodies floating through the air. She was violent and her song tears our heart-strings, but why? Not because of Mnasiidika, nor Atthis, nor yet Anactorea and Gyrinna, for in them she sought Beauty and found it in them—only to lose it. It is because she could not keep Beauty beside her ever that she wept those burning, blinding tears which as we read her poignant plaint we seem to feel upon our own hands as rain-swept jewels from the slopes of Parnassus.

This search for Beauty in Love is in Catullus; the really grand things this graceful Cisalpine did were the wails of anguish and of torture which escaped from him and to which he no doubt attached the least importance. Two things in his life and two alone are worthy of our interest to-day: his brother's death and Claudia. The first made him write the greatest lamentation on the death of a loved one that was ever written: Milton, Malherbe, Shelley, Swinburne and possibly Tennyson have equalled but have not surpassed it. The second made him a great poet and a great spirit when he had been but the idle songster of a dainty age and a philanderer. Of him, as of Musset, we might well say:

Rien ne nous rend si grands qu'une grande douleur.

Les plus desespérés sont les chants les plus beaux

Et j'en sais d'immortels qui sont de purs sanglots.

That is why Catullus is great: he is made glorious by overwhelming

grief, and his song, made the sweeter by being hopeless, is immortal because it is an aching sob

It was fortunate for us if unfortunate for him that he was the only Roman poet who was not forced to tear himself away from his burning passion to write a hymn to the emperor or a poem in praise of the country.

"Mulier cupido quod dicit amanti

In vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua."

"What a woman says must be writ on the winds and on the waters"—there we have the true Catullus. . . .

Of Vergil we love the best the *Aenid*: the *Georgics* and the *Bucolics* are both very graceful, but to us they seem uninspired. Pity and compassion for Marcellus, for Dido, Aeneas weeping over the cruel death of young Lausus, are what Vergil really excelled in. This tenderness and his sadness have made his work beautiful; his vast compassion and his ineffable love of creatures in distress are his great inspiration. We like him best because he is so personal; amid the hardness and materialism of Roman poetry he has struck a new note, the thrill of him who loveth his fellow men and who is kind—his book is indeed the book "of compassion and death."

As for Horace, did he really seek Beauty?—Yes, in a measure he did, but the Horatian quest of Beauty was that of Pope, of Dryden, of Boileau. His mind was singularly flexible and he lay back on his *lectus* and let it wander to Bandusian founts, and groves, and cool brooks, where the dryads played, just as Pope, sitting back in his arm-chair, complacently puffing at his pipe, babbled of green fields. And both of them found it, though they hardly lived it. . . .

The only other Roman name that need arrest our attention is that of Saint Augustine. Rhetoric and *preciosité*, violence of passion, haughtiness, pride, fury, strength—all of these he had, yet where he is really in search of the true and of the beautiful is in the *City of God* where all these qualities are blended with an exquisite and tender "sweetness and light" into a sublime work of Truth and Beauty.

We have but to look at the lives of Dante and Petrarch and the two names which ruled them, Beatrice and Laura, and we see how the Love of a poet can be the religion of Beauty. Chastened by great loves they are, and yet there is no bitterness nor even regret; Laura merely continues to bring forth child after child and yet she is still the Vision of Loveliness which the poet sings. Her whom a poet loves cannot be beautiful, leastways not as beautiful as he sees her; to her charms he adds a thousand virtues which he has imagined and sees her as the ideal itself instead of the petty earthly representative of that ideal.

That is why when the poet becomes disillusioned and sees her in the true light his complaint is so painful and so dolorous—and they who live not to see all their illusions crumble and fall about their head are the well-starred few.

Far different is the Vision of Beauty which offers itself to the eyes of Spenser. "Expectations and rebuffs, many sorrows and many dreams, and a sudden and frightful calamity, a small fortune and a premature end; this indeed was a poet's life." It is the word *dreams* which we must bear in mind; there it is where Spenser found Beauty. Nor was he forced to go very far from the world he lived in. His dreams are dreams of chivalry and his elevated fancy and powerful imagination led his spirit into the realms of eternal loveliness. Everything he read, everything he heard, everything he thought was shaped into one great, fanciful dream, decorated and expressed by the most exquisite and delicate imagery. Cervantes "smiled the chivalry of Spain away," said Byron, and we may say: Rabelais roared and behold! there were no more good men and true. But it is there that Spenser finds Beauty, and doggedly, desperately, come what may, he clings to it; sorrow, strife, hatred and ruin may follow, but he has his vision, he loads its every rift with ore and its splendor dazzles us even as it dazzled him. He clung to it and kept it until the day of his death.—Not so with Jonson, poor devil! He had a hard time to keep his dreams. He managed to do it, though, and, propping himself with his elbow upon the pillow of his deathbed he forgot his pain and sickness and sorrow and wrote his most graceful and dainty work, *The Sad Shepherd*; theories, alchemy, metaphysics, theatricals—all of them had choked him, but before he died his vast imagination conquered the morose disposition caused by his life; he found Beauty once—and died. . . .

A dreamer, too, was the immortal Will: "*As You Like It* is a half-dream; *Midsummer Night's Dream* a complete one." In him we find Beauty alway; of all the poets in this world of ours he alone kissed her lips and held her by him forever. Others have been able to hold her by the hand if but for an instant and to gaze into the luminous grace of her clouded eyes and there to see hope. But he held her to him forever: in dream, in life, in actions, in all. And he ended by settling in Stratford more like a shop-keeper than a poet!

The sheer power with which he coordinates and couples every action, every emotion, every dream so that the whole is one blinding blaze of light is his own secret. To have realized the ideal of Beauty as he did is for one poet in the history of the world and one alone; it is marvelous, it is miraculous, it is superhuman. He is a half-god and

yet we feel all that he felt; everything he found beautiful, we find beautiful. It is not the work, it is the man who speaks to us, and we listen and wonder and weep when he would we should and laugh when his fancy wishes it. No more complete realization of Beauty is to be found—not even in Dante, he was so triumphantly human in his sublimity.

Milton's Beauty is in the stringent resolve to act nobly. He is now delicate and graceful, then noble, majestic, grand; he began by the former and ended by the latter manner. The older he grew, the more he suffered, the more stern and the more heavy he became. His first quest for Beauty is in mythology; the eternally youthful story of Greece was what he found. Then, when the enthusiasm of youth dies down, theology becomes Beauty even because it is Truth. Yet here and there in that later manner is something of the former quest: the heat, the eloquence, the fervor, the sublime power and strength. Two forms of Beauty did he know: the pagan, the emotional ideal, fraught with sensibility and pure fancy, that of Jonson, Spenser and Shakespeare, often immoral, always beautiful—and the philosophical, metaphysical, lawful, religious, moral. In both was he great; in both he found Beauty.

Pope and his school, following Boileau, are Horaces; very urban and very much satisfied with their immediate lives; indeed it is not until the coming of the Romantic poets that there may be really said to be a quest of Beauty. Foremost of all is Keats: he may be said to have lived for Beauty and Beauty alone. Lord Byron was too preoccupied in himself to have really sought it out: he merely ate his heart out with remorse and sorrow for the humiliations to which he was subjected. With him it is not his work that interests us so much, it is the man; indeed, Byron, as has been said before, was a notorious example of a great poet who wrote bad poems. He meditated too much upon himself to be enamored of anything or anyone else, but "whatever he touched, he made palpitate and live; because when he saw it, his heart had beaten and he had lived. He could:

. *Rejoice to share
The wealth exuberant of all that's fair,"*

but he was only interested in that wealth:

"which lives and has its being everywhere,"

because in it he invested his own ideas, his own joys, his own sorrows, himself! His real doctrine of Beauty is: "Try to understand yourself and things in general." And poor man! though he tried to do so, he failed. He was a superb failure, but a failure none the less; the halo

of glory which surrounds him shines over his work. Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth sang the glory of Liberty; the first was a Jacobine and his *Wat Tyler* sang the glory of the past Jacquerie and the glory of the revolution but ended by being poet laureate; the second dreamt of a socialistic state in America without priest or king and ended by writing editorials for Pitt; the third began by cursing kings and ended by distributing stamps. "The same gospel of Rousseau which in France produced the Terror, in England produced *Sandford and Merton*." But Byron was not of these; when the time came for him to draw the sword for the sake of the liberty which he had sung, he was ready, he pressed forward, he might have lived to have seen it but—he died. Shelley's death is sad, Keats' is pathetic, but none moves us like Byron's. For all his ranting and raving, for all his sighing in the shadows and tearing his hair for rage, for all his curses and for all the misfortune which he endured and which he also exaggerated, which he vowed had been brought upon him but in which he had been the greatest instrument, he is a man, he is human, he is one of us disguised. The same bitter-sweet of love he has tasted; the same joys, the same dreams are his as are ours, but, mightier than we, he has the courage to follow the gleam, knowing he can never set his eyes upon it. He realizes the worth of Greece and her liberty, the treachery, the futility of the thing, and yet he does it. "My pang shall find a voice," he says, and it has; but it is not his pang any more than anyone else's. He gives utterance to it, yes—but we have felt it; Lammenais has it when he says: "Mon ame est nee avec une plaie." All our souls are—or we imagine them to be—born with a scar. . . .

Shelley, too, sought Beauty; in the pure delights of nature more than in anything else. That is why whenever the wind sobs and sighs in the trees, whenever the sun sets over the peaceful valley and is hid behind the majestic mountain, whenever the moonlight gleams across the waters and whenever the sea chants its litany to the tall rocks that guard it, if we think of poetry it is of Shelley's that we think. As we are young, so is he young; he is a child all his life. His dreams, his philosophy, his hopes, his love of his fellowmen are childish; the first dreams we dream we never remember, our first hopes are replaced, our love of our kind becomes indifference, then hatred, or hatred, then indifference—as Byron's, if he ever *did* have any, which I doubt—but it is only a few great lovers of the universe that keep them always. To Shelley Beauty was everywhere and he worshipped it—yet there were fools who called him atheist. Yes, he began by a piece of magnificent impertinence and superbly quixotic youthfulness, but the real

Shelley is he who finds his god everywhere. Here is no cheap atheist, here is a man whose faith and love are so great that wherever he goeth he findeth light, and love, and God. But of all those who sought Beauty in her purest, most unadulterated form Keats is the greatest:

*"My ear is open like a greedy shark
To catch the tunings of a voice divine."*

Where shall he catch them?

*"Glory and loveliness have passed away,
For if we wander out in early morn
No wreathed incense do we see upborne
Into the east to meet the smiling day."*

He lives in an age of materialism and politics, liberty, religion—he does not care a straw for them: his chief concern is Beauty, pure, sheer, unadulterated loveliness. He dreams of it, he forces himself to think of it. Good heavens!

"The poetry of earth is never dead,"

and he is a poet, so let him seek it. Did he find it?—Yes, he found it, but he had to wander far before he did, until he reached the land which he had builded with his dreams, a land that is green and fair and smiling with plenty, filled with sweet forms and angel-voices; and when he beheld it:

"Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone."

But he could not constantly dream himself back into the fever which produced this vision of the Land Beautiful. As often as not he was unable to do what he wished, to

*"Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known."*

More often he had to endure life and

*"The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here where men sit and hear each other groan."*

Occasionally he can "away! and flee" with her, but the inevitable must happen and he is brusquely awakened by them that bring him back from Beauty to himself and

*"Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf."*

Alas! the anthem fades and passes by meadow, still stream and flowery hillside till it is buried deep and lost in the next valley glades, whilst he can but rub his eyes and ask:

"Was it a vision or a waking dream?"

Is this Beauty right? Is it Truth? He does not care: it is Beauty and

that is all that matters. Let us call it Truth even if in the end of things we die from it:

*"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."*

He is happy, even when in this bitter life, that there has been a time, one supreme, beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten moment when he pressed his lips to those of Beauty and drew her breath into his mouth; in his own life there are no followers of Beauty:

*"No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
From chain-swung censer teeming;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming."*

Yet he is ever ready as a

*" casement ope at night.
To let the warm Love in,"*

because he has tasted of it, fed on it and found it sweet. His is the supreme quest for Beauty; other things to him were nothing. The feverish anguish of him who loves Beauty yet cannot taste of her at will is a burning, consuming fire that destroys him: he pines and wastes away, yet his last cry, his last word, is that superb and triumphant praise of loveliness:

"Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art."

Baudelaire sought to find Beauty in the mire; his "pale blossoms" and
" lovely leaf-buds poisonous"

were for him Beauty. He dragged a certain beauty from the unhealthy marshes by the hair and gazed into her eyes, and the gases of the place, which he thought perfumes, asphyxiated him. Keats also died and died from Beauty, but a different Beauty; his was caused by the sheer effort and physical and mental strain of him who, at the sacrifice of all things, forces himself into the Vision Beautiful by means of which he can see her. Alas! it is *her* name that is writ in water, though we chase her and bruise our feet and fear our flesh in the quest of this will-o'-the-wisp—but *his* name lives immortal, for he was born for her and it was for her that he lived, sang, suffered, and died.

—J. G. C. Schuman *Le Clercq*, '18.

ALUMNI

Andrew C. Craig, Jr., '84, clubman, traveler and big game hunter, died January 18th of pneumonia at his home, 222 South Thirty-ninth Street, Philadelphia, after an illness of two days. He was in his fifty-third year.

Mr. Craig was the son of the late Joseph B. Craig and Emma Leibert Craig, and a nephew and heir of the late Andrew Catherwood Craig, a merchant. He was born in Philadelphia, and received his education at Ury Hall, Fox Chase, and Haverford College. Following his graduation from college, Mr. Craig studied law, although he never practised. Mr. Craig in his younger days was a famous cricketer and oarsman. He was a member of the Manufacturers', Art and Undine Barge Clubs.

Michael Henry March, of the Class of 1907, died at his home in Pottstown, December 14, 1916, after an illness of only a few days of double pneumonia. He was born in Pottstown, December 4, 1881. His father was Thomas J. March, who was a graduate of West Point and a Lieutenant in the famous 7th Cavalry when he resigned. His mother, who survives him, was Miss Emma Kulp.

Mr. March graduated from Hill School and entered Haverford in September, 1903. He was president of his class the first half of the Sophomore year and the last half of the Senior year, the two most important terms. He was manager of the football team, proving himself one of the most efficient managers Haverford ever had. After leaving College, he spent a year continuing his study of analytical chemistry, entering the coal and coke business in Philadelphia. He became secretary of the Bader Coal Company, Boston, Mass., from which position he resigned last summer on account of his health.

On June 9, 1913, he married Miss Susan B. Richards, who survives him.

He was a member of the Class Honor Committee all four years, vice-president of the Athletic Association, was on the freshman football team, debating team, member of the student council during Junior and Senior years, and served two terms as class president, and was manager of the football team.

William Wistar Comfort, now head of the Department of Romance Languages of Cornell University, has been elected by the

Board of Managers to succeed President Sharpless as head of Haverford College. Dr. Comfort is a thorough Haverfordian of the second generation and has been connected with the College both as a student and a professor. He was regarded by many as the logical man for the office, and even before President Sharpless's resignation it was rumored among Haverford circles that Dr. Comfort would eventually succeed him.

He is pre-eminently a scholar and holds an A. M. and Ph. D. from Harvard. He has studied in several foreign countries and has written much along the line of Romance languages.

He was born on May 27, 1874, a son of Howard and Susan Foulke Wistar Comfort. His father was a member of the Class of 1870 and was a manager of the College from 1880 until 1913.

While at Haverford Dr. Comfort was president of his class in Senior year and was president of the Y. M. C. A. He took honors in modern languages and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, of which organization he served at one time as secretary. He was a member of the Banjo Club and during his last two years played on the first cricket eleven.

Graduating from Haverford in 1894, he spent three years at Harvard, then came back to Haverford as an instructor for the year 1897-96. The next three years he

spent abroad, studying in Germany, France, Spain, Italy, and in England at Oxford.

On his return he came to Haverford again and was connected with the Romance Department here from 1901 to 1909, when he resigned his position as head of the department to become head of the Romance Department at Cornell.

In 1902 he received his doctor's degree from Harvard. In June of the same year he was married to Miss Mary Fahs, of Lake Forest, Ill. Dr. and Mrs. Comfort have four children—one boy and three girls.

He is now president of the Alumni Association of Haverford College.

His writings include: "Character Types in the Old French *Chansons de Geste*," 1906; "French Prose Composition," 1907; "The Moors in Spanish Popular Poetry," 1909 (published in the collection of Haverford Essays); an edition of Calderon's "*La Vida es Sueno*," 1904, and more recently a translation of "*Chrétien de Troyes*" in the Everyman Series.

In an editorial the *Haverford News* expressed the following:—

"DR. COMFORT'S APPOINTMENT

"The announcement of Dr. Comfort's unanimous election to succeed President Sharpless meets with very general approval among

the faculty and alumni. Scholar, gentleman, and thorough Haverfordian, he is highly respected and regarded as thoroughly competent for the position to which he has been appointed. A certain dignity and reserve serves to make his opinions doubly weighty, and his personality in man-to-man talks makes him a winner of warm friends.

"He was brought up in the Haverford atmosphere, swung a bat on the cricket crease, and listened to lectures in Founders' Hall. He knows Haverford through and through—Haverford men, Haverford problems and Haverford ideals. He has acquired scholastic honors, a reputation in the educational world, and what is more, that breadth of experience that comes with much travel and contact with many men. He assumes the presidential duties at a time when the Haverford adminis-

tration is face to face with serious problems—the T. Wistar Brown legacy to be utilized wisely in the inauguration of graduate work; money to be expended on new chair in history and other departments; Sharpless Hall to be erected, equipped, and occupied; greatly increased numbers of candidates for admission necessitating regulation of entrance standards—these serve to suggest the magnitude of the situation. While they are all signs of the prosperous condition of the College, they nevertheless will present crises which only a steady hand can wisely steer through.

"We feel that in the solving of these problems Dr. Comfort has the undivided support and confidence of a thousand Haverfordians as he takes up the work of President Sharpless toward 'making the greater Haverford a better Haverford.'"



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The "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916," which has just been published, contains the names of several Haverfordians. Christopher D. Morley's, '10, "Ars Dura," originally published in the *Boston Transcript*, is among the poems reprinted. "Sea and Bay," by C. Wharton Stork, '02, is placed among the fifteen important volumes of poems published during the year. W. S. Hinchman, '00; W. C. Green, '10, and L. B. Lipmann, '14, are mentioned as having published poems in *Contemporary Verse*.

The following is reprinted from *McClure's Magazine*:—

A CHARM

For a New Fireplace, To Stop Its Smoking

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

O wood, burn bright; O flame, be quick;

O smoke, draw cleanly up the flue!

My lady chose your every brick,
And sets her eager heart on you.

Logs cannot burn, nor tea be sweet,
Nor white bread turn to crispy toast

Until the spell be made complete
By love, to lay the sooty ghost.

And then, dear books; dear waiting chairs,

Dear china and mahogany,
Draw close, for on the happy stairs,
My brown-eyed girl comes down
for tea.



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To the Editor:—

May I ask the privilege of your columns to call to the attention of your readers the pending formation by the American Ambulance Field Service in France of several new sections and the opportunity which will be available during the next few months for an additional number of volunteers who are interested in France and who would like to be of service there?

We have already more than two hundred cars driven by American volunteers, mostly university men, grouped in sections which are attached to divisions of the French army. These sections have served at the front in Flanders, on the Somme, on the Aisne, in Champagne, at Verdun (five sections including one hundred and twenty cars at the height of the battle) in Lorraine and in reconquered Alsace, and one of our veteran sections has received the signal tribute from the French army staff of being attached to the French army of the Orient in the Balkans. We are now on the point of greatly enlarging our service for the last lap of the war, and a considerable number of new places are available.

Every American has reason to be proud of the chapter which these few hundred American youths have written into the history of this prodigious period. Each of the several sections of the American Ambulance Field Service as a whole and fifty-four of their individual members have been decorated by the French Army with the Croix de Guerre or the Médaille Militaire for valor in the performance of their work.

The nature of this work, and the reason for these remarkable

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tributes from the Army of France is clearly presented in the official report of the first year and a half's service published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, under the title of "Friends of France."

Information as to the requirements of and qualifications for the service will be gladly sent by Henry D. Sleeper from the Boston Headquarters of the Field Service, at Lee Higginson & Co., 40 State Street, or may be obtained from Wm. R. Hereford, at the New York Headquarters, 14 Wall Street.

The American Ambulance Field Service has recently been described by a member of General Joffre's staff as "The finest flower of the magnificent wreath offered by the Great America to her little Latin sister."

There are surely many more of the sterling youths of America who would like to add their little to that wreath.

A. PIATT ANDREW,
*Inspector General,
American Ambulance Field
Service.*

'60

Cyrus Lindley died January 30, 1917 at Marysville, California.

'61

In a letter to the HAVERFORDIAN, J. H. Stewart, of Urpes, Minnesota, sums up the wonderful development that the College has seen under President Sharpless's administration and hopes that the development under his successor may attain such a degree of progress and success.

'65

A. Haviland will be retired for age from the employ of the New York Central R. R. after the coming summer.

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'92

Dr. Brinton's article in *The American Magazine of Art* was the subject of an illustrated article in *The Literary Digest* for January 20th.

W. Morris Hart has just published a collection of English popular ballads. The book is in the series of the *Lake English Classics*.

'94

Professor W. W. Comfort, of Cornell, the successor of President

Sharpless, had an article in *The Dublin Review* for October, 1916, entitled "A Lapsed Relationship."

'08

The engagement of Walter W. Whitson to Miss Myra H. King, of Peoria, Illinois, has been announced.

'11

The engagement has recently been announced of William D. Hartshorne, Jr., to Miss Edith Corinne Ligon, daughter of William D. and Julia A. Ligon, of Nelson County, Virginia. Mr. Hartshorne is associate principal and co-founder of the Wardlaw School at Plainfield, New Jersey. He will have charge of the boys' demonstration playground at the coming summer session of Columbia University, of which he has been director for the past three summers.

'14

John K. Garrigues is working in the Trust Department of the Girard Trust Company.

'15

Brinkley Turner, formerly of the Girard Trust Company, has accepted a position with Harper and Turner as manager of their Statistical Department.

'16

Herman Oberholtzer is with Newburger, Henderson and Loeb, 1410 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Brokers.

Bolton L. Corson has been with the Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, New York, since graduation. He is in the engineering department.

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HAVERFORDIAN

VOLUME 39

HAVERFORD COLLEGE

1917-1918



The Haverfordian

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month during college and year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *twenty-fifth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXIX

HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1917.

No. 1

Evening

By R. G.

O the sigh of the wind in the pine tree,
And the scrape of the boat on the sand,
And the ripple of gold from beside the canoe
As it glides to its place on the strand:
The twinkle of lights in the harbor,
And the swish of the yawl through the sea,
Is the call that is dearest and nearest my heart
If mine were to choose and be free.

Vignette

The sea is as a silver-spangled cloak,
And the argent waves plash
Softly, soothingly, caressingly,
With the rhythm and cadence of feet in a dance,
As though the wearer of this cloak
Were a weird and beauteous, crazed Salomé,
Dancing for Herod, King of Judea.

Editorial Comment

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

MR. Robert Gibson, who as Editor-in-Chief has been responsible for the issuing of two volumes of the HAVERFORDIAN, retired shortly after the publication of our March number. The loss of so capable an editor as Mr. Gibson and of authors of the calibre of the retiring board must be regarded with regret; but we hope that they do not view their withdrawal as a complete severance from the magazine, and look forward with pleasure to their future contributions. The retiring members are Messrs. Robert Gibson, W. H. Chamberlin, and C. D. Van Dam.

THE NEW BOARD

It is usual for a new Editor to thank the College body in general for its kind support. Rather than give such thanks grudgingly we prefer to withhold them. We cannot refrain, however, from thanking the many individuals who have helped the HAVERFORDIAN with their pens and their purses. The trouble with the HAVERFORDIAN is that it does *not* represent the College body. A handful of men contribute to it generously; with the exception of these, the number of undergraduates who read the magazine may be counted on the fingers of one's hands. The purpose of the HAVERFORDIAN has been to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and it is to be regretted that only too few have even allowed us to try to do this. We appeal to the undergraduates to support us more whole-heartedly, and to contribute a little more than they have heretofore.

The future of the HAVERFORDIAN is none too bright. With the birth of the *Alumni Quarterly* the day may be foreseen when the HAVERFORDIAN will be obliged to give over the Alumni Notes to this enterprising contemporary; without the Alumni Notes the HAVERFORDIAN is almost negligible—we have no illusions about that. But if more contributions are received, we may be able to raise the literary standard of our magazine until it may actually come to be considered for its intrinsic literary interest and value. It is a matter that regards the College body as a whole; without their help we have a mass of literary work whose only *raison d'être* is the cover that links it to the Alumni Notes; with their assistance our future has boundless possibilities.

THE PRESENT NUMBER

In the present number we have shown what are our standards of judgment. We accept any MSS. that are interesting and well-written. These are the only attributes, but are both vitally necessary.

Publication of an article does not necessarily imply adoption of the views expressed therein. Many of our readers may object to the sentiments of two articles in this issue; we shall be pleased to publish any answer we receive provided it be worthy of our consideration.

Dr. C. Wharton Stork's article on Von Heidenstam is reprinted by kind permission of the Bookman. Dr. Stork is at present an Editor of "Contemporary Verse," a magazine of poetry published in Philadelphia. He is the author of several books of poems and numerous critical studies in contemporary periodicals.

OUR APRIL NUMBER

Among other contributions to the April number are an article on "Haverford Poets" dealing with C. Wharton Stork, Donald Evans, E. A. V. Valentine and others; an article entitled "A Greater Haverford," and poems, stories and sketches by various authors. MSS. intended for insertion should be submitted before March 20th.

Doubt

By Robert Gibson

Why must you doubt?

A lover's only hope is faith.

We've vowed our mutual passion, you and I,

A thousand times or more since first we met.

My telltale eyes while fastened on you shout

The secret. Why, then, does this wraith

Of past experience cloud our azure sky?

You press me fondly to your breast, and yet

Your parting word is, "Do you love me still?"

How can you doubt?

If ache of heart or pain could prove

What I have told you often, you would weep

And bid me kiss away your groundless fear.

Has love down through the ages been without

A comfort to the bosom it doth move?

This much I know: While through the air we sweep,

Twin love-souls bound for Paradise,—a tear

Will linger in your—"Do you love me still?"

Score One for Hoskins

By Harold W. Brecht

DAMON Gildersleeve was a great man. Damon Gildersleeve owned seven mammoth department stores. Damon Gildersleeve was a very great man. He was twice and a fraction as great as Matthew Christian, for instance, who owned only three. For that reason Damon Gildersleeve's statue in the City Square devoted to the modern great, and to the English sparrows, was twice and a fraction larger than Matthew Christian's. And as, to the best of my knowledge, no other person ever owned seven mammoth department stores, Damon Gildersleeve was, clearly, the greatest man ever produced. This was well for every one concerned, and especially well for Damon Gildersleeve.

Also, Mrs. Damon Gildersleeve was a great woman. She collected tapestries and pictures and sculptures of slightly immodest—to the vulgar—young women. This was saving Art, which is, obviously, great. Mrs. Damon Gildersleeve and her friends soared above the common herd. In Mrs. Damon Gildersleeve's gatherings, soul met soul. This was reviving Intellectuality, which is plainly great. Mrs. Damon Gildersleeve, and Mrs. Damon Gildersleeve's feminine friends were not prudes. This was great. It was especially great for Mrs. Damon Gildersleeve's non-feminine friends.

But this poor chronicle cannot treat of the greatness that lies in the Gildersleeves. It begs every one's pardon for concerning itself, on the contrary, with low matters, and breathing, as it were, a low atmosphere. Both chronicle and chronicler have a sincere detestation of anything low, such as ordinary people. Both chronicle and chronicler would prefer to busy themselves with something great, like the Gildersleeves. The chronicler especially would like to meet and be met with soul to soul, above the common herd. But, unfortunately, neither the chronicle nor the chronicler is great. This is bad, especially for the chronicler.

John Engard was not a great man. Furthermore, he did not appear to grieve in the slightest over his lack of greatness, which was even worse than his delinquency. According to his friends, he was talented in certain lines, a perfect mine of latent abilities. They undertook to awaken his aspirations by expounding to him the glory of life, as he did not live it. They showed him that, as a reward for greatness, he would be permitted to account himself a friend of Mrs. Gildersleeve's, and to be a guest at her banquets, where soul met soul, with very little covering between. At this John, with sacrilegious heresy, would laugh.

He was employed in one of Gildersleeve's department stores. Gildersleeve's department stores were just like homes, said Gildersleeve, a most modest gentleman. In them were long rows of counters, between which passed always hurrying people, by whom one might be jostled and stepped upon. In fact they were very like homes, they even surpassed homes in being like unto homes. In one of these homes, then, John was engaged in the menial and excessively low occupation of selling shoes. But as John was a professed scoffer, he did not sell many shoes; hardly any shoes at all, which was bad for the success of homes. In homes it is necessary for one to sell myriads of shoes. In fact the prime object of a home, according to Gildersleeve, is to sell shoes. John received eight dollars a week.

Grace Barmore was also employed in a Gildersleeve home, where she sold ribbons, as is the customary occupation in homes. For this she received six dollars a week, the two dollars of difference between her salary and John's being, as he told her, because of their difference in sex. It, presumably, brings merit to pay a woman less than a man, so that she may learn how to live for less, and gain merit herself. John remonstrated strongly with Grace, and showed her earnestly and logically that she could not afford to be feminine. For the rest she was rather pretty, almost beautiful, and very young, being but seventeen, even two years younger than John. She had, also, an inordinate desire for silk stockings and silk shirtwaists that displayed the silk ribbons in her underclothes. This desire she could, of course, easily gratify with her afore-mentioned munificent salary.

If anyone were so low as to have a desire for low arithmetic, he might possibly wish to calculate the amount left for subsistence when four dollars and four dollars and a half were deducted from Grace's and John's incomes every week, for the privilege of occupying rooms, and eating breakfast and dinner, at Slimkinses. The fifty cents additional paid by John was for a window, Grace's room lacking that enlightening example of modern luxury. John professed to admire his window deeply, he referred to it in terms of the deepest respect as his most valuable property, and he even talked of insuring it.

On very hot nights John would tiptoe into Grace's adjoining room, with no regard at all for propriety, and gently awaken her. Whereon she would arise, while John discreetly turned his back, and thrusting her tiny white feet into slippers she would exchange beds with him. At first she was wont to demur slightly at this arrangement, for she seemed to think the advantage lay all on her side. But John stifled her objections by laughing at them; she would go and lie where he had lain and be

eminently happy. As for him—he would sneer, in accordance with his creed, though it was hard to sneer successfully in Grace's stifling attic.

On nights so hot that it was impossible to sleep, the two would sit with each other, or one of the boarders on the same floor would give a "Bathing Suit" party, which to the uninitiated was remarkably like Mrs. Gildersleeve's revivals of Grecian Art. The partakers of the intellectual refinement and unexcelled victuals at Slimkinses were discovered, however, in one of these nocturnal entertainments (being but children, they knew no better), and thereafter the festivals ceased for fear of injuring the reputation of Slimkinses.

John had never patronized these gatherings anyhow, not because of his prudery, but because he preferred rather to stay in his room and batter his old typewriter, thereby producing endless reams of stories, and again, increasing an already extended collection of rejection slips. He was an odd young man. He was a very odd young man. He was a superlatively odd young man. Consider what you would have done, on being invited to a Bathing Suit party.

Every week he gave one-tenth of his salary for charity; this he called his weekly installment on his heavenly home. He simulated grave anxiety over his ignorance concerning the price of real estate in Paradise, and was deeply concerned over the interesting question whether he had, as yet, paid for the whole lower story of his home, or only a kitchenette. These remarks Grace would consider sacrilegious, for she possessed a moral code that belonged to those of her class who were not yet engaged in an ancient but slightly dishonorable profession, and she would reprove him sharply. In answer he would scoff, and present her with half his weekly contribution, on condition that she would give it away, and thereby eschew the lamentable future homelessness of divers wealthy and very virtuous—in their old age, at least—gentlemen, whom he named.

He wrote off bulletins on his battered typewriter about real estate in the Holy City. "The West End, Grace," he would say. "There's the coming part of the New Jerusalem: all modern conveniences. That land's bound to advance." Then he would launch himself into a ribald imitation of a real estate agent's most grandiose language, too blasphemous to be repeated by one even so conscienceless as the chronicler. "Gildersleeve's got property there; he knows a good thing," he would add.

Then he would continue: "Gildersleeve's prepared. I hear he's bought all the cool standing-room in Hell, cornered it, you know. That'll make it hot for me."

I give you these facts, not because I consider them especially face-

tious or edifying, but because they show John's attitude, real or pretended, toward all things.

Perhaps not really sensing the bitterness that lay behind his words, Grace would take him to task, and, sometimes, take offence. One night, however, even though it was extremely hot, and he was unusually wicked, she changed her attitude.

"Don't, John!" she said, rather wearily. "Please! Isn't it bad enough for us to live as we have to live, without your laughing at the only One Who'll help, or even care about us?" Very good training had Grace received. Then turning her head away, so that he might not see how scarlet was her blush, she went on: "John, if you were a girl perhaps you'd understand how hard it is for her to keep—straight. Hoskins Gildersleeve—spoke to me again to-day. He—he—" she halted.

"The devil! May Satan curse him, as I do!" John showed his even teeth in an ugly, snarling gleam, a smile that did not spring from mirth.

She went on. "I have no money to buy what I want, or even what I need. I feel something inside me that urges me on; I don't want to stay at home nights, with my bed, I want to go out. What's the matter with me, John?" But she did not pause for an answer. "I get six a week, and I'll get six a week forever!" She began to sob convulsively. "Why did God ever make this world?"

John said nothing, choking back the bitter words at his lips. He was striding up and down with his hands clenched, and as Grace looked at him she saw that he seemed to be restraining himself, and she almost fancied it was from her.

"Hoskins'll get me—they always do—though I hate him. But after he's through with me, what will happen? I'll be like—O God, if You can hear me, have a heart!"

"Small—" John did not finish the sentence, which was perhaps well, for I fear it would have shocked you even more—if possible—than you are already shocked by the lowness of this narrative. Grace left him to hide her burning cheeks in her pillow. Very modest was Grace.

Mr. Gildersleeve, getting old, had begun to branch out. He owned a church now, a magnificent church, which obviously added much to his greatness. Of course he did not own it openly, he had leased it to St. Paul, or to Jesus Christ, I do not remember which. It may even have been to the Virgin Mary. The Gildersleeve Memorial Church had a very high steeple. The low—among them John—whispered that from the top of this steeple Damon Gildersleeve intended to step to Heaven. Matthew Christian owned no church, being only a Christian,

and only one-half and a fraction as great as Damon Gildersleeve. Damon Gildersleeve was a very great man.

No doubt the War had something to do with it, and the building of a pathway to Paradise was presumably costly, for Damon Gildersleeve determined to economize. The method of economy was marvelously ingenious, and at the same time refreshingly simple. It consisted in the discharge of one-half the employees, and, therefore, in the performance of double duty by the other half. This method was also cunningly intended to impress Someone with a correct knowledge of Gildersleeve, and to give that Someone an opportunity to prepare for Gildersleeve a more fitting reception than perhaps the great man himself expected or even dreamed of.

Of course our two low characters were discharged, neither of them materially aiding the inflowing of the wherewithal to build the new church, and to support the minister there. John received his notice that Gildersleeve could manage to get along without his services with rather more joy than otherwise, for now, he reasoned, he would have more time to spend in writing his aforementioned stories. This writing had heretofore done no one any real harm, John of course excepted, though it rather inconvenienced the manuscript editors and the postmen.

When John came home that same day he heard sounds of muffled sobbing from the next room. Softly he opened the door and looked in. Through the dingy skylight in the roof the sun had sent a shaft of gold, a beam like a brilliant sword in which the little motes danced and sparkled and swayed like tiny stars. The light edged the little white bed with gold; it made a shining golden glory of the kneeling girl's hair; it gilded faintly the pallid white of her upturned, tear-stained face. John almost fancied that in its light the falling tears sparkled in amber and emerald and carmine, while ever the little stars glided to and fro, or vanished into the brooding shadows that hovered darkly in the rest of the room.

A great longing came upon John to seize the kneeling girl to his breast, to kiss the soft, tear-wet cheek, to bury himself in her embrace. Instead he smiled his bitter smile, his teeth glittering in the same sunbeam. Grace turned toward him.

"What can we do?" she cried hopelessly. "I have no money."

"We will write stories, you and I," he comforted, but not moving nearer her. "Such stories!"

Perhaps Grace was not over-confident as to the tangible results of their writing—these low people writing not for Art's sake alone—but the much-plaudited optimism of youth came to her aid, and soon she was smiling, her slim fingers grasping a pencil.

John took two cents from his lunch allowance, and wrote the following letter to Mr. Gildersleeve:

"My Most Esteemed Sir:

"Permit me to suggest that you purchase still more of the cooler part of Hell; I hear you are a large man."

This letter would, no doubt, have impressed Mr. Gildersleeve mightily if it had ever reached him, but it was intercepted by his tall, passive-faced secretary, who wrote "Agreed" across the bottom of the page and put the letter in his inside coat-pocket. About this secretary hangs a tale, but I fear it must hang there till it strangle, for I have no time to take it off.

John and Grace wrote with such rapidity that it was their privilege to receive, by nearly every mail, a returned manuscript, the Editor's regrets, and the Editor's deep obligation for the opportunity to examine the enclosed. These words would, no doubt, have been much more comforting if they had not been printed on the rejection slip. Instead of being made famous by their writings—as Grace was fondly hoping—the mere payment of the postage caused a serious drain on their finances. Once, indeed, they received a letter praising their "good ideas," and giving them large encouragement of future publication at undreamed-of prices. Only first, matters must be facilitated slightly by the remittance of a small sum, consisting of what was about a week's pay for both of them in the old days of their employment.

Grace was greatly delighted by this letter, foreseeing a dreamy vista of enough to eat and wear; John was pleased almost as much, for he foresaw the dawning of his innermost and most burning ambition, that he never breathed aloud: himself a leader in the world of authors, surrounded by a group of talented yet admiring men. To meet this first demand, and several smaller ones that followed, Grace and John abandoned for once and all the intellectually refined atmosphere of Slimkinse, moving further down-town. I may add that this primal pleasure was all they ever received for this manuscript of "good ideas."

Again I must beg my readers' pardon and salve my conscience for treating of people so low as Grace and John, and of their actions, which continually became lower. I would, as is mentioned before, rather soar with Mrs. Gildersleeve, unimpeded by lowness or a superfluity of raiment, where soul met soul. Great was Mr. Gildersleeve; great was his wife! I respect them, admire them, love them, revere them. No evil was done by them; no hypocrisy about them; no obsequiousness toward them; the world honored them, as I did. School-children were to use them as examples, even as do you and I. The school-children

were commanded to respect and admire them, to love them, as I did. Great, ah, great were they!

As I greatly respect the feelings against anything low partaken of by my readers, who thereby approach in greatness the Gildersleeves, I will not give in detail the struggles of Grace and John to find means for the subsistence of their low lives. Let it suffice that they were in all vain. It is true that Grace received a tentative offer as a chorus-girl, but, with a sort of low modesty, she drew back at once when she saw the proposed attire. Time passed on until their stock of money, a pitifully small stock, was exhausted, not precisely the most pleasant state of affairs.

One night John had returned from a fruitless search for work, and he was sitting rather hopelessly, his head resting in his hands, when Grace's door was opened and Grace herself appeared. Perhaps it is well to say at this place that John had received one or two offers of employment, but as they meant leaving Grace, he, with a sort of low attachment, as it were, had declined them.

Grace had become thinner and paler, but she was as beautiful as before. Though her head was turned away, he could see that her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were burning, while she kept her arms crossed over her breast. She was superbly gowned in a robe of cloth-of-gold, though it was cut so low that she might well be glad of a huge bunch of orchids at her breast. John started. Grace, so modest and retired, clad as a walker of the streets, or as a female follower of Gildersleeve!

"Grace!" he said in surprise.

"Do I look the part?" she answered, her words grating hoarsely. "Look!"

She handed him a little wrinkled note, which had plainly been pressed and re-pressed between her hands. It read:

"Dearest Grace:—I have waited long for you, must I wait forever? I love you, I can not stay away from you, I would die for a kiss from you. I am having an early supper to-night; my car will call for you. Since I want my darling to be dressed better than anyone else, I send you this dress, also a few flowers. Think of

"Your own Hoskins."

To those of you who have had experience with such notes, that is, who have either received or sent them, and who may wonder at the style of this one, it may be well to explain that the impassive secretary had written the note—as he had written many similar ones—Hoskins Gildersleeve not being famed for his intellectual ability.

"I wish you a pleasant evening," said John, with a mocking bow.

Then the feelings fostered by some months of nearness to her breaking through his mask, he cried, "Grace, why?"

"What else can we do? We have nothing to eat, or nothing to buy it with. All I have is a pretty face; I must capitalize my only property. Perhaps both of us can live on the proceeds." He muffled an interjection. "John," she cried, suddenly changing her tone, and advancing toward him with outstretched hands, "you must forgive me."

"I have thought for a long while that I had better give personal attention to my heavenly mansion," said John dreamily.

"You laugh?"

"Grace," he went on, unheeding, "instead of going to-night with Hoskins, take a longer journey with me."

"What do you mean?"

"Pardon me!" He stripped off his shirt and stood, bare-armed, before her. In his hand, near his arm, he held a black-handled razor.

"Oh!" She understood. She hesitated a moment, then advanced nearer him, holding out her bare arm.

Tenderly John took it. She shuddered and closed her eyes...

"Grace," John said suddenly, "after a few moments I don't know whether we'll ever see each other again. So before I—kill you, I want to tell you that I love you."

"John," she smiled at him, "I've waited so long!"

As he held her, a shining golden vision with starry eyes, to his heart, she spoke again. "Why didn't you—tell me before?"

He kissed the upturned lips before he answered. "I was afraid—for your reply. And then, we would have married, and there would have been a baby. A child without money—," he did not finish the sentence. Then, with his old cynicism, he added: "Besides, we would have committed the crime of bringing a helpless child into the world. He would have lived, no doubt, till he was seventy. Think of it—seventy years here! That was the one crime I could never forgive my parents, the crime of bringing me into the world. But, Grace, don't blame me for not speaking before; it's been hard, God knows it's been hard. A thousand times I could have kissed you, little girl."

She embraced him, while in his life, with the touch of her soft cheek, a joy was dawning. His hands touching her shoulders were thrilled with a shock strange, yet marvelously pleasant. With a sigh he picked up again the shining blade. Suddenly an auto-horn was heard; as suddenly she drew away.

"I—I can't, John!" she cried hopelessly. "I'm a coward—"

"Perhaps you're braver than I," he put in.

"You'll believe me that I don't—want—?"

The horn, a sinister interruption, broke into her words. "It's so hard to die! Yet I don't live alone, John, for God is with me. Please, John, forgive me?"

"Why, little girl, dear little girl, there's nothing to forgive," he said tenderly, bending over her. Then, with his old bitterness, he added, "If I were a minister, Grace, I'd tell you I'd prepare a home there for you. Good-bye."

He embraced her again, while she hid her tears on his shoulder. He kissed passionately her slim fingers and her arms, and last her lips. It was the time in the afternoon when the sun was accustomed to shine into the dingy little room; it was shining now. Its rays seemed red, a red that crimsoned the gold on Grace's gown, and crimsoned, too, a white plaster Christ that the zealous landlady had hung on the wall.

An automobile stopped noisily in front of the house; Grace, with a last look, left the room. John waited until the car had left the street before he picked up the razor again. As he did so, by some strange irony, the shining blade was caught in the sun, and its shadow was cast full in the face of Christ that reclined wearily on one shoulder....

The next morning, after John had been discovered dead, a letter came addressed to him. The landlady opened it; it was from the literary broker, who had so far aided Grace and John by taking their money, that he had shortened their lives some weeks. Out fluttered a check, which the landlady appropriated as rather ample payment for the rent. She gave some to the priest to repay God—presumably—for her sin in taking it, she being religious. The letter was long, and full of profuse apologies. Its gist was: by an unforeseen circumstance the manuscript was sold; any future manuscripts would be gratefully accepted. This was, of course, an opening for young Patrick, the landlady's son, who was—in his own opinion, at least—an author of no mean ability.

Moods

By Jacques LeClercq

I. QUIA MULTUM AMAVI

Like as the awaited, storm-beleaguered ships,
Reaching the end of their most perilous quest,
Into the haven sail with many a chest
Teeming with gold doubloons; as the moon dips
Her crescent whilst coquettishly she slips
Into the clouds' embrace to sleep in rest;
So too have I found peace upon your breast,
Tasting oblivion from your soothing lips. . .
Lest Earth be plunged into darkness profound,
A thousand stars shine in the heaven above,
Since your bright eyes were dimmed by popped sleep.
A brooding quietness is all around;
O Mona, let me weep the tears of love,
For I am young and it is good to weep.

II. SOLACE

No night was e'er as sweet as is this night;
The hovering shadow in its vast womb brings
An old-time fragrance of forgotten things.
The wan moon sheds an evanescent light
Over the sea-rim; as an acolyte
Bearing tall candles, jewelled censers, rings,
To a god's sepulchre. What whisperings
Are these! Caressingly the wavelets white
Woo the obdurate sands with amorous
And gentle song, chanted with cadenced breath.
At length I have found peace; I am content
To rest awhile. . . Life is ungenerous;
But that I kiss the honeyed mouth of Death,
Nor God nor Life is able to prevent.

III. THE LAST SONNET

My friends, when I am dead and gone from here,
 That ye observe my last desires I crave:
 I pray you make no show of splendor brave,
 Nor build o'er me a monument austere,
 Nor place ye wreathed flowers, year by year,
 Upon my simple and secluded grave;
 But only these few words of mine engrave
 Written when welcome death was drawing near:
*"Here lieth one who knew both joy and sorrow;
 Who hated many men, but loved more.
 Into the regions of the vast To-morrow,
 A curse or two, mayhap a tear, he bore.
 Pile not your hill upon his grave, O Mole;
 Lord Jesu Christ have mercy on his soul"*

**The New Noble Prize Winner: Verner von
 Heidenstam**

By Charles Wharton Stork

THE conscientious person who tries to be "up in literature" is truly to be pitied in these cosmopolitan days. From a strenuous pursuit of the latest French and German masters he is called upon first to cross the dreary steppes of the Russian novel. Then come excursions into widely diverging districts to get at such authors as Ibsen, Fogazzaro, Tchekov, Verhaeren and Strindberg. Finally, after being lured to the far east by the charm of Tagore, he is compelled by the last Nobel award to return to the north and contemplate the genius of Verner von Heidenstam.

But perhaps, after all, our sympathy with the "keep-posted" crank is misapplied. Has he not confused himself by mistaking opportunities for obligations? He is in fact no wiser than a man at a table d'hôte dinner who insists on eating everything, regardless of whether he really wants it or can digest it. Now that fashions in literature begin to be as imperative as fashions in dress, we may ask ourselves whether the common-sense advice of Mr. A. C. Benson should not be more heeded. It is inspiring to find so scholarly an author as Mr. Benson saying in substance: Don't read what you think you ought to read, read what you want to read.

Let us then regard Heidenstam in the light of an opportunity. I remember two years ago in London, just before the War broke out, talking with Mr. William Heineman, the well-known publisher, on the subject of continental literature. He remarked that, as most people who cared for French or German works could read them in the original, the future of translations would lie in Russian, and—he added—in Scandinavian. How true the prediction was for Russian I need not say; it was of course much hastened by the War. Scandinavian has come more slowly, but Strindberg in the drama and Selma Lagerlöf in the novel have assuredly won their way to general recognition. We may then safely assume that it will not be long before other Swedish writers of eminence are given a favorable hearing.

There are many reasons why Swedish literature should be congenial to American readers. It is Teutonic, it is virile and close to the soil, it is markedly individual in form and yet often exquisite in artistic finish, it is full of geniality and keen humor, and it is modern in the progressive, not in the decadent sense. Selma Lagerlöf's novels illustrate many of these qualities and their popularity is likely to increase indefinitely. Strindberg is better known for the cosmopolitan—the unpleasant—side of his genius than for his vigorous and thoroughly healthy plays of Swedish history. It is, however, in poetry that the spirit of Sweden has found its fullest expression, and of Swedish poetry we in America know as yet practically nothing. The names even of such great modern masters of metre as Rydberg, Fröding, and Karlfeldt have been heard in America only by their compatriots.

The Nobel Prize for Literature has most certainly had a stimulating effect on the international spirit. Spanish drama, Italian poetry, the Provençal revival, Indian mysticism—how much attention should we have paid them had it not been for the recognized ability and impartiality of the Nobel Jury? We may be sure therefore that Swedish poetry has something of value to offer us when its principal living exponent is selected to receive the distinguished award.

Born in 1859, Verner von Heidenstam first came into literary promise in 1888 with a volume of lyrical poems entitled "*Pilgrimage and Wander-years*." This volume was the result of a long period spent in travel, principally in Italy and the Orient. The marked success of these poems was due not only to the sincere and individual personality of the author, but to the fact that they came as a relief in a period of exaggerated realism. Their remote setting and the romantic treatment of the material at once caught the Swedish imagination. People were glad to forget social questions and problem-plays of sex either by losing them-

selves in the colorful representation of the East, or by entering into the intimate recesses of the poet's own consciousness. For Heidenstam has almost equally the gifts of clear-cut objectivity and of deep self-analysis.

But it is not only as a poet that Heidenstam has won his high reputation. Shortly after the lyrical volume already mentioned he brought out a novel, "Hans Alienus," much in the same idealistic vein, describing a pilgrimage through many lands in search of beauty. In his prose style as in the poetry there is an earnestness, a depth of vision that holds the reader even though he be out of sympathy with the immediate subject in hand. Heidenstam has a fascination for us like that of the student or the collector who is so powerfully engrossed by his specialty that he impresses even the most casual acquaintance with whom he happens to talk.

At first Heidenstam's appeal was chiefly to the clique of *dilettanti*. He was admitted to be a new phenomenon in literature, but his point of view was felt to be somewhat morbid and self-absorbed, and his style was characterized as "exotic." This impression was largely modified by the appearance of a second volume of verse, "Poems," and of a second novel, founded on Swedish history, "The Carolines." In both of these works, written after he had settled definitely in his native land, Heidenstam showed the growing love and understanding for Sweden which have since made him a popular idol. There is also a strong infusion of realism into his style; not the realism of the social statistician, but the realism of the fine-spirited artist who, as he develops, becomes more and more conscious of the need for observed fact as a basis for imagination. Always self-analytical, Heidenstam evidently began to appreciate the responsibility of his high calling. Consequently, striking his roots deeply into his native soil, he soon began to exhibit a forceful sturdiness which could never have been developed in a southern climate.

It is this national element in his work that Heidenstam has cultivated up to the present time. It appears in three later novels, in various historical studies, and in the volume entitled "New Poems," which, though it was only published in 1915, contained many pieces already famous through magazines. Thus Heidenstam has come to represent to the Swedish people the principle of their new nationalism, of their new striving to be a great and united people. He means to them much what Mistral meant to the south of France, or Carducci to Italy. The nearest thing we have to it in English is the spirit found in Henley's "England, My England" and in some of the well-known pieces of Kipling. It would be hard, I fear, to discover anything approaching it in American literature to-day.

If we were asked to state in a few words the reason why the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1916 was given to Heidenstam, we should probably be right in saying that it was because he has become the recognized spokesman of Sweden. His vividness in the portrayal of beauty, his psychological insight, and his stylistic ability *per se* count for comparatively little in this connection. A glance at the previous prize-winners will convince us of this. Bjørnsen, Mistral, Echegaray, Sienkiewicz in his later work, Carducci, Kipling, Heyse, Lagerlöf and Tagore are all figures of national importance, their names awaken a thrill in the hearts of their fellow-countrymen. Prudhomme, Mommsen, Eucken, Maeterlinck and Hauptmann compose a more scholarly and aesthetic group, a group that appeals much less to the imagination, but they stand for ideas that are potent in the development of their respective lands. Rolland, the last choice previous to Heidenstam, was doubtless selected for his fine international spirit as shown both in "Jean Christophe" and in his attitude on the war. The writers who are unthinkable as Nobel prize-winners despite their artistic achievements are such men as D'Annunzio, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Andrejev and George Moore. As for us in America, we might have advanced the claims of Whitman, of Mark Twain, even of Riley. Now whom have we?

But a knowledge of why Verner von Heidenstam has received the Nobel Prize does not by any means convey a full knowledge of his genius. There are, as we have noted, two distinct phases of his work: the first, personal and introspective; the second, national and self-dedicatory. His style in the former field is extremely difficult; being involved, compressed, and very rapid in its changes from idea to idea or figure to figure. In marked contrast is the clear, direct style of the poet when he loses himself in thinking of his country. It is impossible to recognize two poems in these conflicting manners as being by the same author, unless perhaps we notice a certain tendency to over-compactness and an abrupt shifting of thought as common to both. Intensity is a constant quantity in Heidenstam's writing, but the intensity of, for instance, "Thoughts in Solitude" would never suggest that of "Invocation and Promise."

But to convey any understanding of Heidenstam's peculiar essence we must resort to illustration. The following poem is like a glimmer in the twilight. Others of a similar kind make us fancy ourselves on the brink of a deep and narrow crater, gazing at its lurid gleams that pierce the darkness below. Gloom, hyper-sensitiveness, spiritual isolation—these are the moods induced by such of Heidenstam's poems as that which we are about to examine.

"THE DOVE OF THOUGHT

"Lone the dove of thought goes lagging
 Through the storm, with pinions dragging
 O'er an autumn lake the while.
 Earth's aflame, the heart's a-fever.
 Seek, my dove,—alas! thou never
 Comest to Oblivion's isle.

"Hapless dove, shall one brief minute,
 Flaming, fright thee to a swoon?
 Sleep thou on my hand. Full soon,
 Hushed and hurt, thou'lt lie within it."

This is a rather morbid and complex, but in its way very affecting, poem. The difficulty of it lies in the entangling of the physical with the metaphysical world. The flaming of the earth in autumn colors is apparently identified with the feverishness of the restless human heart, a not very apt metaphor. But the picture of the dove conveys with delicate skill the feeling of spiritual uncertainty to which all of us can bear witness. It is to this class of interest that most of Heidenstam's poems and much of his prose belong.

But the other class, though smaller, is of far wider significance. In it we are inspired not only by the author's love of Sweden but by his thorough democratic spirit. It is very remarkable that a man of aristocratic background and idealistic training should so fully sympathize with the common people. For instance, Heidenstam has said that no man did so much harm to Sweden as did Charles XII, one of the great national idols. With the truly modern historic sense he perceives that a world-conquering hero, a Hannibal or a Napoleon, is worse than nothing compared with the steady development of a people in their natural sphere, however small. Charles wasted men and money, and his victories only brought upon him the hostility of the neighbors whose rights he had invaded.

But we can not better display the spirit which has given Heidenstam his literary eminence, and incidentally the Nobel award, than by quoting the ringing summons to his people in the lines of

"INVOCATION AND PROMISE

"If three of my neighbors should cry: 'Forget
 Our greatness of bygone ages!'
 I'd answer, 'Arise, O North, who yet

Mayst be what my dream presages!"
 The vision of greatness may bring again
 New deeds like those of our betters.
 Come open the graves—nay, give us men
 For Science and Art and Letters.

.....
 Then on, fair daughter, in hardship bred,
 Let shyness and sloth forsake thee.
 We love thee so that, if thou wert dead,
 Our love to life could awake thee.
 Though the bed be hard, though the midnight lowers,
 We'll be true while the tempest rages,
 Thou people, thou land, thou speech that is ours,
 Thou voice of our souls to the ages!"

Bittersweet

By Jacques LeClercq

Slowly to seaward the stately ships,
 White sails agleam against the spars—
 Exquisite torture of your lips—
 Dust of the stars. . . .

The perfumed head of the Wind of the South
 In the lap of the Earth reposes;
 Tears in your eyes—and in my mouth
 Ashes of roses.

Dulce Et Decorum Pro Libertate Mori

By W. H. C.

IT is estimated that fifty thousand Americans are now fighting with the Allied armies in France and Flanders. Many, like the aviator, Victor Chapman, and the poet, Alan Seegar, have already laid down their lives on the bloodstained battlefields of the western front. Of course their presence has had little effect upon the military situation. The entire number of Americans engaged in the War would scarcely supply the loss of a week's carnage at Verdun or the Somme. But, though their material service to the Allies may have been slight, their moral service to America can hardly be overrated. They have shown to the world that the better feeling of their country is not neutral and indifferent, but passionately concerned with the great principles of humanity and justice which were so wantonly attacked in August, 1914. They have proved that some Americans, at least, feel that the deliberate murder of two hundred of their countrymen upon the high seas calls for something more than a polite exchange of diplomatic correspondence. The Prescott or Motley of the future will be inclined to hasten over the history of America during the Great War. The shuffling delays and ignoble evasions of the "Lusitania" case, the cowardly debates in Congress about the advisability of warning Americans off armed ships, the pitiful efforts to hide complete failure to maintain the safety of our own citizens under the guise of a chimerical dream of future world peace, these things, and many others, will not make very agreeable reading for the American of fifty years from now. But the heroic volunteers who have perished under the flags of foreign nations for the great international cause of human freedom will remain a bright and imperishable inspiration to the future. They will be remembered with gratitude and admiration when the whole crowd of temporizing politicians and commercial pacifists is forgotten, or only recollected with contempt and disgust. In an age that was almost choked by a combination of callous materialism and vapid, "peace-at-any-price" sentimentality, they have kept alive the spirit of chivalrous idealism in the soul of the American people.

Book Review

Three Sons and a Mother, by Gilbert Cannan. George H. Doran Co., \$1.50, net.

Here is the novel which absolutely and undeniably gives Mr. Gilbert Cannan his position as one of the best novelists England has at the present time. The war has made most of the English novelists absolutely unreadable, so that it is indeed a pleasure to find one whose work seems unimpaired by the troubles around him. Mr. Gilbert Cannan is, I believe, an artist who has an altar in a sanctuary far removed from the din and bustle of the market-place, where he worships his art undisturbed.

Three Sons and a Mother is a splendid work: it has the "dignity" which Henry James claimed for the novel when he pleaded for its rightful place in art. Professor Phelps has described the novel as "*a good story well told*," and adds that "*by the word novel we should denote a story where the principal stress falls, not on the succession of incidents, but on the development of the character. Occasionally a man of genius has made a splendidly successful fusion of the two.*" I believe that Mr. Gilbert Cannan has achieved this. His book is the story of a mother—the old-fashioned, strict, prim, proper, hard-working, courageous, proud, lovable woman of yesterday and of her three sons. Margaret Lawrie, having married a Scotch minister and been frowned upon by her English relatives for this, does not appeal to them at the death of her husband, but rears the children on the scanty pension she receives, with heroic fortitude and splendid pride. Her three sons, James, Thomas and John, are beautifully drawn characters: the first having the courage of his convictions and the soul of a poet though not the power of expression; Thomas and John, two out-and-out materialists. . . . Thomas, to the great pride of his mother, follows in the footsteps of her brother, Andrew Keith, and becomes one of the leading business men of the north of England. John, equally successful, refuses to follow the tradition of the family by entering the Keith business and gains success on his own hook; James, the eldest son, follows the example of John in a measure and, though a banker by profession, becomes a dramatic critic, a silent partner in a theatrical enterprise, all but ruins himself, and then goes to America. The author tells the stories of these four people and paints their portraits with a deft and sober touch. James is reckoned a failure by his mother, by his brothers, by his wife, by all save Tibby, a Scotch servant—yet he is really a success; it is well for a man to do as he wishes, independent of all; to follow his plan in spite

of opposition; to pursue his ideals, though he be disillusioned at every step. The sordid commercialism, the snug complacency, and the self-satisfied righteousness of Thomas; the development of John into a second Thomas; his mother's pain and sorrow in what she believes James' faults; the marriage of a woman whom he has idealized, nay, deified, to his brother Thomas; his own marriage to one whom he loves, yet who understands him not, and his unshaken faith—there is James' life. And as each of these things takes place in his life we can see his character, in its formation, its modification. How loveable he is! How we admire him and feel for him, with him, like him! because in his life there is much that is in ours, he thinks as we think and acts as we do or as we wish we did.

And the minor personages are all excellently done: there is a Mr. Wilcox, a clerk and a would-be actor, a Dickensian character as Thackeray might have drawn him; there is a family with a daughter who goes on the stage and whose father, showing neither his grief nor his rage, disowns her; there is a Scotch slavey surrounded with a halo of mysterious knowledge and insight into human character, who is as sweet and self-sacrificing a soul as ever was on earth; a J. M. Barrie character, but better than any of his; there is a melancholy and talented youth who becomes a great actor through sheer genius; there is a very charming man of the world who has caused much sorrow through loving not wisely but too well; there is an actress with all the coquetry and allurements of her profession. Other characters there are: James' sisters; his wife; Thomas' wife Agnes, whom James loved but whom Thomas won. That is the fate of men like James: they might have had genius with a different environment, but they only have individualism and it brings them sorrow and disillusion; like so many Byrons, they sigh in the shadows, they are worms who worship what they think a star; they would have love and the loved one who loveth not gives them but sympathy; they ask a woman for her hand and they find that she has accepted another, a firm, mediocre, plodding fellow with both his feet firmly planted to the soil and blind to everything but present realities. And for her to accept such a one, cheapens her in their eyes.

Poor James! —Hubert, the man of the world who had loved Andrew Keith's wife and run off with her, soon tells him he has no genius. Hubert is "amazingly nice, so human, so quick to respond."

Hubert said: "*Have you no nice vulgar friends to go with? Religion is really very bad for a young man. God is for people who are fit for Him, like Spinoza.*"—"Who?" asked Jamie.—"*An old Dutch Jew who polished lenses and really did understand the God of his tribe. But then he took*

some trouble about it. I should try human beings even if you are Scotch. . . . They all think a successful man must be a genius. That's young, of course. A young man mistakes the conceit with which he is bursting for genius or at any rate, overpowering talent. It takes an honest man to acknowledge the mistake."

Mr. Gilbert Cannan has achieved a very lucid and eloquent style: he is not declamatory, his self-consciousness saves him from that. In his dedication to his brother he writes that there is something autobiographical about the book; indeed, the title-page bears the following: "*I saw a dead man in a fight and I think that man was I.*"

The character of James haunts the reader; this tragic, melancholy, sympathetic man of vast compassion is, I think, at the bottom of all things a child and a child that lives the life of a man; he expects goodness because he is so good; he looks everywhere for Beauty because he is, after all, rather particularly beautiful, if not a genius. He achieves nothing in the eyes of the world and yet his shadow hovers over everything. When he learnt that Agnes is to be Tom's: "*Tom's the boy,*" said Jamie, "*to play with diamonds as though they were marbles and may the Lord have mercy on me! O dear, if I could but have the rages that were on me when I was a boy. When life becomes a joke it is hardly bearable.. . . I use my brains on dear, good foolish living men and women and that's stupid. . . . The English don't want dear, kind men any more. Poor Shelley's dead and they have forgotten Toby Shandy. Somebody says: 'I wouldn't waste you on the dirty English. I'd have all Edinburgh running after you like the children after the Pied Piper of Hamelin.'*"—"Then," replied Jamie, "*you don't know me, for if they did, then I'd turn and spit in their faces. I hate a crowd.*"

Dear Don Quixote! With hair turned grey he keeps the fervor, the kindness, the mad but lovely youthful extravagance of the Spanish knight; true, he has not the bluster, but he has the soul. Not since Mr. Compton Mackenzie wrote a novel called "*Sinister Street,*" and drew the portrait of Michael Fane, have I met with such a character in contemporary fiction.

James ends by leaving England for the new country: we do not know if he, with his whimsical personality and rueful countenance, will be a success there—that is, a success in the narrow meaning of the word. As the ship sailed out, "*the land fell away and was lost. The moon came up in the west, a comical red moon with a merry face and a wisp of cloud across it for a moustache. He stood on deck with the wind blowing cold through his hair and beard and gazed up at the moon, which set him tingling with such a vague, hungry longing as he had not known since he was a boy*

and in love. The face in the moon reminded him of Mr. Wilcox as Dogberry. The longing in him grew into passionate hope and he told himself that he was going towards the New World where there had been wars of liberty."

A success—perhaps! But he could not make a more brilliant success than by retaining that splendid, lovely ideal of his; that beautiful, eternal spirit of youth.

* * * * *

Peace or Righteousness

By L. K. Keay

"You with your 'Art for its own sake,' posing and prinking;
 You with your 'Live and be merry,' eating and drinking;
 You with your 'Peace at all hazard,' from bright blood shrinking.

"Fools! I will tell you—
 There's a glory gold never can buy to yearn and to cry for;
 There's a hope that's as old as the skies to suffer and sigh for;
 There's a faith that out-dazzles the sun to martyr and die for."

WE are living in a peculiar age. We are witnessing the occurrence of events of a magnitude and importance unprecedented in history. Tremendous issues are being settled. We ourselves are constantly being confronted by problems involving fundamental principles of right and wrong concerning which no right-thinking man can be neutral. In a nation claiming so great a share of honor in promoting liberty, once the mind is made up, its decision should be advanced with indefatigable zeal and straightforward fearlessness.

In the present European conflict—a clash of opposing ideals—a war between democracy and despotism, the so-called pacifists and their fellow-believers the conscientious objectors, although perhaps far from a vital factor in the War's progress, have been a thorn in the side of nations fighting to obliterate a militarism that is an affront to modern civilization. Especially as the United States nears the edge of the precipice, and indeed any day may see her topple over, a consideration of that strange type of mind which professes to hold ideals—but which refuses to defend them—seems to be, at least, opportune.

Were it not for the fact that there are numerous well-meaning

people utterly incapable of learning any lesson taught by history, even utterly incapable of interpreting aright what has occurred before their very eyes in the last three years, there would be no pacifists. And the members of that cult who refuse to bear arms are not at fault, because they are doing what they think right; but their error lies in having so perverted an idea of what is right. Therefore, though numbers of such people are doubtless actuated by motives of sheer cowardice, those who are not are none the less open to attack. Many anarchists have been known to be absolutely sincere in their beliefs, yet the whole established system of jurisprudence would have to be reconstructed before mere sincerity would be accepted as excuse for wrong-doing. Let it be understood at the outset, then, that we do not impugn the conscientious objectors for practising their beliefs, but attack the beliefs themselves.

Any cursory study of history will show that the great principles of democracy, including all the countless changes which mark the progress of civilization, and which we enjoy as a matter of course, have been gained only with enormous bloodshed. An attempt to enumerate instances where questions vital to the progress of mankind have been settled by war would seem unnecessary to convince an intelligent person. We are an independent democracy today because some of our ancestors were willing to sacrifice their lives for a cause. We are united today for the same reason. Most of what we have and of what we are is due to our forebears not being too proud to fight. Indeed, stepping back across the threshold of a few centuries, we find that if certain of the European peoples had been impelled by the motives of the conscientious objector, the very religion on which he bases his objection would have ceased to exist, and it is not beyond the realm of possibility that our religion today would be Mohammedanism.

We are prone to wonder at the backwardness of Russia. Yet her condition is explained fully by the significant fact that in the thirteenth century she was trodden under foot by an alien civilization because she had not developed a military efficiency capable of withstanding the onrush of the Mongol invasion. And today the scars remaining from two centuries of brutal subjugation constitute the chief difficulties with which Russia must contend in her effort to climb upward.

So through the ages we see clearly demonstrated the harsh but immutable law that nothing worth while can be obtained without great sacrifice. The trend of progress has been toward that state where the privileges that have been handed down from generation to generation shall be enjoyed by all men alike. Notwithstanding that there have

been countless unjust wars, the fruits of the righteous ones are enjoyed by the pacifists as well as his fellowmen. Yet as he brands all war as criminal, how can he conscientiously enjoy the privileges that are the fruits of a criminal code? And after all such a person, because the number of his fellow-thinkers is small, may never learn from bitter experience that the lofty ideals which he vociferously advocates would by his attitude be blotted from the earth, because his fellowmen sacrifice themselves to realize his dreams.

The ideal mental state of the pacifists seems to be one of absolute adiabaphory. They conveniently jump to the conclusion that because there have been futile wars—wars that perhaps even the militarist will declare better never to have been fought—all war is wrong. Of course the mere theory in itself is harmless, but when its practice leads to a refusal to meet duty it becomes odious. The fallacy of such a theory lies in the consideration of war as a thing in itself detached from its causes. War is a terrible thing. Only colossal ends can justify use of such a means, yet to any red-blooded man there are things infinitely worse than war. The war Belgium wages today can no more be compared with the war Villa wages against Carranza than electricity operating a motor can be compared with lightning. It is true that in both cases the force is electricity, but the difference of its effect is incalculable. Precisely does the same argument apply to war. War is simply a force and it is merely to utter a truism to say that any force capable of good is capable of evil as well. Fire destroys, water drowns, steam explodes, electricity kills, and if the same mental process prevailed in science as in conscientious objection, these forces would be considered better abolished.

As we remarked before, these people profess to hold ideals. These ideals are for the most part admirable. The dream of a permanent peace as being the only normal world condition is common to all clear-thinking men; but instead of accomplishing anything by his methods of attaining that ideal, in refusing to fight for it when the opportunity arrives, the pacifist actually jeopardizes it by helping the military power of an opponent which certainly will not enhance its progress. If he refuses to bear arms for a country in the right he is a force for evil. If he refuses to fight for a country in the wrong he is a force for good. In either case the progress of good or evil does not appear to concern him. He is a mere creature of circumstance—fate alone determining the channels of his influence.

In the present War every conscientious objector that deserts Great Britain in her time of need constitutes a step toward an ultimate German victory. In the event of such a catastrophe theirs would be a portion

of the guilt. In general terms any propaganda of non-resistance exerting influence in an enlightened country goes hand in hand with the militarism of an aggressive foreign country.

The fallacies of the creed of pacifism are so numerous and so self-evident that consideration of them all would be a wearisome task. To begin with, few terms are so egregiously misapplied as the term pacifism. It conveys an entirely false impression as to the end it promotes. As this country is beginning to find out only too well, the idealistic pacifism in the policy of our government—the hyphenated pacifism in some of our adopted citizens—the infatuated pacifism, bordering on treason, in certain of our ex-officials, automobile manufacturers and others—far from conducing to immunity from armed conflict, has actually plunged the nation to the brink of war. The unbalanced type of mind that can pursue so fatuous a policy as will invariably bring on the result it most fears is indeed hard to understand. Such are the pacifists. They fail to realize that the ideal for the nation as well as for the individual is toward the attainment of a combination of qualities rather than the over-development of any one quality. The mere fact that certain men possess physical courage to the exclusion sometimes of other qualities does not render the one virtue they have a vice. Similarly the enlightenment of America, if she prove unwilling to defend it and to fight for it, is no better a quality than the military efficiency of Germany, which seems to lack such enlightenment. The perfect state would be a junction of both. Because lofty ideals and the brute force necessary to put them into practice are a rare combination, the worth of one need not obscure that of the other; for as a matter of fact each one is absolutely worthless without the other. The idealistic pacifist without the will to put his ideals into practice is not one iota more valuable to society than the violent militarist without any ideals to put into practice.

And even this equality is conjectural. The pacifists or the conscientious objectors by their pernicious advocacy of a false doctrine containing the immoral and fallacious theory that strife is best avoided by acquiescence in wrong and submission to aggression, not only do precisely nothing to advance the cause of peace, but actually accomplish by their infatuated senselessness the evil result they profess to combat. They not only fail to reduce the likelihood of war, but even were they successful, the peace they contemplate would be intolerable to men because justice is ignored in their calculations.

Failing to realize that neither war nor peace are ends in themselves, but that righteousness is the only end,—that peace is a means to that end, but unfortunately not the only one,—they refuse to admit

that there are times when the only means to attain the end of righteousness is war, and peace without righteousness is intolerable.

Herein lies the crime of pacifism. It preaches a neutrality between right and wrong. It places peace above justice, safety above performance of duty; no degree of sincerity can remove the ignominy of such a course.

Let us then, as units of a great nation, learn to esteem honor and duty above safety. Let us be willing to wage war rather than accept the peace that spells destruction. Let us hold ourselves in readiness to sacrifice our lives with stern joy, if necessary, rather than endure a peace that would throw righteousness to the winds and consecrate triumphant wrong. Let us, each one of us, show that we care for the things of the body but place infinitely more value on things of the soul. Let us realize that where a principle is at stake, human life counts for nothing. For, after all, we receive life from an unknown source and if, in laying it down, we perform some service that will make the world a better place for future generations to live in, even as our fathers have done for us, then our life has not been in vain.

Cabe Man: A Sketch

Willst a wife?—

Ay.—

I' faith, beat not thy wench.—Old play.

It was all over, all irretrievably over. For ten years he had fought against it and just when he had thought himself immune he had been struck down by it.

It surely was not love—that were too ignominious after such a long struggle. All through his life he had insisted that there was no such thing as love in its purest and least adulterated form; all through his life he had sought the society of women and enjoyed the thrills that beauty in the abstract can give; for him a lovely woman had been an object of art and as such he had admired her; there had never been the least *personal* sentiment. That is why he had been courted by women so much, I suppose.

No—it was *not* love.

And yet, why had he bent over her hand and begged her to marry him. He was not a saint; he had had affairs with women just as every red-blooded young man of his set but they had never been affairs of the *heart*; he flattered himself that he *knew* them—and yet—

He did not love her now; he did not love her a half an hour ago when he let himself in for marriage. She was not so very beautiful either; just a saucy little girl still in her teens. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! what a mess he had made of his life by that one instant of idiotic and

incomprehensible aberration! For one moment he had forgotten all; that ideal of beauty which he had worshipped with the supreme voluptuousness of an artist had been cast aside; he had given up the quest of beauty forever by one instant of madness—he, he who from earliest youth had wedded art to the exclusion of all other things on earth, had divorced himself from it. Why, why, why? For a twopenny-halfpenny schoolgirl who looked a trifle fresh in a pink sweater. As he thought of her conventional and cool acceptance of his hand in marriage, given with a touch of condescension just as though it were what she had expected all the time and as though—this was no doubt the case—she had received many proposals before; when he thought of her confoundedly imperturbable serenity, he could not prevent a shudder of extreme disgust.

The long years in which he had fled from anything ordinary and commonplace and had vowed an eternal indifference to the *bourgeois* were all in vain; he had given up everything in order to keep his soul as a sanctuary for beauty—and this chit of a girl had nonchalantly thrust herself in the holy of holies.

Bah! he would give it all up. To the devil with art! They would eat sausages and live in Pittsburg; he would enter local politics and she a ladies' sewing society. And then he saw himself as an artist—painting a Madonna from his lady of dreams than whom no living woman was more beautiful! Long time he thought and at the end was struck by a brilliant idea—they would not marry; he would disgust her with him. . . .

A week had passed and he had done everything in his power to get rid of her. One more insult and his trials would be at an end. He entered her house, was shown into the drawing-room but refused to give his hat and coat to the maid who showed him in. His fiancée entered and they spoke for a while, he taking every opportunity to annoy her. Finally she spoke: "I think perhaps we had better. . . our engagement. . . incompatibility of temperament. . . so changed" was all he heard but he noticed that the words were not absolutely sincerely spoken. Then he decided on a master-stroke; he would clinch it once and for all and prevent her changing her mind.

Stepping across the room and feigning a look of indignation which would have done credit to the greatest mime of the century, he reached over, picked up his cane and brought it down upon her shoulders with a resounding thwack. Outrage and hatred were depicted upon her countenance; heedless of this he continued to beat her.

The beating over he glanced up hopefully; she made no sign. He turned his back to put on his coat when he heard a step and before he could turn back again, two plump arms were about his neck and a cold sweat broke over him as he heard a voice, choked with sobs but ecstatic whispering again and again: "My caveman. . . My husband!"

* * * * *

ALUMNI

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATION HOLDS ANNUAL MEETING

Exactly thirty members of the New England Association of Haverford Alumni attended the annual dinner of the Association, which was held Saturday, February 24th, at the City Club, Boston. President Sharpless and Professor W. A. Neilson, of Harvard University, were the guests of the evening, while Walter S. Hinchman, '00, acted as toastmaster of the evening.

President Sharpless, in his address, opened with a report of his experiences in England quite similar to that which he had given at the Alumni Banquet in Philadelphia. He described his efforts to secure suitable men to occupy the new chair of English Constitutional History, and for graduate work in Sociology and kindred subjects, and stated that, while he was not now in a position to make any definite statement, an announcement might be given out in the near future.

A pleasant surprise was given by the president when he stated that he had been appointed to and had gladly accepted the position of Dean of the Graduate School in Sociology, which school would

probably be located in one of the houses on College Lane.

President Sharpless went on to say that he looked forward to the future of Haverford with entire confidence, and he again said that he felt certain that Dr. Comfort would carry on the impending new era for Haverford with strong individuality and yet always in line with Haverford tradition. In considering his resignation he said that many letters of appreciation and regret had come to him, and that many of them had expressed the opinion that he had "earned" a rest. While in no way criticizing the friendly spirit which had prompted such messages, President Sharpless declared that all his efforts for Haverford had already been fully rewarded in the pleasure he had taken from seeing the college grow in strength and standing.

After President Sharpless, Toastmaster Hinchman introduced Professor W. A. Neilson, of the English Department of Harvard University, who delivered a most keen and stimulating address in which he seemed to catch the very essence of Haverford spirit. He said he had often wondered why it was that Haverford men had a certain stamp of individuality which

marked them as Haverford men unmistakably wherever he met them, "and the reason is," he declared, "that on the whole, Haverford draws from a homogeneous constituency; the undergraduates come from families with a background of a strongly individual religious creed, together with its own well-established traditions in standards of scholarship and sport, such as their Rhoades Scholars and their playing of cricket. The whole tendency of the College is to turn out men of as definite a Haverford type as are the men who bear the Oxford mark in England.

"As for the size of Haverford," he continued, "the College should by all means aim at keeping small and at maintaining as high or higher standards of scholarship and incoming material. By adhering firmly to that principle Haverford can continue to be in a class by itself as THE small college of America."

Professor Neilson expressed his great love for Haverford, with which he had become acquainted a number of years ago, when he was an instructor at Bryn Mawr College, during which years he said he was accustomed to come to Haverford for "consolation and companionship." In this connection he paid a deep personal tribute to Dr. Francis Gummere.

Professor Neilson emphasized the recognized truth that the college which gets results must have

a well-trained faculty, a wise president, and a diligent and intelligent student body. He said that the faculty at Haverford was, in its average, as high as that of any other college or university in the United States, and that it was eminently fitted for working under the direction of the only president he ever knew whose word was "absolute truth and law." "It is partly the pleasant surroundings and the congenial atmosphere of living that keeps men of the teaching profession at Haverford; but the power to hold men of the first rank more than five years is found in the sense of security they have in President Sharpless's word."

Professor Neilson said he had great respect for Dr. Comfort, and said: "I sat next to W. W. Comfort twenty years ago in the Harvard graduate school, and I know of no man that the teaching profession would rather see as successor to President Sharpless. Although you of Haverford are going to lose the invaluable solidity of President Sharpless's trustworthiness, in the new president, Dr. Comfort, you are getting a man of the same high quality."

Besides the regular business of the evening, a telegram was despatched on behalf of the Association to President Wilson, assuring him of the moral support of New England Haverfordians in the present crisis. Those present, in addition to the guests, were: Reu-

ben Colton, '76; Prof. Francis G. Allinson, '76; Prof. Seth K. Gifford, '76; Wilmot R. Jones, Charles T. Cottrell, '90; Frank M. Eshleman, '00; Samuel W. Mifflin, '00; Walter S. Hinchman, '00; Prof. H. S. Langfeld, '01; Carlos N. Sheldon, '04; Benjamin Eshleman, '05; Benjamin H. Gates, '05; Paul Jones, '05; David L. Phillips, '09; David S. Hinshaw, '11; Eben H. Spencer, '11; Wilmer J. Young, '11; Phillip C. Gifford, '13; Norris F. Hall, '13; Joseph M. Beatty, Jr., '13; R. G. Rogers, '14; Douglas Waples, '14; Donald B. Van Hollen, '15; W. Elwood Vail, '15; F. W. Cary, '16; Hubert A. Howson, '15; James Carey, '16; D. C. Wendell, '16; U. G. Mengert, '16, and George B. Sheldon, Ex-'16.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Reuben Colton, '76; Vice Presidents, Henry Baily, '78, and Charles G. Cottrell, '90; Secretary, Benjamin Eshleman, '05; Executive Committee, Dr. Seth K. Gifford, '76; Frank M. Eshleman, '00; Walter S. Hinchman, '00; David L. Phillips, '09; Eben H. Spencer, '11, and Donald B. Van Hollen, '15.

On the evening of Thursday, February 1st, Dr. William R. Duntton, Jr., President of the Haverford Society of Maryland, gave an oyster roast in honor of the members of the Local Alumni Organiza-

tion, the party developing into a very interesting and enjoyable reunion. Plans for the annual dinner and for the completion of the scholarship fund were discussed by the members present, with the result that considerable enthusiasm was developed for that occasion and that fund. It was determined to hold the annual dinner on the 24th of March and to make it the largest and best which the society has held. Among those present were Dr. Randolph Winslow, Miles White, Jr., Francis A. White, Wilmar M. Allen, A. Morris Carey, G. Cheston Carey, J. H. Parker, Hans Froelicher, Jr., and Dr. William R. Dalton, Jr.

Plans are well under way for the annual dinner of the society, which, as above suggested, will be held on the evening of March 24th. President Sharpless, President Goodnow, of Johns Hopkins University, and Dr. Wilbur E. Smith, Principal of the Baltimore City College, have accepted invitations to attend the dinner of the society and to address the gathering.

The *Alumni Quarterly* has just been issued. It contains a full account of the Alumni Dinner, reviews of books and articles by about twenty Alumni and an account by Hugh E. McKinstry, '17, of events at College since the publication of the October *Quarterly*. There is also an appreciation of President Sharpless' work and a number of announcements concerning the en-

trance of Dr. Comfort upon his new duties.

A committee of Haverford Alumni has begun to collect money for the annual sum raised by Haverfordians to help Robert L. Simkin, '03, in his work in West China, under the Friends' Foreign Mission Association of England. Last year the total of \$4,000 was raised, and the committee desires to obtain at least \$1,000 for Mr. Simkin's expenses during the current year. It is expected that their work will be exceptionally difficult this winter in view of the fact that so many funds are being sent to Belgium and that most of the English Friends are not in a position to aid.

The Alumni committee in charge of this fund consists of Asa S. Wing, Charles J. Rhoads, Parker S. Williams, Alfred G. Scattergood, William A. Battey, James P. Maggill, William E. Cadbury, secretary, and William T. Kirk, 3d, treasurer.

'71

William D. Hartshorne, President of the Texet Corporation of Lawrence, Mass., contributed an account of a new method of spinning and its products in the *Textile World Journal* of January 13th, 1917. The combinations obtained are acknowledged to be absolutely new in form and not only of marked interest to the designer of fabrics, whether knitted or woven, but to the ultimate consumer as well.

'72

Dr. F. B. Gummere has contributed to the *Publications of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study* a review of S. B. Hustredt's "Ballad Criticism in Scandinavia and Great Britain During the Eighteenth Century." The review discusses the present state of the ballad question, praises the book under review, with a few corrections and suggestions, and calls for a complementary treatise on ballad criticism in Scandinavia and Germany during the 19th century.

'85

Macmillans will shortly publish a new book for children by Rufus M. Jones. "As in his earlier 'Hebrew Heroes,' the author of *St. Paul, the Hero* has succeeded in telling familiar stories with a freshness that will interest children and even adults."

'88

Howell S. England is a member of the Detroit Military Training Organization, which is carrying out with great energy a course of instruction in military training at the Light Guard Armory in that city.

J. E. Johnson, Jr., is at present at Shanghai with his wife and young son. He is a consulting engineer on metallurgical subjects and was called over to China for six months to consult with regard to

certain problems in this line. Robert E. Miller met him crossing the Pacific and again at Shanghai.

'89

Professor Warner Fites' recent contributions include an article on Birth Control and Biological Ethics in the *International Journal of Ethics* for October, 1916, and an article on Moral Valuations and Economic Laws in the *Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods* for January 4, 1917.

"The Duration of Paresis Following Treatment," by William Rush Dunton, Jr., has been reprinted in the *American Journal of Insanity*, vol. LXXII, No. 2, October, 1916.

'92

An edition of English Popular Ballads edited with introduction, notes and glossary has recently been published by Walter Hart, who is professor of English at the University of California.

'97

In the gymnasium of Bryn Mawr College, on February 9th, Alfred M. Collins gave a lecture entitled "Across South America." The subject matter was admirably illustrated by moving pictures.

'99

In the *Nation* for February 1st is an article by Royal J. Davis on

"The Vote on Measures in the Election of 1916."

Rev. C. P. Morris has been engaged in Y. M. C. A. work near London for the last few months. At present, however, is at Clipstone Camp, near Nottingham, England.

"America's View of the Sequel," by Royal J. Davis, of the *New York Evening Post*, was published during 1916 by Headly Bros., London.

'99

Frank K. Walter, vice-director of the New York State Library, has recently published two articles in issues of *New York Libraries* on "The Coming High School Library" and "A Vision of a Setting Sun."

'00

W. S. Hinchman contributed an article on "Reading Clubs Instead of Literature Classes" to the February issue of *The English Journal*. He has been appointed to the position of "Head of Departments" at Groton School, Groton, Mass.

Samuel W. Mifflin for the past year has been district manager of the Air Reduction Company, located at 365 Dorchester Street, Boston, Mass.

Frank W. Eshleman became a member of the firm of Jeremiah Williams & Company, wool merchants, of Boston, Mass.

'02

Alexander C. Wood, Jr., has announced that in March he will become associated with Charles Fearon & Co., bankers and brokers, 333 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

C. Wharton Stork has been a contributor to *The American Scandinavian Review*. In the January-February number he was responsible for the translation of Carl Snoilsky's "Black Swans," and of a poem by Per Daniel A. Herborn called the "Thorns of the Winds." Snoilsky's "China," translated by Mr. Stork, was in the March-April number of this publication. The Scandinavian-American Federation is to bring out a book of his translations soon. Mr. Stork also contributed to *The Nation* for December 22nd, publishing a sonnet entitled "Patriot Shame." An article in next month's Haverfordian deals with the work of C. W. Stork, E. A. U. Valentine, Donald Evans and Christopher Morley.

"A. G. H. S." is announced as a contributor to future numbers of "Contemporary Verse."

Dr. Spiers lectured at Haverford College under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. on the subject of Pacifism.

'04

The following contains extracts from a letter just received from William Tatum Hilles, now living in Manila. He accepted a position in the University of the Philippines

nearly seven years ago, and has since been engaged in work there. Mr. Hilles went to Harvard after leaving Haverford, and later engaged in business with his father in Cincinnati and in New York City. He then spent a summer in the Grenfell work in Newfoundland, and went from there to Manila. During his leave of absence from University work there he went to Madrid, spending a winter in the University of Madrid.

"One of the compensations of life out here is that we are seeing history in the making. It is being made every day, though we do not always realize it, any more than one realizes the growth of a child whom one sees every day. Occasionally, however, something more dramatic occurs, and the consciousness of the changes that are going on is held up before our eyes, so that we can not fail to see.

"Such incidents, before our arrival, were the capture of Manila from the Spaniards on August 13, 1898, in which several of our friends took part; the establishment of civil government in 1901, when the army turned over the control of the government to Taft and his fellow commissioners; and the opening of the first Philippine Assembly in 1907.

"A few days after my arrival I came across an eye-opener, when I heard thousands of school children, arranged to form an American flag, singing patriotic songs in

English. But that was in Manila, and an American woman led the singing.

"So I was again thrilled, a few months later, on a trip through the provinces, with Mr. Groves, when I walked into the town of Arayat at 9 o'clock at night. It was three days before school was to open.

"As we entered the town, we came to a torch-light scene I shall never forget. A group of boys from eight to twelve were formed in a hollow square, playing "My Old Kentucky Home," or some such tune, with variations. Their instruments were all home-made bamboo instruments of various sorts. Around the inside of the square strutted the leader with an American flag over his shoulder.

"When we asked the reason for the celebration, one of the bystanders informed us it was to celebrate the opening of school the following Monday. It was entirely spontaneous, as the only Americans in town were two engineers—whom we finally succeeded in finding.

"Again, at a meeting of the Harvard alumni in February, 1912, one of those present had just returned from Peking. He told us that on a certain day of the next week the Manchu emperor would abdicate and a republic would be declared. And lo! it came to pass, even as he had said.

"The following year we witnessed the first Far-Eastern Olympiad, with teams entered from

China, Japan and the Philippines.

"To see these Orientals entering into our Western sports, such as baseball, tennis and the usual track and field events, to hear the musing English as the only common medium for communication, and to realize what it means to get this healthy, athletic rivalry started between the nations of the Orient was to be glad that one had strayed to this far corner of the world at such a time.

"The second meet was held at Shanghai in 1915, and Elwood Brown, 'the man behind the gun,' the head physical director of the Y. M. C. A., is now in Japan arranging for the third meet, to be held there next year. The next World-Olympiad will probably include some contestants from the Orient.

"Then in April, 1913, on our way home, we again visited Canton, that teeming hive of industry, so utterly different from our Western cities, where, a few days after our visit in 1911, had occurred a premature outbreak of the revolution which so soon became an accomplished fact.

"At that time all but a few of the more progressive Chinese wore pig-tails. In April, 1913, we saw not one pigtail in the two days we were there. The badge of submission to the Manchu had been done away with.

"Then, two days ago, we were present at the first wholly elective

Philippine Legislature. The commission appointed by the President, formerly the Upper House, automatically ceased to exist at midnight, October 15. The recently-elected Senate of twenty-four members, elected by direct vote of the people, met in joint session with the House of Representatives (formerly called the Assembly) to hear the message of the governor-general.

"A platform for them was erected in front of the ayuntamiento (city hall) and the people were gathered in the open square in front of the building.

"For better or for worse, the new system has been inaugurated, and it was interesting to be present, even though it was necessary to stand on a chair and swelter.

"For the first time, moreover, the Legislature includes representatives of the wild tribes—these latter being appointed by the governor-general. In the Senate, a Moro datu in full regalia repre-

sented his people, and took the oath of the Koran. The senator representing the mountain province is a Filipino. But in the House, besides two Moros, there will be two natives from the mountains to represent their people—one Igorot from Benguet and one Ifugao—the latter being the finest tribe in the Islands, though still in a wild state."

—W. T. HILLES.

'06

C. C. Morris has been coaching the Soccer men in the gymnasium in shooting practice once a week. Forty men have been out.

Ex-'06

Donald Evans has written a book of poems, "Two Deaths in the Bronx," recently published by Nicholas L. Brown, Philadelphia.

The same firm published his "Nine Poems from a Valetudinarian." This work was discussed in a recent number of the *Nation*,



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whilst Mr. H. L. Mencken of the *Smart Set* finds him one of the two best poets of the Imagiste School, judging by its product this year.

'08

At a meeting of the directors of The Provident Life and Trust Company of Philadelphia on November 27th, 1916, M. Albert Linton was elected one of the vice-presidents. The following is reprinted from the fifty-second annual report:

"Mr. Linton has been Associate Actuary of the Company. He is a Fellow of the Actuarial Society of America, also a Fellow of the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain, the latter distinction having been obtained by but comparatively few Americans. In addition to his actuarial attainments, he has shown a practical executive ability and a knowledge of the life insurance, that fit him especially for service in that department of the company. By the election of additional vice-presidents, the executive force of the company has been greatly strengthened."

'10

John D. Kenderdine is business manager of *National Service*, a new periodical published by Doubleday, Page & Co., dealing with national military training.

'11

Wilmer J. Young has recently announced his engagement to Miss Mabel Holloway, of Barnesville, Ohio. Mr. Young is an instructor at the Moses Brown School at Providence, Rhode Island.

Charles Wadsworth, 3rd. Mr.



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Mr. and Mrs. Clay Hollister, of Grand Rapids, Mich., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Martha Hollister, to Charles Wadsworth, 3rd, of New York City. Miss Hollister is a graduate of Vassar, class of '14. Mr. Wadsworth received his Ph. D. in Chemistry from Harvard University last year and is now head of a new research laboratory of Merck & Company of New York.

The wedding of Dr. J. Alexander Clarke, Jr., and Mrs. Sophia L. Helmbold is announced for Friday, February 16th. Dr. Clarke is now engaged in professional work at the Roosevelt Hospital, New York.

A daughter, Anna Naomi Russell, was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Russell, of Richmond, Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard G. Taylor, Jr., of Riverton, New Jersey, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Rebecca.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Alan S. Young and Miss Mary Lessey, of Cynwyd.

Mr. Joshua L. Baily, Jr., of Haverford, and Miss Ruth I. Robinson, of San Diego, California, were married on February 19th.

'12

James MacFadden Carpenter, who has been assisting in the Romance Languages Department at Cornell, where he is a candidate for the Ph. D. degree this spring, has been appointed instructor of French in the undergraduate department of Haverford College. Mr. Carpenter was recently married to Miss Paulette Hageman, daughter of the Belgian Consul-General in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Smith are

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at Navo, Japan, where, according to Robert E. Miller they constitute 66% of the foreign population of the city. Their work in the mission is very valuable, as they have acquired an excellent knowledge of the language and a splendid understanding of Japanese customs.

Robert E. Miller has just returned from a three months' trip to the orient, Mr. and Mrs. Miller having visited Japan, Korea, Manchuria and China. Among the Haverfordians he saw there were J. F. Johnson, '88; Hebert Nicholson, '13; Lloyd Smith, '12, and Yoshio Nitobé, '14, through whose father, Dr. Nitobé, Mr. and Mrs. Miller were enabled to get a splendid insight into Japanese affairs. Mr. Miller is now at his home at Lancaster, Pa.

'13

Herbert Nicholson is at Tokio, where he is working in connection with a Japanese-American peace movement; he reports that he finds the work interesting and enjoys it.

The class of 1913 held a class supper at the Arcadia, Philadelphia, on March 9th. The following members were present: William S. Crowder, Francis H. Diament, William Yarnall Hare, Charles Elmer Hires, Edmund R. Maule and Joseph Tatnall.

'14

Yoshio Nitobé is engaged in journalism at Tokio, being associated with the *Herald of Asia*, a weekly publication written in English.

S. P. Clarke has left the Girard Trust Co. and is with the Good-

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Edward Rice, Jr., is at present working with the Funch Elye Co., Bridge st., New York.

'15

Elmer Shaffer has recently published an article upon the "Gymnotus."

'16

Douglas C. Wendell has joined The Reserve Officers Training Corp at Harvard University. Nine hours a week are devoted to drills and lectures and the summer will be spent in some training camp.

Ex-'16

G. B. Sheldon has had a position for the past year with the Swanton Savings Bank of Swanton, Vermont.

Ex-'18

John C. Taber has announced his engagement to Miss Helen Lathem, of Chester, Pa. Mr. Taber is at present studying Theology at the College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio.

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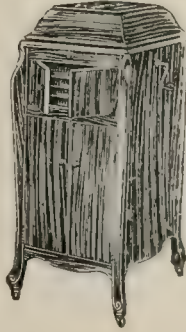
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April

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *twenty-fifth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

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VOL. XXXIX

HAVERFORD, PA., APRIL, 1917

No. 2

Editorial Comment

AMERICA ENTERS THE WAR

FROM a material point of view, the entrance of the United States into the European War cannot be considered as a great issue in its history. For the last two years we have been supplying the Allies with the munitions we have manufactured and the loans we have floated; nor can an American army fighting in France—the training of which would require at least twelve months if not more—be of very great service to the French and British forces. On the other hand from a moral point of view, the dramatic events which led up to our drastic decision are without a doubt among the most notable features of the history of the present war and of our country.

Not for many years has there been an instance of a peace-loving nation with absolutely nothing to gain commercially or territorially,

going into one of the most relentless struggles of the world's history in order to defend the lives and uphold the rights of its citizens. That England entered into the conflict because of the violation of Belgian neutrality is not true; that France and Belgium are fighting for their very life is equally obvious; nor is the policy of Japan, Russia, Roumania, Italy, Montenegro and Portugal activated by any but the most mercenary and reprehensible motives. With the United States, however, the case is different.

We have no homes to defend before the invader; we have no lands to recompense us for our participation in the war; we have no advantages of any sort to gain; we are fighting because our citizens are not allowed the freedom of the seas, because we have patiently tried many alternatives all of which have failed, because we must defend our fellow-countrymen from an encroachment on their natural and indisputable rights. What has been termed shifting delays and ignoble evasion of responsibility on the part of our President has in reality been an admirable and noble attempt to keep us out of war at any price save that of our honor and liberty. The final decision has been too vital a one not to require a long and careful preparation and an exhaustive study of other methods; with the inability of any of these to turn out successfully, the only remaining course was war.

There are two courses open to us: active collaboration with the Allied forces, to the extent of training an army to aid them in the field, entailing the loss of countless lives—exactly how this will make our citizens on the high seas any safer we do not know—or an active patrol on the part of our navy in co-operation with the British, to assure the lives of any neutrals who may be crossing, and a greater output of supplies for the Allies. Whatever plan we undertake, we should be able to profit from the lessons which recent history teaches us: on the one hand we have the costly blunders of Great Britain, on the other hand the ignoble attitude of Japan.

THE HAVERFORDIAN AND ITS FUNCTION

When the various athletics were suspended and the *Haverford News* curtailed its publication to some extent, it was suggested to the Board of this magazine to abandon its work.

The Board after due consideration has deemed it advisable to continue its work as in the past.

While no sacrifice is too great for the common good of the College

and its training, the HAVERFORDIAN can achieve more good—or at least be of more service—by continuing publication.

The present crisis has brought one important thing to our minds: that we have been neglecting our mission as the organ of Haverford opinion and expression in our over-zealousness to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates. The former aim was the reason for which we were founded; the latter a development due to our growth. In the future we shall try to combine the two elements, publishing not only purely literary articles but also articles relating to College policy. We hope to continue giving as many Alumni notes as we have done in the past; last month we published ten and a half pages, a greater number than has appeared in the magazine since it was founded.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF IMPORTANCE

As we go to press we take pleasure in announcing the election to the Editorial Board of Mr. Charles Hartshorne, Mr. Russell N. Miller, Mr. John W. Alexander and Mr. Harold W. Brecht.

The National Emergency

By L. K. Keay

"Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,
'Tis man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die."

IN the the present national emergency every man, unless he be an utter coward or of a type with whom thinking is an extremely distasteful form of mental exercise, feels himself duty-bound to fit himself in some way for the better performance of service to his country. That the men of Haverford are far from impervious to a keen sense of that duty is attested to by the large enlistment and the signs of whole-hearted participation in the admirable plan for training in that respect that the college has so fortunately adopted. While the plan constitutes a compromise between the two elements who entertain conflicting opinions regarding their obligations in the present exigency, nevertheless its wisdom lies in its ability to meet the requirements of both the factions and thus maintain in the college a unity of action that is remarkable under the circumstances. The formulators of the plan are indeed

worthy of praise. While it can in no way compromise the conscience of these religiously opposed to war, it offers superb training for those whose ultimate intention it is to fight actually the battle of democracy and liberty side by side with their fellow men along the frontier line of civilization in Europe, if fortune so favors them.

For it is truly a privilege to die for the truth. And we deem it safe to say that never before in the annals of time has a war been more justly undertaken than the one on which America felt herself compelled to embark the fourth of April 1917. Pessimists see in the world cataclysm the decline of civilization and the degradation of humanity, but it is inconceivable that civilization will not advance when well-nigh the whole world takes up arms in its defense. Civilization uttered the cry of distress and every enlightened people on the globe has rallied to the standard. And though America, in the minds of some had delayed her entrance into the arena too long she at last took up arms at a time when no doubt could possibly exist as to her motives. No desire to impose her institutions upon other peoples, no wanton lust for world power induced her to take the step, but it was in defense of her most sacred rights, in service to justice, in the championship of man's freedom. that she decided to join the concert of nations arrayed against German Autocracy.

A beneficent outcome of the struggle is inevitable, and when the history of these dark days comes to be written by men of clearer understanding than ours can be, we hope they can say, as Victor Hugo said of the French Revolution, "The war had its reasons; and its wrath will be absolved by the future; a caress for the human race issues from its most terrible blows." Righteous wars are the brutalities of progress, but when they are ended this fact is recognized, the human race has been chastised but it has moved onward.

Aftermath

I cannot find it in my heart to sing,
My songs are vain—and lifeless as the fire
That in my heart has burned to ashes—Spring
Brings with it but dead dreams and dead desire.

Woman, War and Home Life

By "*Philippos*"

THE evolution of the European woman has been one of the interesting features of the war. Her transformation from a frivolous society being, clamoring for the ballot—but more fit for the ballet—to be a really potent force in the national power is one of those transformations—like the Russian revolution—that is accomplished before we can appreciate its significance. We have every reason to hope—if the present war is serious enough—that the American woman may undergo the same metamorphosis as her European sister.

To a serious-minded person, whose chief interest is to see the future home life of the world improved, the tendency of the average American girl presents a problem. Her interest in life seems to be focussed on moving pictures, dancing, and her ability to capture a man. The question does not seem to enter her mind as to whether or not she will make a fitting helpmate—the ability of her husband to possess her is supposed to be adequate compensation. When the unhappy victim recovers from his infatuation and finds that his wife has nothing to commend her but ephemeral physical attractiveness, another unhappy marriage must be registered. The economic independence of woman will help this difficulty. The seriousness of the labor shortage forcing the woman into the economic world is bringing about her economic independence. With her advent into the industrial field must come her admission into politics. Her equality as a citizen established a bettering of home life must be given attention.

The poet who pictures the congenial family circle paints the singular not the ordinary family. The average couple are disappointed over their choice. The rigid marriage laws—which because of their rigidity allow quarrels, which with laxer laws would become rarer—and the economic dependence of woman—which would make separation ruinous for her—do not conduce to domestic felicity. The children—the great argument against easy divorce—can be provided for by either the parents or the state. Almost any care and influence is better than the quarrelsome family life that the children of estranged parents experience.

We cannot make this step until the economic independence of woman has been realized. Then men and women will be more tempered and less susceptible to the deluding infatuations because of their contact with the world, and those poor souls who still follow the blind paths of love may have the pleasant assurance—that the awakening from their

infatuation will not present only a black future but that, firstly, if the marriage is absolutely uncongenial, divorce, which is the sure specific for unhappy husbands and wives, can be secured with comparative ease and, secondly, that in all likelihood the woman of the future will have something to her besides flounces and chemises. This is one of the changes which it is to be hoped will come from the present war.

The Misfit: A Story

By J. H. Smith

JOHN WEST was a miserable failure. He scarcely earned enough money to support himself in a wretched flat. This, however, is pardonable in any man if he is respected. John West was despised by his fellow-workers in the mill. They always referred to him as "Miss Johnny" and he was never addressed except in a ridiculing, scornful tone. They loathed him, because he, a weakling in stature, dared to fight in their battlefield and measure himself by their standards. Yes, John was a miserable failure. Why? Because he was a misfit.

It often happens that a man lives and works in an environment that is not suited to his nature. Such was the case with John. He was made of a finer clay than his sordid neighbors. His sensibilities were more refined, and his God was more Christ-like than theirs. Above all, he was an artist, where the most ardent optimist could not discover the beautiful. He did his living in the evening, when, worn out with labor and railery, he painted his masterpiece; for every artist has his masterpiece. He often painted until faint streaks of morning light sifted through the window and cast indistinct bars of gold on his canvas. Mary, who lived next door, often posed for him. She was the only friend John could claim in the world. She was all sympathy, gentleness, and encouragement.

"John," she said one evening, "I love your painting most because it is so peaceful. Peace is the most splendid thing in Heaven or Earth." Next to his art, John lived for Mary.

Things went on just the same, after the war started, until one day an enlistment officer came to the mill. One after another the mill-workers enrolled, some of them leaving their families. It came John's turn to sign his name. He refused. A howl of rage arose. "We'll git you," someone shouted, "you damned low-down coward."

That night John did not see Mary as usual, nor did he work on his

painting. The load of opposition seemed too heavy to bear. He went to bed sobbing, and his rest was troubled and he had dreams. He dreamed that he had gone to the front, a bomb had rolled to his feet and shattered him to atoms. He awoke with a cry to hear hurried footsteps go down the stairs. At once he became aware of a burning pain in his chest. He turned on the light and looked in the mirror. There, indelibly branded in his flesh, was the word "Coward." The scared wound was still dripping blood. A horrible sight—burnt on his very soul. With excruciating pain John washed off the bleeding skin, only to have the word "Coward" stare at him the more plainly. He threw himself on his bed to wait for morning. His one consolation was the fact that Mary would understand. She always understood.

Early next morning he went to see her. He told her the whole story, adding, "and see what they did to me last night." He opened his shirt and showed the curse written on his heart. She did not speak for some moments then she murmured, very softly, "John, I could never like you again with—that."

"But," he pleaded. "You—"

"I *did* think peace was everything—but there is no peace. I shall be a nurse, if they let me. Good-bye."

* * * * *

It was in the spring drive of 1915 that the division under which John had enlisted was so severely menaced. He fought these real battles still as the misfit. In one particularly strenuous attack, a piece of shrapnel hit John in the leg. It made a nasty wound, and the doctors said he might be excused from further service. He could continue, however, if he wanted to. He wrote Mary about it with ecstatic delight. But she settled the question in this simple letter:

DEAR JOHN:

You are now at the point where others started. Go back and win an Englishman's record.

Mary.

Back to that torture of body and soul, and with an honorable dismissal! "Mary always understands," he mused. "There is no peace now."

He went back more of a misfit than ever.

One day during an attack, a bomb rolled to the edge of the trench just out of reach. Thirty other Englishmen saw it too, and, petrified, stared at the sputtering fuse. John sprang forward up over the trench. For the first time he displayed the curse written on his heart. "For England," he shouted, and hurled back the bomb. A bullet hit him a

glancing blow on the chest and ripped off the flesh, carrying the word "Coward" with it. It left a great, red dripping gash. "Now I can die," another bullet hit him squarely, "like an Englishman."

The military report was very brief. It said: John West—died on the field of honor.

America's Summons

By Richard W. Wood

My country! What art thou doing to-day?
 What is this rush to arms?
 Couldst thou not, for the greater good,
 Stand where the Christian martyrs stood?
 Or must thou stoop to blood-shed
 At the sound of war's alarms?

My country, which we hoped to see
 Stand above fire and sword,
 And bare her breast to the dagger-stroke,
 Trusting, amid the battle-smoke,
 To the power of reason, the force of right,
 And the strength of a loving word;

Why hast thou turned from the path of love,
 To mark which Jesus died?
 Why art thou turning, arms in hand,
 To the arbitrament of the dripping brand,
 Turning from the way for which
 The Christ was crucified?

America, our country, we beg thee rise again,
 Turn to the conquering way.
 Throw away cumbersome gun and sword,
 Arm thyself with the flaming Word,
 Stand shoulder to shoulder with thy Lord,
 And in this Armageddon
 Uphold Him in the fray!

America Enters the War

By William Henry Chamberlin

THE declaration of war upon Germany by the United States, was, in many respects, a unique historical event. It came not in a moment of popular frenzy, not as a measure devised and put into effect to serve the selfish interests of a few men, but as the deliberate and carefully considered act of the American people, expressed through their highest representative bodies. The vote on the war resolution in both houses of congress was tremendously impressive for a country which has always encouraged the freest expression of individual opinion, especially in view of the pro-German and pacifist influences, open and secret, which were constantly working to keep the nation out of the conflict at any cost. And not only was the war eminently popular and democratic; it was also, in the highest sense, unselfish and disinterested. One would think that even statesmen of the somewhat distorted vision of Senator La Follette and Mr. William Jennings Bryan could recognize the self-evident fact that the munition manufacturers of the country could gain infinitely more by selling their goods to the Allies at unlimited prices than by selling them to their own country at greatly curtailed estimates, with high taxes into the bargain. No, all the glib oratory of the pacifist, socialist and pro-German agitators will never convince any fairminded man that the act of April 6th was anything but the spontaneous expression of the desire of a united people, outraged beyond endurance by an unprecedented series of insults and injuries, culminating in the proposal of the German government to the governments of Mexico and Japan for the occupation and partition of United States territory. The solidarity of the nation is a vindication of the President's much criticised foreign policy. Better to go to war with a united nation in April, 1917, than to have entered the conflict in May, 1915, with the country beyond the Alleghenies lukewarm and doubtful.

Not even an excess of patriotic feeling can well overrate the significance of our entry into the ranks of the active belligerents. The historians of the Great War will almost certainly pick out the Russian Revolution and the American declaration of hostilities as the two most significant events in the course of the struggle. It is only another proof of the war-mad folly of the Reventlows and Von Tirpitzes that they ignore, or affect to ignore the portentous consequences of American intervention. It is not an exaggeration to say that, on the day when the

President delivered his epochal speech, the doom of the German imperial ambitions was definitely sealed. The enormous material resources of our country are alone enough to turn the scale in a contest which depends largely upon endurance. But we have far more to give than money and munitions. We have an inexhaustible supply of fighting force, which, although not immediately available, may well prove a decisive factor in the later stages of the War.

But the question of ultimate victory is relatively unimportant compared with the question what that ultimate victory will mean for the future peace and liberty of the world. The Great War would have been a sorry waste of blood and treasure, indeed, if it had merely set up a Romanoff tyrant in place of a Hohenzollern. In fact, during the early stages of the conflict, many liberals echoed the illogical, but natural hope of George Brandes, that France and England might win and that Russia might lose. But the overthrow of the treacherous, pro-German, reactionary bureaucracy at Petrograd has completely altered the situation. The issue at stake is now impressive through its very clarity. On one side are four nations, very different in temperament, traditions and civilization, united by the one bond of a common autocratic form of government. On the other side are practically all the great democracies of the world. The line of demarcation between the forces of freedom and the forces of despotism could not be more distinctly drawn. On one hand an iniquitous cabal of king, kaiser and sultan, bent on war and conquest. On the other hand a holy alliance of free peoples, desirous of peace, but resolute to fight to the utmost for their national honor and integrity.

The condition is unique because it has never been even remotely duplicated in history. Immediately after the French Revolution the new republic proclaimed its intention of carrying liberty, by the sword if necessary, to all parts of the earth. But the French democracy, founded too much on the mere license of the Parisian mob, fell an easy prey to the aspiring ambition of Napoleon; and the wars for the overthrow of foreign tyrants were transformed into wars for the glory and power of the man who hypnotized and turned to his own advantage the glowing enthusiasm of revolutionary France. But it would be impossible to compare the spirit and motives of the coalitions against Napoleon with those of the Allies to-day. For Russia, Austria and Prussia, the chief continental powers opposed to the French Emperor, were at that time governed by despotisms equally tyrannous and far less enlightened than that of Napoleon himself, while England's policy was largely guided by a small group of wealthy capitalists. Consequently

the final victory of the Allies in 1815 cannot be considered a real triumph for the cause of human liberty. In fact it was followed by a period of repression and wholesale exploitation of the working classes by their employers. But the conditions in Europe now are quite different. Of the powers who are now lined up against Germany there is not one that is not thoroughly democratic and controlled by the will of its citizens. Victory for the Allies means far more than the restoration of Belgium, the autonomy of Poland and the rehabilitation and racial unification of the Balkan States. These conditions are all important; but they are mere incidents compared with the larger aspect of the victorious peace that is to follow the War. The real historical significance in the triumph of the Entente arms will lie in the fact that it will mark the greatest advance in the cause of human freedom in the history of the world. It will mean just as much for the future liberty of Germany as for that of any other nation. That is why Reventlow, Von Tirpitz and the rest of the monarchical fanatics in the German Empire are growing more and more desperate as the War drags on and the chances for an ultimate Teutonic victory grow dimmer and dimmer. They know, as Reventlow frankly admitted in a recent interview, that the power of the Hapsburg and Hohenzollern houses cannot survive an unsuccessful war. And with the passing of these irresponsible autocracies there is every probability that wars in the future will be few in number, local in character and short in duration. As President Wilson said in one of the most significant passages of his speech:

"A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away, the plotting of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own."

And so, while we may not feel the physical pressure of the War as do our Allies, the French and English, yet our moral concern for the successful termination of a conflict which is so clearly a battle for the sacred rights of humanity, should be equally keen. Our material boundary may be the Atlantic Ocean, but our spiritual frontier is that long line, "somewhere in France," where the future destiny of the world is now being wrought out. There are two means by which we can prove

the sincerity and earnestness of our attitude in regard to the crisis with which we are confronted.

In the first place, we should, if possible, persuade our Allies to refuse to enter into any negotiations with the present, non-representative German and Austrian governments. The offer of a fair and reasonable peace to the *peoples* of Germany and Austria, together with an uncompromising stand against entering into any relations with the rulers who are in no sense representative of those peoples should do much to strengthen the hands of the liberals in the teutonic Empires who must be relied on to bring to pass a revolution similar to the late happy event in Russia. It should convince the most skeptical of our enemies that the President was using no empty rhetoric when he said:

"We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been as secure as the faith and the freedom of the nations can make them."

If we are to have any weight in the councils of our Allies we must give them something more than words. It is not even enough to supply them liberally with money and munitions, although both these commodities are very valuable. Whether considered from the moral or material standpoint, it is in the highest degree expedient that we should send as many troops to France as we can raise and equip. The fact that it would require a year for a large expeditionary army to be fitted out and despatched ought not to hinder our preparations in the least. There is every indication that the War will last for at least two more years, possibly longer. The prompt arrival of American reinforcements on the western front would have an incalculably inspiring effect upon our Allies and a correspondingly depressing effect upon our enemies. No considerations of selfish cowardice masquerading as prudence should prevent us from sending the largest possible army that can be raised from our young men to fight the battles of freedom in the trenches of France and Flanders. Where our forefathers fought for a local and national liberty we shall be fighting for a liberty that is universal and international. Surely no American who has caught the spirit of Saratoga and Gettysburg, who has felt the inspiration of Washington and Lincoln, will hold back from offering his life in the present Armageddon for the sake of permanent peace and enduring righteousness.

Senator Norris, one of the "little group of willful men" who did their tiny best to jeopardize the nation's honor and safety in the course

of the recent crisis, hysterically cried out during a debate that we "were putting the dollar mark in the American flag." Just where the Herr Senator got his idea of the dollar mark is not very clear. Perhaps he was thinking of the dollars which the German government magnanimously proposed to pay us for the dead of the *Lusitania*. Perhaps he was thinking of the large number of dollars that the accredited diplomatic agents of Germany have spent in a country with which they were supposed to be at peace, for the amicable purposes of blowing up factories, destroying public works and stirring up treasonable internal sedition, under the guise of pacifism. But the vast majority of the American people, who do not agree with Herr Norris and his fellow-conspirators that peace is more precious than right and that death is worse than any dishonor, have a different feeling about the entrance of their country into the War. With no feeling of jingoism or chauvinism they are determined to take out of the flag the last vestiges of the dollar mark, which is an appropriate symbol of selfish pacifism and cowardly shirking from duty, and to put in its place the stars and stripes that stand for freedom, justice and humanity. With a full consciousness of the heavy burdens and tremendous responsibilities that lie before them, the true expression of their inmost feeling is perfectly expressed in the immortal conclusion of the President's address:

"The right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

"To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

A Rotten Story

By Harold W. Brecht

I have noticed with piquant interest the laudable tendency among many magazines to publish stories which appeal to the baser side of one's nature, under the moralistic sham of attacking some evil of the day. I have always enjoyed this sort of appeal even when it is unexcused; one can imagine my pleasure when there is added to gratification, pardon. However I have often missed reading such a story—as I am afterwards informed by the young lady whom I am going to make my wife—because of its misleading title. Accordingly this story is properly designated at the outset.—
Author's Note.

ISAT in one of the tawdrier cafés, and tried to pretend that I was being very Bohemian and ungodly. I was waiting to see someone else drink the same sort of cocktail that I had, so that I would know how to drink mine. I winked a particularly vile wink at a young lady who was ogling me. Probably affairs between us would soon have approached a particularly vile consummation, when a man entered and lurched down into the seat opposite me. He was pale, haggard, rather haunted as to expression. I was framing a suitable protest when he leaned over to me, and I noticed that the fire in his eyes had sunk them deep. "You wrote 'Joy in Beauty' didn't you?"

This was fame. I nodded coolly, with the superiority that accrues to the author of "Joy in Beauty."

"For a drink, I'll tell you a rotten story that beats that."

I ordered him a cocktail, like the one I had, so that I would know how to drink mine. He began abruptly:

"Back—back home there were lilacs all over our porch." He gulped his cocktail; I gulped mine and choked. "There was a little white church on a hill; there was Heloise; stranger," he bent his burning eyes toward me, "there was mother." (There necessarily was.)

"Heloise was a child then, with long hair and ankles that I could measure with my hand. I was different from everybody (I thought), and Heloise was the only one who understood me. I loved her.

"We ran away; Heloise had no mother, and I left mine. My mother does not know where I am now, thank God. If you can believe me, be kind to yours—kinder than I was. As you hope for life up there," he pointed to the black and gold roof, where I did not want life, "take care of your mother. Before everything that you do, think 'Would she want her son to do this?'" Stranger, God made your mother to love."

I stirred uneasily, for my conscience was not stilled, yet. Anyhow, his words were hackneyed.

"My sweetheart and I hadn't much money, and the boss where Heloise worked insulted her. She was so modest, my little Heloise. I used to write her poems—fool poems, and she'd fondle them with her little fingers, and laugh at them, and kiss me for each verse. There were always many verses. Could I have another cocktail?"

I was now on drinking terms with two brands.

"We had to do something so we went to France, and I enlisted. She was a nurse, a holy angel of a nurse. I used to tell her that I'd get wounded, just to have her nurse me." He smiled at remembrance of his humor but his mouth was not one fitted for smiling, and he hid it quickly in his glass.

"I told you that I was different from other people. I am, for they are not all cowards. And on us all, cowards or not, the mud caked, the mud the ditch-water made when it mingled with the clay into a sticky, slimy, freezing hell."

This was obvious striving for effect. But I can excuse a man who can gulp his cocktails.

"The guns were always roaring till your nerves gave way, and every muscle in your body trembled and shook like—" the goblet in his hand quivered as a little child does that is shaken by sobs, after it has been whipped. I would let my mother ruffle my hair as she liked to do (her big boy's hair), let her to-morrow, no, to-night.

"Toads and unclean things lived in those trenches; and rats and lice feasted on us. Men went crazy there. I remember one little fellow, a cheerful little fellow who wrote to his mother every day. He went mad, and kept moaning for her, through the mud, 'Mother, mother.' Our general, a dissolute son of the war minister, had him shot. I would have been glad for them to shoot me too, if I had not had that little face all framed in golden hair, to cheer me. God was very far from those trenches, as He is from this story, but not from her, stranger, not very far from her.

"I got more and more afraid and sick of everything. Then one day there was a charge. The ground quivered with the guns; there was a whispered order, and we were out in the open, in one of the devil's lower hells. The machine-gun bullets went 'crack,' 'crack,' 'crack,' and the man next to me toppled over into my arms, and his brains spouted over my face. I could not see. A wounded horse shrieked shrill over all the horrible medley of sound, and the wounded men moaned. We won the trench, and killed some Germans, stuck them like pigs and

were stuck." He pointed to a scar that ran from one eye downward.

"It rained on the wounded now, and the moaning got less and less, and instead there hung a stench of putrefying flesh, like a steaming shroud—my God, a stench that won't wash off."

In fright he stared at his hands, holding them so tensely that they quivered.

"That night I deserted; they caught me of course, so damned many of them, and they were going to shoot me. But Heloise found out somehow (she used to say that some unknown sense united us, when we sat together back home, and I made her crowns out of lilacs—I could make good crowns, then)."

The crowns he made now would reek of nicotine.

"I wonder if the stain will ever wash away; if my mother will see it and smell it, up above."

Small chance that she would, in that black and gold clearing-house for tobacco smoke, the fumes of sour wine, and blasphemy. But the man was crazy; else he knew—no, my mother would never tell him. After this I would press my cheek against hers; I would love her as I did when I was her big boy, at six.

"Go on," I said pettishly. "Heloise found out—"

"We both got passports out of France next morning. I don't know what she did with our general that night, I don't dare know." His eyes burned with some unholy fire from a lower hell. The table quivered underneath his hands. "I only know that she loves me. Her eyes are stricken by fear; her eyes are like depths of velvet on which you shake the shining stuff (stardust she calls it) that the children like at Christmas; her lips are sweet as the lilacs. She's not very strong, but she smiles when she sees me, and stranger, though I'm this, she loves me."

Probably he would have leaned his head down upon his arms, if the table had invited such conventional business. The vile one ordered a cocktail, and I followed her example. Under its influence he raised up and spoke again in a wheedling, whining voice; one had an endless vista of him speaking thus.

"Do you want to make a night of it?"

I understood. "Yes," said I. I didn't. "Do you know, it wasn't much of a story? Now 'Joy in Beauty'——"

He left and returned with the vile one on his arm; her face was carefully framed in golden hair. "Permit me to introduce Heloise." His eyes were very haggard as he tried to smile. What a rotten story!

As we went out I was careful not to walk too near him.

Two Books on the War: A Review

"The War, Madame," by Paul G  rally, translated by Barton Blake. Scribner, New York, \$.75 net. "A Soldier of Life," by Hugh de S  lincourt. Macmillan, New York, \$1.50 net.

"The War, Madame" is one of the most interesting books of the war. It is not mere war-correspondent "copy," for M. G  rally, one of the most promising of the younger French poets, has been in the ranks since the beginning of the war and has witnessed the events which a war-correspondent usually writes up in the kitchen-garden of a suburban villa in Surrey. The story, which deals with a young "poilu" on leave of forty-eight hours from the front who spends his time in revisiting Paris, is told with an accuracy of detail and a vivid intensity coupled with an extremely French lightness of touch and emotional appeal. The plot is of the simplest. Corporal Maurice Vernier on furlough to Paris is struck by the absolute indifference to the reality of the war which prevails there and the almost sacrilegious levity and callousness to suffering. Nor does a visit to his former sweetheart Fabienne—the typical, ineffable Parisienne—give him any grounds for changing his opinion as to Paris' attitude. But it is when he goes to see Madame, the mother of one of his quondam schoolmates, now in the trenches, that he learns how great was his error: that he has only looked at the superficial crust of the Parisian population. It is to Madame that Maurice tells all he feels about the war and she gives him the generous and motherly sympathy which he so much needs. M. G  rally, already noted for the wistful and naive sentiment of his dainty poetry has breathed this delicacy of emotion into the clay of his present story, evolving a pleasantly sentimental and genuinely pathetic story. Withal there is an intensity of feeling and personality and it is like the loss of an old friend when we read at the conclusion of the book that Maurice, he who has wound tendrils of lasting affection around our hearts, is dead; we feel a real bereavement on reading the simple notice of his death in the Order of the Day: "Vernier, Maurice, Corporal of the —th Regiment. Already cited. Gravely wounded, November 3, 1915 . . . Has succumbed to his wounds."

Mr. de S  lincourt's book is a great contrast to "The War, Madame." To begin with, the book deals not with the war so much as with the after-effects it has had on a man who has returned home after having "done his bit." The author obtains a weird and curious effect by the delineation of the character of his hero, a young man who is not especially remarkable and whose life is continually haunted by an obsession in the

shape of an uncanny visitor, the figment of his disordered mind. The whole intrigue revolves on his sinister struggle against insanity which is ever ready to drive his reason from him and leave him a mental as well as bodily wreck. In this struggle for a long time all joy, light and peace are banished, leaving the young man to fight his battle—greater by far than that he fought in the trenches—under an almost overpowering disadvantage.

In the end of the story, however, he seems to have triumphed and the future seems as bright as a harrowed body permits.

Particularly notable are the faithful character portrayal, the vigorous and impetuous style and the careful handling of the plot. Mr. de Selincourt's characters are ordinary English people of the upper-middle class; his style very refreshing for the enthusiasm infused in it, and his story holds our interest from beginning to end.

Especially interesting are some of the discussions of his characters; we quote at random: "It's a war to end war. The nation has risen like one man to end war and the spirit of hatred which is devastating the world; has risen in support of the weaker nations, to put down the dominance of militarism," says a clergyman.—

"Is Christ the God of War or the Prince of Peace?"—

"There is good and evil in the world. It is terrible that we should have to fight at all, but we're fighting for the right."—

"But don't the Germans think so too? That they're fighting against the evil which made the Boer War, the Russo-Japanese War, the Tripoli business; the evil that has joined forces to crush their nation?"—

"They may think so; but they are mistaken. Their pride must be humbled."—

"But how can you humble by military means a military pride which has put up such a fight against the world? We hand over the conduct of the whole people to men who think war is the only means of keeping a nation from decadence. They've had no word to speak of for years; and now they are in supreme authority; they rarely get killed, and is it likely they'll go out of authority before they're forced? We're being sucked in, sucked in, deeper and deeper. These military potentates on each side want to go down to posterity with glorious records and meanwhile men are slaughtering each other, blowing each other to pieces."—

"I'm not in a position to discuss the war," answers the clergyman coldly. For these significant words to have been written and published in England by an Englishman in the third year of the war and the year of grace nineteen hundred and seventeen, there must be a strong and growing sense of right among the thinking classes of the European nations which speaks well for the future and the justice of Great Britain.

J. G. LeC. and J. W. A.

In the Heart of Vienna

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN AUSTRIAN WOMAN

By Christopher Roberts

Stadlau, March 24, 1916.

The horrors of another day have passed. The dull morning found me on my way to the lists, those terrible lists that I so dread to look upon. The Landstrasse was a turbulent thoroughfare at early dawn. The struggling crowds of red-cheeked women from the village surged before the huge posters with the long lists and fought their way through the throng. Oh, the many that turned away with blanched faces overcome with grief! Gretel was there. Her husband has been killed in Galacia, but she still hopes Karl, the son, will not be on the list. May heaven spare *my* boy.

The trucks bearing food for the front are not so many now. But they tear through the streets and do not take care. I was nearly hit by one as I helped carry hay for bedding across the square into the Hof-theatre, for it is now a hospital. All day, the provision trucks and lighter carts streamed back, filled with injured; and it wrung my heart to hear the groans as the shaky vehicles bumped over the cobblestones. Herr Eckart says the city now has sixty thousand wounded.

Disease is spreading. I saw the ambulances going from house to house. The contagion has not touched the Stadlau section, thank God. At noon, the paper boys were shouting a victory as I stopped work for a time at the hospital. Then, a fresh supply of troops marched by, while crowds stood silent and watchful on the pavements. We are benumbed with suffering.

For days now the same trucks have gone out loaded with provisions only to return weighted with the dying, the same lists of dead have been posted, and the same news of a great victory has been shouted, while countless regiments have gone out of the city only to be carried back in broken squads in the empty trucks. Pestilence is raging. There is scarcely a household that is not in mourning; not a person who does not feel the burden of the war taxes. My own wretched hoard is almost gone. Each week more business houses fail, each day more sacrifices must be made, each hour extends the long list of dead and dying! When will it all cease?

At the Play: A Dramatic Review

By Jacques Le Clercq

1

At the Bandbox Theatre, New York, Joseph Urban and Richard Ordynski present "Nju," a Russian play of everyday life by Ossip Dymow.

THE plot of "Nju" is by no means startlingly original. Njura, the heroine, is married to a fairly rich, kind-hearted husband, whose greatest cause for vanity lies in the fact that he has been able to annex a woman of the beauty of Nju and keep her faithful to him for eight years. I suppose he has accomplished this by letting her go very much her own way and allowing men to lavish their attentions on her so long as they realize that they must not go too far with his property. Forbidden fruit is by far the most luscious, and her husband has not had cause as yet to forbid any man to admire and entertain his wife. Indeed, the success of his wife with the other sex has been a reason for self-gratulation, for, after all, it is he, her husband, who reaps the harvest of what the other men sow in the breast of Njura.

One day, however, a young fellow comes along—a rather handsome young chap, he is, who has had numerous affairs of the heart and who has evolved a new philosophy of his own regarding women, which is quite successful from *his* point of view. As a matter of fact his ideas are as old as the hills, but he *is* rather handsome and so he manages to "get away with them." Nothing is more natural than that Nju should conceive a violent passion for this poetical young man—who early in the play shows the extent of his poetry by writing the most unmitigated nonsense on a yard of paper—and, moreover, that Nju who has never *really* been in love should be unable to hide from her husband just how much she cares for the poet. The husband finally calls his young friend to account and the latter, far from denying anything, boldly affirms that he is in love with Nju and that Nju is in love with him; the husband, he says, should be the last man on earth to object, for has he not had Nju for eight whole years, and is it not about time for another man to step in? Infuriated beyond control, the husband attacks the poet, who is rather more able to hold his own than the traditional poet;—that young ass in "Candida," for example;—the room is plunged into darkness and we hear a shot. Nju rushes in afraid for the life of her lover who calmly gets up and turns the light on, and the husband is revealed sitting unharmed on the floor.

It is at length decided that Nju shall leave the conjugal abode that

she has graced with her presence for eight years. Despite all the prayers of her husband to the effect that she stay, that the poet come to live with them and that all three live quietly together; despite all his threats to the effect that she will forfeit all right to their son Kostja, that he will never allow her to return even if she be repentant and that she will have cause to regret her infatuation for an empty-headed oaf who regards her *grande passion* as a *liaison de passage*, she firmly makes up her mind to leave her husband. She carries her decision out, too, putting up with a thousand hardships in a squalid, furnished room for the sake of her poet; while her husband is clinging madly to every argument which might possibly induce her to return home. Soon, all too soon, she comes to realize what a fatuous idiot of a man this lover of hers is and after such an awakening there is nothing left for her to do but to poison herself, which she does with commendable alacrity. The play closes with her lover standing beside her body at the funeral making the same fatuous speech to a pretty mourner which he made to the woman whose life he wrecked, as the play began.

At best, only a moderately correct impression of a play can be given by relating its story and "Nju" least of all plays lends itself to this lazy kind of treatment. The play is not divided into acts but into ten episodes, the selection of which is one of the most powerful factors in the interest the play possesses. Some of these episodes are bewilderingly short and even seem a trifle trivial at first thought, but the abiding impression is that the author has chosen just such incidents as are best suited to portrayal by a man of his particular temperament. No Anglo-Saxon, not even a man like Dickens could have dealt with some of the ideas and pictures Mr. Dymow presents without being ludicrously sentimental and maudlin. It is a trait peculiar to the Russian genius to present the most heartrending and the most appealing emotional scenes in a cold, reserved manner. These Russians never throw themselves into the moods of their characters as Anglo-Saxons would; they regard the thing from the eminence of impersonality and present it with a sardonic chuckle. It is this, I think, which moves even the most callous of us to sympathy. I must confess I have never felt the least inclination to weep over the death of little Nell or even that of Sidney Carton, whereas parts of Andrejev's "The Seven who were Hanged" and Dostoevsky's "The Idiot" have left me in as chastened a condition as my years allow or my physical comfort permits. It is simply because Dickens sheds so many and such copious tears—tears as big as ostrich eggs—over his people that I cannot help feeling that the poor souls have been mourned enough and that the author himself has done my share of

the weeping already; while the mere recital of events, without any mournful comment by the author, is infinitely more pathetic.

There are a great many pathetic incidents in "Nju" and the author has made the most of all of them by presenting them in a pleasantly ironic vein. The poet mourning over the bed of his dead mistress, how much more vital and awe-inspiring is it made by the maid who sweeps the rubbish out of the room as if absolutely nothing existed except her own dislike of untidy rooms and her hurry to get the daily job over? Again when the child Kostja stands on a chair telephoning to his mother and she suddenly leaves the conversation unfinished, what an exquisite touch that is! Did the lover stop the words from passing her lips by drawing her into an embrace which made her forget all, even her abandoned child? A hundred little touches, all of which should be mentioned, make this play one of the most interesting things we have yet seen in New York. And then, "Nju" is bound to appeal to the best type of audience; it does not teach a lesson, which dissatisfies the three-eighths of the audience that regards the theatre as it does the school or the pulpit; nor does it supply a form of mild amusement to the other three-eighths that expects to find on the stage what it does in "Puck" and should in "Life"; the quarter that is left—such as it is—represents the highest type of playgoers. This class, I feel sure, will find "Nju" to be a work of considerable talent and well worth a hearing.

The acting is uneven; in spots Miss Ann Andrews leaves nothing to be desired, but these are few and far between; on the whole, however, she gives a creditable interpretation of a difficult part. The Poet is totally inadequate and is like nothing but a man trying to play a part for which he is utterly unfit, and succeeding in showing us just how unfit he really is. Mr. Frank Mills, the husband, seems a trifle unconvincing at first, but as the play goes on, acquires a poise and a dignity—the dignity of overwhelming grief—which makes his a polished and soberly sincere performance. Two scenes and two alone of Mr. Urban's are distinctive: the first, in a ball-room, where a clever use of shadows is made; and the eighth, in the private room of a restaurant. The production had several faults, all of them minor ones, some questionable; *in toto* it was satisfactory.

2

The Washington Square Players present their fourth bill of the present season at the Comedy Theatre, consisting of three plays: "Sganarelle," a farce by Moliere, freely translated from the French by Philip Moeller; "The Poor Fool," a play by Hermann Bahr, translated from the German by

Mrs. F. E. Washburn-Freund; and "Plots and Playwrights," a comedy in two parts by Edward Massey.

The Washington Square Players are continuing their program of giving the best plays they can to their Broadway audience, and in Hermann Bahr's play they have found as fine a thing as their earlier success "Bushido." After having introduced Maeterlink, Alfred de Musset, Octave Feuillet, de Portoriche and Courteline to the public, they now offer Moliere; adding the name of Edward Massey, too, to their list of American authors. There are several ways of giving Moliere: in the tradition, much as the early English dramatists are played; in the manner of the Theatre Francais and in the modern way. About two or three years ago, a *Music-hall* in Paris, Le Bobino, whose performances were of the *café-concert* type, somehow or other hit upon the idea of giving the masterpieces of Moliere, interpreted by their own actors, to their rather low audiences, with such a success that many critics were only too ready to proclaim a renaissance of the French drama. The performance of the Washington Square Players is almost as radical.

Mr. Philip Moeller's translation is just as modern as the interpretation and interpolations of the actors of the Bobino, and the modern slang of which he makes use is very effective insomuch as it goes a long way toward modernizing the wit of Moliere's day; for the general public, therefore, the translation is not only adequate but amusing. I am not sure, however, whether Moliere is not too great a man and whether his humour is not too obviously a thing of all ages to allow such an interpretation. But this is easily disputable. Suffice to say that as far as the translator's interpretation goes, he has made a very witty adaptation, occasionally a brilliant one, and has certainly given Moliere as wide an appeal as anybody might. After all, perhaps this should be our criterion.

Mr. Arthur Hohl plays the role of Sganarelle with a fine sense of humor and is especially happy in bringing out the oddities of rhyme, now and then the intentional violations of rhyme and the modern jargon of the adaptation. Miss Gwladys Wynne, Miss Elinor Cox and Mr. Edward Balzerit give eminently satisfactory performances, but Miss Margaret Mower is unfortunately a little disappointing.

Mr. Edward Massey in his "Plots and Playwrights" gives the Washington Square Players the most hilarious and amusing comedy they have yet played. It is a brilliant satire on the dollar-dramatist of Broadway and gives every member of the company a chance to be very funny. Particularly mirth-provoking is the acting of Mr. T. W. Gibson, Miss Ruby Craven, Mr. Arthur Hohl, Miss Jean Robb and Miss Florence Enright; the more serious parts being very well done by Miss Helen

Westley, who plays a disappointed mother with much dignity; Mr. Robert Strange as a brutal brother, and Miss Katherine Cornell. Mr. Gibson is quite the funniest and most jovial toper that we have seen. The great play of the bill is "The Poor Fool"; for while either of the two others might have been done with equal success by other companies, the very excellent casting of Bahr's play and the equally excellent acting in it are very memorable things. The story of the play is as follows: Vinzenz Haist is a man of some fifty years who has been brought up by his father to work continually for the business; he has followed the parental recommendation and has become a well-to-do merchant. But it has only been by dint of hard work and constant concentration that he has been able to accomplish this. Edward, one of his brothers, after a wild youth and an infatuation for a dancer, stole from his father and after the ensuing exposition of his disgrace, was admitted to his home by his brother Vinzenz. Hugo, the other brother, a genius, has long since lost his reason and is committed to a lunatic asylum.

Vinzenz realizes that he has had a hard life: *he* was not a genius but he "worked, worked, worked"; Edward was half a genius and he ended as a thief; Hugo, the genius, is a lunatic. Vinzenz feels that he is right, that the life he has led has been the best of the three; but he is anxious to make sure. People seem to sympathize so much with his brother Edward; so much with the mad man Hugo; even his own daughter, Sophie, does. He is not sick, he says from his couch, for sickness is a punishment and he has committed no offense. But he wants to make certain whether the world is right or whether he is right; whether Hugo and Edward or he have done well; so he sends for Hugo whom he wishes to see in order to persuade himself. It was not sentimentality that caused him to have his brother visit him; life has cured him of sentimentality; it was to know *who was right*. Hugo comes at last and Vinzenz forces Sophie to stay in the room. Hugo is absolutely an idiot; pale, haggard, leering, not understanding anything, he is led in by the doctor. But he has his lucid moment and it is long enough to persuade Vinzenz that he, the lunatic is really right. "I had to go down" he says, "down to the very bottom of life; I had to sink in the mud and slime; I had to drink the cup to the dregs; but at the bottom of it all I found God, I found truth, I found beauty." He has indeed; in the most God-forsaken depths of life he has wallowed, and there it is that he has found out what life really means; that the true, the beautiful, the good, what we call God is only experienced by living and seeing.

Vinzenz has no autumn in his life, only winter, the bitter and barren season that goes before the shadow of death sinks all life into oblivion.

But he, Hugo, is now in his autumn. The secret of life is to search for truth, and it is found only by living. We must drop, drop, drop to the fathomless depths of life in order to learn what is good. Such knowledge is only purchased by suffering and tortures and tears, but we arise as new beings, cleansed, purified, made whole by the white flame of God. "The price is great; it means torment; it means despair; it means the blood of our heart, and the falling of our illusions like the numberless that fall before the sickle of Death. But what matter? Let us pay the price, for it is well worth it. And his last words to Sophie are: "My child—Out of my great loneliness, out of my all-embracing love, this great gift I bequeath to you: Live, live, live yourself dead!"

The acting of this play was well-nigh faultless. As Vinzenz, Mr. Arthur Hohl gave a studied rendering of the part; stern, cold, harsh proud, obstinate and yet withal of a good heart. M. José Ruben as the madman showed as good a piece of work as any in New York at present; Mr. Ralph Roeder was well cast in a part which required a very quiet, natural, graceful interpretation. This Edward is a man of infinite gentleness and of a great and good heart; he too has learned that one must live after one's own ideas, and Edward gives perhaps the soundest philosophy of the play. An exquisite piece of work is that of Miss Marjorie Vonnegut as Sophie. That shy, reserved, chaste simplicity of the young girl; the vague, unuttered aspirations; the ineffable kindness of the highest type of womanhood is in Sophie. She feels a thousand things and yet she does not speak; a creature of great sensibility in the best sense of the word and of vast compassion; surely she is one of the most beautiful characters in the modern drama, with her old-time demureness and simplicity? At all events, if she is not, Miss Vonnegut's natural acting makes her seem so.

3

"The Awakening of Spring" (Frühlings Erwachen), by F. Wedekind; presented on March 30th, at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre by Mr. Geoffery Stein and Co-Workers, under the auspices of the Medical Review of Reviews.

The bad production, mediocre translation and abominable acting make it impossible to regard this play as it should be regarded, for one is constantly distracted by blemishes alien to the writing of the play. The actors seemed to be under the impression that when youths congregate, they have to make noises like orang-outangs. I never heard such a tumult and howling—the French word *uleler* alone gives the idea—unless it was the yelling of the children in heaven in "The Happy Ending." In a very bad performance, only two things were worthy of at-

tention: Miss Jenny Eustace as the mother of Wendla and what a critic on a New York daily rightly called "the super-excellent" performance of Miss Fania Marinoff, as Wendla.

To E.

By Russell N. Miller

A lonely night, a naked strand,
Where oft we wandered, hand in hand,
Watching the peaceful, sparkling sea
Lapping the shore with gentle kiss,
Lulling to dreams of future bliss
The thoughts that then arose in me,
As we sat and pledged our lives to be;

The sea-gull, winging alone in flight,
My sole companion this desolate night,
Swooping across the dark waste to his mate,
Reminds my heart of the passionate yearning
That I, full of love, to thee returning,—
Not knowing that I had come too late—
Had pictured would be my happy fate.

The stormy waters, the waves that surge,
And sing to me a fitful dirge,
Silently, slowly, sullenly roll
And beat the shore with a hollow moan
As if they re-echoed the sobbing groan
That rends itself from the depths of my soul
Because thou art gone, O Love of old!

And I gaze at the raging, turbulent sea:
With promise of peace it beckons me . . .

Elaine

It is night and I dream of you.
(I always dream of you at night.)

There are the violet veils of evening to remind me
Of the violet of your eyes—
Creeping upward from the valley
To meet the long black shadows of the mountain;
Mingling with them, mingling, mingling
As our kisses used to mingle
When our souls met through our lips
At night.

The moon sails in the heavens
And the stars make gold of the heavens . . .
Your hair made gold of your face, Elaine;
Your eyes illumined your face, Elaine,
At night.

Some lone, abandoned bird of the night
Shrieks shrilly, gratingly,
To call its wandering and fickle mate
Back to the embrace of a passionate lover,
Back to the warmth of its burning breast—
At night.

And I—I dream; I shall never forget
When out of the dark, mysterious night
You came to me,
Standing forth before me in the moonlight
Like an angel in the silvery garb
Of God's anointed.

White, pale, trembling and tender,
Amid the fragrance of the garden
Bewitchingly beautiful.

And the sea made music for you, Elaine,
And the moon and stars bathed you in the white light
Of their worship.

White as the virginal, slim tiger-lily
Was your Madonna-like countenance;
Red as the blood of an immolated ox
Lying lifeless on the tall altars of Rome
Were your lips, made for kisses.

Meet to be kissed with torment and anguish,
With fire and passion, delight and desire
That know no end and seek no end
But Love, the king of all.

Your eyes gleamed like coals of fire,
Self-luminous, phosphoric,
Like the fierce green eyes of a cat in the night.
Your hair fell over your shoulders,
Caressing their beautiful velvet-like softness,
Lovingly lingering on their velvet-like softness,
Your hair that kings would give their crowns to kiss
And cast aside their diadems
To kiss but once, and vanish
Unknown, unseen, unsung,
Into the night.

Your breast was white and pulsing,
White as the driven snows,
White as the foaming billow below.

You came to me
And I was weeping, weeping. . . .
Slowly, tenderly you came to me,
Trembling with love, aglow with tenderness.
Shyly, lovingly,
You took my head in your hands.
You bent o'er me
And drew my pale face to your breast
And bid me rest, and bid me rest.

I grew to know your ways, your footstep,
I grew to know your eyes and why
Soft tears ran down your cheeks.
I grew to love the sweetness of your kiss,
To know your eyes, your lips, your arms, your breast,
Your shoulders and your soft-sweet throat—
I loved and knew, I knew and loved their beauty.

But the sheer loveliness of your sweet spirit,
Your aching, weary, tender soul,
That depth of love that knoweth not desire
Or passion's crazed storms—
That shall I never fathom.

Two Portraits of Life

Illustrating the moving and dynamic impulse that moved a man to fight and the appreciation of his self-sacrifice.

SLOWLY he made his way along the crowded streets, oblivious of his surroundings and jostled right and left by passers-by. The expression on his face was one of profound meditation and he walked on as if he were bound for a definite place but did not realize it. Then he arrived at the door of the recruiting station.

He leaned against the wall, waiting until the officer should return to his wonted post at the door, determined to ask the latter a few questions before he took the most critical, the crucial decision of his career.

A loungee was standing near him, scanning his face to guess what thoughts were going on behind the frown that had settled upon his brow. Then, as if he had divined his thoughts, he asked:

"Goin' ter enlist, feller?"

"What's it to yer?"

The sergeant came down the steps:

"Tryin' ter prevent yer from enlisting, was 'ee?"

"Yea" answered the two in one breath.

"Wal" said the sergeant, an Irishman, "let 'im do 'is d—est."

The loungee picked his ears and began:

"Yer muss'nt take the life of one of yer feller-men, no how. I'm a d— good feller and I believe in religern, so help me God; and what's more, I ain't goin' ter do ter death any man that believes in God, if ee's a Dutchman or a Murphy or a wop. Let me tell yer, feller, that war shure is hell."

"Go to war" said the other with scrupulous politeness as he followed the officer up the stairs.

II

For several days he had been thinking, thinking until his head ached. Now it was over. He had followed the sergeant up the stairs, had signed a paper and gone through the necessary forms and was returning home for a few moments, but not too few at that, he thought. It was strange how badly he and Maggie had got along together. He had been so sure that she loved him, while he courted her, and yet had been so quickly persuaded to the contrary. It was not that she did not have a kind heart; it was not that she had a temper and sulked along through life. There was something else: they were absolutely

unsuited to each other, and not even the coming of their child two years ago had drawn them together. But now it was all over, all irretrievably over. . . He would tell her he had joined the army, that he would probably have to go to some place far, far away from her (thank God!), that she didn't really love him and that she would get along nicely without him; that the child was to be taught to remember—at the thought, a tear of self-pity fell from his eyes—that Daddie had gone from his home to fight for his country.

How Maggie would receive him! How she would fly to him and lean her head against his shoulder and sob, and ask for forgiveness, and swear that she had not known what it was to love a man until that moment. What a *coup*! What a revenge!

He entered the little house, letting himself in with his own key.

"Maggie!" he called sweetly.

"I'm in the kitchen—whadder ye want?" came the surly reply.

"I want to tell yer something."

"Come inter the kitchen then, yer simp!"

Ah, how she would change her tone in a minute!

"Maggie," he said solemnly, as he thrust his head through the doorway, "I've enlisted and I'm goin' ter fight for the country."

"My Gawd!" she bawled incredulous. "The brat fell inter the wash-basin and the milk's sour and I ain't got no money and now this poor fool's goin' ter join the army."

ALUMNI

Casper Wistar, '02, died in Guatemala, Central America, on the 14th of March, 1917, at the age of thirty-six years, leaving a widow, a son and a daughter in that country.

After graduation from Haverford, he spent a year at electrical and mechanical engineering with

side interests in Home Mission Work, followed by further study with a view to becoming a Foreign missionary and went to Chile for three and a half years under an engagement with the Presbyterian Board. Since the autumn of 1908, with his knowledge of Spanish, he felt a special call to mission service in Guatemala,

where he remained active until a few days before his death, carrying the Gospel message and distributing copies of the Scriptures over an ever-widening region of that rugged and mountainous country and generally doing what he could to relieve physical and spiritual needs both near his home in the outskirts of the capital and in many mountain villages and secluded hamlets.

Incidentally, he was an observant traveler, and found an enjoyable recreation in many long and short journeys by land and sea, in the saddle, afoot, by train, canoe and ocean steamer. A prolonged visit to his old Germantown home last year gave opportunity for visits to Haverford and many other familiar places and for the renewal of acquaintances with many relatives and friends.

Returning last autumn, his seventeenth voyage, the ship encountered a violent hurricane off the coast of Yucatan, which describing later, he found to be the climax of a list of varied experiences, including those encountered in two voyages "'round the Horn."

He was a birth right member of the Germantown Meeting of Friends in which he was much interested.

News of his death, after a few days' illness, was cabled to his father, E. M. Wistar, '72. He had visited his home for seven months returning to Guatemala last October.

Herbert I. Webster of the Class of 1901 died at Ambler, Pa., on the ninth of March, 1917.

NEW YORK ALUMNI AT ANNUAL DINNER

MR. ACKERMAN'S ADDRESS ON WAR FEATURE OF EVENING

The annual banquet of the New York Association of Haverford Alumni was held last Saturday evening at the University Club, 18 Gramercy Park, New York City. There were fifty-seven members present in addition to the following guests: Russell Doubleday, Dr. Henry G. Leach, Secretary of the American-Scandinavian Foundation of New York; Judge Warren Barrett, and Messrs. Dutcher and White, in addition to the undergraduate quartet, who gave several selections.

Arthur S. Cookman, '02, presided at the business meeting at the start of the evening, and the following officers were elected for the new term: President—Walter C. Webster, '95; Vice-President—Alfred Brusselle, '94; Secretary and Treasurer—David S. Hinshaw, '11. The Dinner Committee for next year was appointed with the following members; C. F. Scott, '08; C. D. Morley, '10, and W. H. B. Whitall, '14.

A new departure was marked in

the formation of an Executive Committee which was created to govern the general affairs of the Association and which had as its first members: Franklin B. Kirkbride, '89; J. S. Auchinsloss, '90; L. H. Wood, '96; Royal J. Davis, '99; A. S. Cookman, '02; J. D. Kenderdine, '10, and C. D. Edgerton.

As a special piece of business the meeting discussed the proposal of building a clubhouse in New York for Haverford alumni. The proposition would include providing lodging for younger Haverfordians at a reasonable rate and would make the club a headquarters for such events as smokers and the monthly luncheons.

Mr. Cookman after the completion of the business turned the meeting over to the toastmaster of the evening, Royal J. Davis, '99, who is on the staff of the *New York Evening Post*. Toastmaster Davis called on Dr. R. M. Gummere as the first speaker of the evening, and the latter gave figures and statistics on the work of the Extension Committee and called on the Alumni for their co-operation in the work being carried on by the committee.

James Wood, '68, the next speaker, started a series of appreciations of the work done by President Sharpless during his term as President, and dealt especially with the pleasant relations enjoyed by the Board of Managers with a

president who had such high aims and whose new ideas were never introduced with anything approaching a wrench.

S. B. Kirkbride, '89, quoted Dr. Pritchett, President of the Carnegie Foundation, as one who paid high tribute to Haverford's academic standing, and then recalled President Sharpless's early statement that the most important requirement was the "joy and spirit of college life," a quality whose presence at Haverford had fulfilled the President's own expressed wish.

Walter C. Webster gave several anecdotes about President Sharpless from an undergraduate viewpoint, while Dr. A. G. H. Spiers also opened in a humorous vein and gave expression to his former marveling at President Sharpless's faculty of seeing through his students. He paid his tribute by comparing President Sharpless's influence to Victor Hugo's "mother's love spreading throughout the family, but making each member feel that he is getting the major portion himself."

Christopher D. Morley, '10, called attention to President Sharpless's ability to "exterminate a class"—that is, cut away the dead wood—and said that he felt the President's great virtue was in holding out for the scholar against the encroachments of the dollar.

President Sharpless impressed several ideas in his talk. First

was the expression of his feeling that he was blended into the background of Haverford tradition, leaving what he had done as a part of the college itself. After discussing the faculty changes announced last week he declared that the New Graduate School would come into being without doing any harm to Haverford's undergraduate ideals. He paid a deep tribute to Dr. Lyman B. Hall, and then issued the warning that American education must become more thorough, saying that the elective system had been overdone and that the kindergarten method must not be carried into college courses.

About eleven o'clock Carl W. Ackermann, the guest of honor, who had just returned this week with the party of Ambassador Gerard, came into the room and addressed the association on topics connected with the present war. He started by describing his experiences since he had been appointed two years ago to cover correspondence in London and subsequently in Berlin, during which time he had been to the front a dozen times. He then made the statement that America's knowledge of conditions abroad was very vague and gave as an example of this our ignorance of the fact that conditions in Roumania were even worse than those existing in Poland.

Mr. Ackerman, followed this by describing different conferences regarding separate peace agree-

ments between Russia and Germany, basing his statements on what he had learned at such conferences at The Hague last October. The recent revolt in Russia, he said, was unquestionably a result of such separate peace negotiations, and furthermore that Russia, through the influence of the Czarina, had been promised an open Constantinople, but that the Allies had here stepped in and prevented this through threats to stop international credit and to seize certain ports.

The readjustment of Germany, Mr. Ackermann said, is being put through under the leadership of Scheidemann who has considerable control over the Imperial Chancellor, which makes the latter keep in touch with him on the steps he takes. As a nation Germany is making many efforts to appeal to the whole people as a unit, but the answer is well given in the phrase of the old German: "The Kaiser never wrote to us in times of peace." Mr. Ackermann concluded by saying that he felt there would be no revolution in Germany similar to that in Russia, and summed it up in the words: "Germany will have an evolution rather than a revolution."

BALTIMORE ALUMNI AT ANNUAL DINNER

THE FAREWELL DINNER TO PRESIDENT SHARPLESS DRAWS 38

The annual banquet of the Hav-

erford Society of Maryland was held on Saturday evening, March 24, at the University Club, Baltimore. There were thirty-eight present, including the following guests: Provost Thomas Fell, of the University of Maryland; Honorable John C. Rose, John B. Ramsey, Edward Stimson, Howard P. Sadler and Professor Leigh W. Reid, of Haverford College.

Dr. William Rush Dunton, Jr., '89, the president of the association, presided, and in his capacity as toastmaster introduced Francis A. White, '84, as the first speaker of the evening; the latter paid a deep tribute to President Sharpless, traced his influence over Haverford College during its growth in the last thirty years, and showed how he had fostered the "Haverford Spirit."

President Sharpless was the next speaker. After expressing his sadness at leaving the college, even though in charge, for the present, of the Graduate School, he described with satisfaction Dr. Comfort as being a good president for any college, with a different, though a wise and sane, treatment of college problems. Citing examples, he said that the function of a college is to do nothing superficially, and pointed out that the only way to educate is from habits of general scholarship through thought and hard work, and to build up character intellectually and spiritually not through money,

but through contact with men such as Dr. Arnold, not the greatest scholars or teachers, but men with a pervasive influence for good. He paid tribute to Dr. Lyman B. Hall, and then showed how his own success had come through influence rather than by rigid discipline.

President Frank J. Goodnow, of John Hopkins University, the guest of honor, spoke on the subject of higher education. He began by showing the change in the point of view of the university man who used to consider the college as an evil necessary to graduate work, and went on to show that whether a college fits well or ill, its function is to develop character. He then pointed out by the examples of the Maryland Agricultural College of 1856 and of Brown University of 1850 how the old idea of "Culture," or knowledge of the past, has changed, through the loss of the class unit and intellectual solidarity, and is now completely bound up with the "Kulture," or knowledge of the present. The college is at present, he went on to say, in a state of transition; certain men have had an extraordinary effect in developing character and industry, and Haverford College has been known for these qualities through the leadership of President Sharpless.

Dr. Thomas Fell related how he had known President Sharpless as a warm personal friend for thirty years, and how his own co-opera-

tion with Haverford College had been of the warmest character. He gave some personal reminiscences of Dr. Winslow's cricket and Dr. Reid's tennis at Haverford's seventy-fifth anniversary several years ago.

The next speaker was Frank V. Morley, '19, who gave an account of the condition of Haverford College at the present time from an undergraduate point of view. He first pointed out how Haverford was making provision for the needs of the community, as shown by its growth and development into the field of graduate study, and gave a rapid survey of each undergraduate activity, showing in a few sentences its present condition. After mentioning the general feeling of activity, he ended up by considering the increased number of applications for September, 1917, and the corresponding rise in standards of scholarship.

Dr. Wilbur F. Smith, principal of Baltimore City College, said that as no stream could flow higher than its source, the "prep." had to be considered by the college which is its ideal, and spoke of the difficulties felt by preparatory school men in gathering enough men to go to college.

Douglas P. Falconer, '12, the Secretary of the Children's Aid Society, of Newark, N. J., spoke of the fact that the results of war in connection with social work are often overlooked, and that, if we

go to war, we shall defeat the purposes for which we are fighting, if we neglect the home with its dependent children.

Judge John C. Rose, of the United States District Court, spoke of the very rare contact of Haverfordians with the law. He then pointed out that, though no man was ever worse off for four years of a college education, many have been for four years dodging such an education, and in this respect there may be more men in college than there really ought to be.

Dr. Hans Froelicher showed that character is a by-product to be built up through personality, and went on to say that Haverford students are now in much closer touch with the professors than formerly, and attributed this to the influence of President Sharpless.

At the close of the banquet proper a business meeting was held, at which Hans Froelicher, Jr., '12, as secretary of the association, presented the report of the Scholarship Committee, to the effect that next year a candidate will be chosen for the \$200 scholarship offered by the society. The following officers were re-elected: President, Dr. William Rush Dunton, Jr., '89; Vice-President, Richard L. Cary, '06; Secretary-treasurer, Hans Froelicher, Jr., '12. The executive committee consists of these officers and Richard J. White, '87; C. Mitchell Froelicher, '10, and the Haverford Scholarship

Committee includes: Dr. William Rush Dunton, Jr., '89, chairman; Miles White, Jr., '75, and C. Mitchell Froelicher, '10.

Arrangements were made for a series of luncheons to be held by the members of the association, and assisting those in charge are J. H. Parker, '12, and G. Cheston Carey, '15.

THE HAVERFORDIAN deems the following to be of sufficient interest to older Haverfordians and cricketers to occupy the columns of this department:—

PENNSYLVANIA'S FIRST CAPTAIN

Charles E. Morgan, '64, one of the leaders of the Philadelphia bar, with a clientele comprised of many of the city's largest banking and public service corporations, died at his home, 547 Church Lane, Germantown, on March 4th, 1917 after an illness of one week. Pneumonia was the cause of his death.

Charles Eldridge Morgan was born in Philadelphia on December 23, 1844, his brothers being Randal Morgan, '73; John B. Morgan, '66, and William B. Morgan, '80, all of whom are known as men of large affairs. He attended the schools of Germantown, and was graduated from the University in the class of 1864 with the degree of A.B., to which was added A.M. in 1867.

He was a member of the Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity, won the Sophomore prize for oratory and

delivered one of the speeches at Commencement in Musical Fund Hall. He had the unique distinction of being captain of the first intercollegiate game in any branch of sport in this country. The game was won by Haverford.

Ex-'56

Hiram Hadley, who was a Haverford student in 1852-53, is now a resident of Mesilla Park, New Mexico. He has spent the past twenty-nine years in that state, engaged chiefly in educational work at one time being State Superintendent of Instruction. He is also an ardent advocate of prohibition, woman suffrage, peace and arbitration. Though now past eighty-four years old, he enjoys robust health, and is anxious to do his full share of the world's work.

'85

Rufus M. Jones has charge of the finance of the Haverford Emergency Unit.

'89

Dr. Thomas Franklin Branson is in charge of the Ambulance Instruction of the Haverford Emergency Unit.

Dr. Dunton was re-elected president of the Haverford Society of Maryland on March 17th. He is a pioneer author on the subject of Occupational Therapy. The interest that he has taken in the

National Society for the Promotion of Occupational Therapy has made him the prime mover of the organization. He has contributed many articles to technical magazines on this subject as well as the publishing of the foremost book on the new science. Dr. Dunton has been connected with the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital, Towson, for more than twenty years.

The *Baltimore American* of March 30, contains the following notice:—

DR. DUTTON RETURNS

Dr. William Rush Dunton, Jr., of the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital, Towson, has recently returned from a visit to Clifton Springs, New York, where he assisted in the incorporation of the National Society for the Promotion of Occupational Therapy, which has as its object the consolidation of workers among the blind, crippled, nervous, physically and mentally weak, who use work in varying degrees as a means in recovery of these cases.

'92

William Nicholson has been a member of the Board of Education of Millville, N. J., for the past five years, during which the schools of that place have made remarkable progress. In commenting upon his recent resignation from the Board the following comment appeared

in the *Millville Daily Republican*:—

Mr. Nicholson has been one of the most wise, energetic and fearless members of the Board of Education, and was also a member of the Board of School Estimates. His absence from the deliberations of both boards will be keenly felt, and his place will be one that will be exceedingly difficult to fill.

'98

Dr. William W. Cadbury of Canton, China, has announced his engagement to Miss Catherine Jones of West Grove, Pennsylvania.

'99

A. Clement Wild who has been associated with Lyman, Adams and Bishop has now been admitted to the firm, which will continue the general practice of law at 1610 Title and Trust Building, Chicago, under the name of Lyman, Adams, Bishop and Wild.

'00

Addison Logan has been appointed chairman by the War Department of a group of five sent to France for the observation of battles and maneuvers.

'01

Dr. A. L. Dewees is in charge of the Camping and Outdoor-Life Instruction of the Haverford Emergency Unit.



Factory and Tannery:
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'02

Richard M. Gummere is head of the Correspondence Division of the Haverford Emergency Unit.

The following by A. G. H. Spiers appeared in *Contemporary Verse*:—

ON BEING ASKED FOR A POEM
Oh friend, oh comrades of the radiant days

Of love, of hope, of passionate surmise

When beauty throbbed like heat before the eyes

And even sorrow wore a golden haze!

Can you not let them rest, those sacred ghosts
Of our dead selves—yes, yours

and mine and theirs

Who knew not life, yet wept its utmost cares

And laughed more joys than all creation boasts?

Then was my spirit vibrant with the spheres;

Its strings across the ringing vault lay hot

Where passed to God the laughter and the tears

And all the million prayers He heeded not.

But now, dear friend, chilled by the wind of years

My heart is mute and all its song forgot.

'04

James M. Stokes, Jr., announces the removal of his office to 879



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Drexel Building, where he will continue to represent The Mutual Life Insurance Company of Newark, New Jersey. This move will enable him to render still better service to his clients in every branch of insurance.

'04

Harold M. Schabacker of Erie announces the birth of a son.

'05

Mr. Sigmund Spaeth was married to Miss Irene Katherine Lane at Greenwich, Connecticut, on January 30th.

'06

T. K. Brown is head of the marching and hiking departments of the Haverford Emergency Unit.

Richard L. Cary of Baltimore has recently been elected President of the Monado Oil and Gas Company of Denver, Colorado and Baltimore, Maryland. Mr. Cary is at present looking after the Monado properties in Montana, making his headquarters at Billings.

'07

J. P. Magill of Elkins, Morris and Co., is training with the Haverford Emergency Unit.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Godley have moved to Millbrook Avenue, Haverford.

'08

T. Morris Longstreth has been engaged by the management of the *Outing* magazine to write a general introduction or guide book to the Adirondack Mountains. He is expected to spend the summer gathering material.

M. A. Linton has been elected

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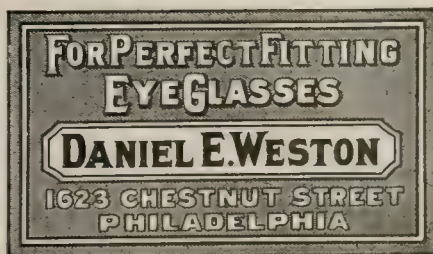
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Winthrop Sargent, Jr., has arranged the obtaining of automobiles for the Haverford Emergency Unit. He has been doing a great amount of work for the Ambulance and Transportation Sections.

'09

Alfred Lowry, Jr., who was in Germany doing relief work when the German Ambassador was given his passports, was reported to be on the way home with Ambassador Gerard. Later advices, however, say that he is still in Switzerland with his wife.

'10

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hummler, of Scranton, Pennsylvania have announced the engagement of their daughter, Frances, to Mr. C. Mitchell Froelicher of Baltimore, Maryland. Miss Hummler, after four years' study abroad at Lausanne and in Marburg University, engaged in settlement work at Greenwich House in New York, and has for the last two years been head of the Locust Point College Settlement in Baltimore. Mr. Froelicher is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Froelicher of Baltimore, and has been connected with the Gilman Country School for the last six years. Mr. Froelicher is at present head of the Department of Modern Languages at the Gilman School. The wedding will take place some time in June. Mr. Froelicher has recently accepted an appointment as assistant Headmaster of the Pingry School, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

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A Bibliography on Military Training in Secondary Schools (with annotations) by Burgess, Cummings and Tomlinson appeared in the March Number of the *Teachers' College Record*.

E. S. Cadbury sailed for France during the middle of March to serve in the Ambulance Corps.

'11

The following is a letter recently received by John S. Bradway:—

"As you know, I left America about September 1st for a quick trip around the world, and sailed for Yokohama from Vancouver on September 6th. After about six weeks in Japan, I went on through Korea and Manchuria into China. From China I proceeded to Manila and spent a couple of months in that wonderful Colony of ours. I left there about January 21st and arrived in Sydney on 7th February. Since then I have been most of the time in Sydney, except for one trip to Melbourne. I have about completed my work here for the time being, and next week expect to go on to India, returning to Sydney via Singapore and Java about the last of July. After about four months' work here at that time, and a month or so in New Zealand, I hope to be able to come home. I would like to get home in time for the Christmas vacation reunion, but that is so far away and steamship service is so uncertain that I cannot promise that pleasure to myself as yet. I only heard about two weeks ago that we had defeated Swarthmore. There must have been some great celebrating on that Saturday night."

(Signed) PHIL DEANE.

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'12

Joshua A. Cope has announced his engagement to Miss Edith L. Cary.

'13

Stephen W. Meader is in the Circulation Department of the Curtis Publishing Company.

P. H. Brown is employed as steward at Earlham College.

'14

The address of Edward Rice, Jr., is now Funch Edye and Company, 8 Bridge Street, New York.

'15

Hubert A. Howson and Donald Van Hollen have entered the Naval Reserve which has been formed at Harvard.

'16

C. P. Knight, Jr., is in the employ of B. B. and R. Knight, a firm controlling a system of cotton mills in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. He was formerly in the employ of a banking house in Providence, Rhode Island.

James Ellison of Mulford and Co., is training with the Haverford Emergency Unit.

J. Arthur Cooper is learning the fire insurance business with the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Chester County, Coatesville.



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May

1917

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *twenty-fifth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

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HAVERFORD, PA., MAY, 1917

No. 3

"Abe etque Vale"

*It gives us great pleasure to announce the election
of J. S. Huston to the Business Managership.*

*It is with regret that we say good-bye to A. E. Spellissy
and H. S. Brodhead, For the aid which they have been to
the magazine, for the efficient way in which they have ac-
complished their work—the college owes debt of gratitude.*

What Books Shall We Read?

W. H. Chamberlin

SEVERAL years ago Dr. Eliot, of Harvard University, expressed his selection of the world's best literature in a list of books entitled "The Harvard Classics." Now, while a thorough mastery of this collection might enable a student to pass a searching examination in English literature, it would scarcely enable him to derive much pleasure from a conversation on modern literary and aesthetic subjects. For the Doctor's anthology was composed almost entirely of solid and weighty masterpieces of English and classic authors. There was a liberal supply of standard books, which successive generations have dutifully read, and yawned over, such as Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler" and William Penn's Journal. But there was practically no recognition of the group of European novelists, who, during the last century, have contributed so much to the formation of new ideals in style and thought. During the last summer Mr. Powys, the noted English critic and lecturer, published a little handbook with the title "One Hundred Best Books." His choice was radically different from that of Dr. Eliot. But, while he had the courage to reject most of the respectable bores of the former list, he substituted a large and undigested mass of works by modern English authors, whose main recommendation seems to have been their newness.

These selections illustrate two faults which are apt to assail readers whose literary taste is not altogether satisfied with our enormous output of light fiction magazines. They are likely either to saturate themselves with the standard classics, which are duly warranted to stamp their readers with the hallmark of cultivation; or else to take a reckless plunge into the uncharted sea of the latest books, regardless of their merit. In either event they are prone to neglect a number of significant figures in the world of letters, who are too modern to be standardized and yet not modern enough to possess the charm of absolute novelty. It is certainly not the purpose of the present article to suggest a definite choice of the best books along the lines of Dr. Eliot's or Mr. Powys'. The writer merely wishes to call attention to certain authors and works which are not entirely unworthy of attention because they are not included in official lists of literary classics and not published in 1916.

Nineteenth century Russia has a unique distinction. It is safe to say that never in the history of literature has one nation been able to claim three contemporary novelists of such compelling significance as the Russian triumvirate, Turgenev, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. These writers have lately received more appreciation on account of the general

interest in Russia which has been aroused by the War. Unfortunately this interest has not always been intelligent and discriminating. The old chorus of exaggerated abuse for Russia and everything Russian has given way to a new chorus of exaggerated praise. And, generally speaking, the appreciation of the Slav novelties has been more enthusiastic than illuminating. We are vaguely told that they preach the gospel of human suffering, that they interpret the true soul of the Russian people, along with a number of other observations that are charming, but not particularly instructive. As a matter of fact, they are too distinctively individual to be treated as a mere product of racial spirit. Moreover each of the three has certain marked and definite characteristics, which set him off from his compatriots.

Tolstoy, the best known of the triumvirate, is an admirable illustration of the manysidedness which makes the Russian authors so impossible of classification. At various stages of his life a gambler, a saint, a debauchee and an ascetic, his artistic work is a bewildering phantasmagoria of conflicting interests and passions. Like the Roman Terence he believed that nothing that had to do with humanity was alien from his sphere. Equally at home in the wild free air of the Caucasus heights and in the perfumed atmosphere of a Petrograd ballroom, Tolstoy deserves to rank among the great interpreters of life in all its forms and aspects. Under his powerful and sympathetic treatment the Turkish clansman, with his simple code of tribal ethics, and Anna Karenina, with her highly complicated struggle between love and duty, become alike vital human figures. It is true that the later Tolstoy, obsessed with the reformer's passion, committed many sins against the canons of pure art. But much may certainly be forgiven the creator of "Anna Karenina," in some respects the ideal novel of the nineteenth century. There is no element of arid intellectuality in Leo Tolstoy. His exuberant fancy and wide experience give to his characters a tone of convincing naturalness. Long after many of Tolstoy's visions of social reform have perished the works into which he put the best part of himself will survive as the expression of a rich and mighty personality.

Ivan Turgenev has suffered in comparison with his more spectacular associates, Tolstoy and Dostoievsky. Yet, although not so striking, his contribution to literature is fully as distinctive and valuable as that of either of his compatriots. His high artistic ideals are pursued with fidelity and achieved without ostentation. It is only after long acquaintance with his exquisitely drawn characters, his perfectly conceived plots that we come to recognize the supreme genius of their creator. Intimate association with some of the greatest masters of French prose, Flaubert,

Daudet and Maupassant, gave Turgeniev clarity, precision and balance without destroying the rich imagination and warm sympathy which were the peculiar qualities of his Slavic spirit. He excels in one field where French and English novelists are conspicuously weak: in the depiction of lifelike and sympathetic heroines. His temperament, enriched by wide and cultivated understanding of poetry, music and art rendered him sensitive to the delicate nuances of the feminine mind. Still another feature of his work is his warmhearted feeling for distress, his generous indignation at cruelty, oppression and hypocrisy. In this quality he closely resembles Dickens, although he is free from the bathos and sentimentality of the English writer. There are few authors who can be read with more unalloyed enjoyment than Ivan Turgeniev. His works breathe the fragrant and melancholy beauty of moist spring nights, they are filled with the radiant joy and indefinable pathos of pure romantic love. With a touch that is at once tender and unerring he sounds the thousand modulations of the symphony of life. He attains the lofty harmony which only comes from the full development and union of the component parts of a well rounded artistic temperament: rich imagination and warm sympathy blended with finished technique and an admirable sense for moderation and proportion.

Very different, indeed, is Feodor Mikhailovitch Dostoievsky, perhaps the most original and outstanding figure in the Russian school. The western culture which is so predominant a feature in Turgeniev is altogether lacking in his compatriot, who regarded the intellectualism of France, England and Germany as a snare to seduce Holy Russia from the faith of her fathers. Yet this fanatical Slavophile, this epileptic gambler has marked claims to distinction, both as author and as religious teacher. Despising adornment of verbiage and amenity of style, he achieves titanic effects by projecting plots of intense dramatic and psychological power upon a sombre background, where men and women, with shattered nerves and diseased minds, flit about in the dark alleys and recesses of Russian town and city. With appalling completeness he probes the lowest depths of human nature. Yet he believes most passionately in the ultimate redemption of weak and sinful humanity through the saving grace of humility, charity and love. The Christianity of Dostoievsky has little in common with the colder faiths of the West, which lay such a stern emphasis upon duty. The profound religiosity of the great Russian lays slight stress upon positive moral precepts of any kind. His only concern is with love, love of God, love of one's fellow-men. With love the most sinful man can be redeemed; without it the most virtuous is lost.

Considered purely as a novelist Dostoevsky occupies a high place. His cumbersome, longwinded books, with their rough style and diffuse philosophical reflections, are packed with superb dramatic effects, which can scarcely be paralleled outside of Shakespeare. His characters are neither heroes nor villains, in the conventional sense; they are rather men and women in whom the noblest and basest instincts are blended in inextricable confusion. His novels are full of prostitutes who read the Bible and have the purest thoughts, murderers who kill for the regeneration of society, degraded rakes who commit suicide or go into penal servitude as a quixotic expiation for their sins. His psychopathic insight, perhaps stimulated by his own epileptic condition, is uncanny. His characters all have a certain element of madness in them: a madness that can only be exorcised by the sovereign remedy of the White Christ and His Gospel. Through the sombre pages, loaded with meanness, jealousy, wanton cruelty and unnatural lust, there runs a perpetual melody of redemption, which swells out like a triumphant chorus in the mighty climaxes of "Crime and Punishment" and "The Brothers Karamazov." Dostoevsky is the supreme interpreter of the strange, mystical, Byzantine faith which composes the spiritual entity of Holy Russia.

I have dwelt on this triumvirate of Russian novelists not only because of their unquestionable genius, but also because of their relative neglect in America. The great Slavs have received far less attention than many less gifted writers of France, England, Germany and the United States. Moreover the criticism to which they are subjected is not always of the highest quality. And no one of the three can be exhausted at a single reading or dismissed in a few well turned phrases. They are all men whose complexity and kaleidoscopic variety require the most careful study. But Russia is not the only country which has produced comparatively unrecognized men of genius. France, although much more familiar to the American reading public, is represented by at least two men who are not read as widely as they should be.

Henri de Beyle, better known under his pen name of Stendhal, is interesting not only as an author, but as a personality. Deeply sympathetic with the French Revolution and a confirmed political liberal, he was also an ardent hero-worshipper of Napoleon; and hence came into contact with the strongest force and the strongest man of the transition period between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Stendhal fought in Napoleon's campaigns; and was one of the few to escape from the disastrous Russian expedition. His chief distinction lies in his frank adoption of a pagan code of morals. Like Goethe and Nietzsche, those

two great Germans who hated Germany, he entered fully into the spirit of the Italian Renaissance. Although he lacks the profound wisdom of Goethe and the lyric fire of Nietzsche, Stendhal is a clear-sighted observer, a man whose vision is unclouded by prejudice of race, creed or caste. His "De L' Amour" is not only a masterly analysis of that much discussed passion, it is also an admirable description of the temperaments of the European nations by a writer who invariably lived up to his professed motto:

"I neither blame nor approve; I observe."

As a stylist he can not be compared to the recognized masters of French prose. Yet he combines compactness and felicity of expression with an austere classical instinct for self-repression. He says that he studied the "Code Civile" as the model of a simple, compressed style. But his native brilliance often finds outlet in epigrams and paradoxes that are worthy of Chamfort and Rochefoucauld. Clearcut, rationalistic and cosmopolitan in his habits of thought, Stendhal will always be a valuable antidote for readers suffering from an overdose of mysticism, sentimentality and nationalism.

Another French author of distinction who has been both underrated and misinterpreted is Gustave Flaubert. Entirely too much stress has been laid upon his methods of composition. The uninitiated reader flees in terror from the works of a man who spent weeks in searching for the exact word or phrase, who spent years of constant labor upon a comparatively short novel. The point that ought to be made is that Flaubert was no pedant or novice, floundering about in an uncongenial field; but a trained literary artist who was determined to make the most of his natural ability. Leaving aside all thought of the method and considering only the result, it must be admitted that he succeeded in the attempt. He fairly attains the ideal of all good writers: a style so perfect and so compressed that no word is thrown away. Flaubert is even more often underrated by critics who insist on regarding him merely as an exponent of the realistic school. It is true that "Madame Bovary" stands forth as the masterpiece of French naturalism; but on the other hand, no hashish dream of romanticism could surpass the gorgeous, flamboyant coloring of "Salammbô" and "The Temptation of St. Anthony." Like his friend Turgenev, Flaubert combines an inexorable sense for truth with rich power and sweep of imagination. A thorough aristocrat in thought, he hated the mediocre and the commonplace with a consuming hatred. His creation of Homais in "Madame Bovary" will live as the eternal revenge of the artist upon the philistine. Good author, good aristocrat and good hater, Gustave Flaubert, even through the medium

of a translation, is worthy of closer study than he has yet received from American readers.

At first sight it appears absurd to place Henryk Ibsen in the class of unappreciated men of genius. His plays have been widely produced in America; his ideas have been still more widely studied and discussed. But Ibsen has been considered too much as social reformer, too little as artist. Plays like "Doll's House" and "Ghosts," while excellent in themselves, do not contain the author's finest dramatic work simply because they are written in a primarily didactic spirit. Ibsen has done valuable service in awakening the world to a sense of the injustice and stupidity of its attitude towards a number of vital social problems. But it is seldom that a man can be both prophet and artist. It is in the exquisite psychology and terrific irony of "The Wild Duck," in the glorious symbolism of "The Master-BUILDER" that Ibsen, unhampered by the desire to attack and demolish any specific abuse, reaches the full height of his Norse genius. Nothing could be grimmer, more sternly realistic than the weak, pitiful characters of "The Wild Duck," vainly groping about in their search for "the ideal." And the thrilling climax of "The Master-BUILDER" attains a rare altitude of genuine mystical exaltation. Ibsen the reformer will be forgotten with the changing conditions of the ages to come; but Ibsen the artist will live by grace of a boldly original outlook of life, expressed with an abundance of sincere conviction and poetic fervor.

Perhaps the best example of a modern thinker who has been much discussed and little understood is Friedrich Nietzsche. Of late the misinterpretation of the ill-fated poet-philosopher has reached the limit of tragic absurdity in England and America. Some one, whose vivid imagination was unrestrained by his limited and imperfect knowledge of Nietzsche, gave him credit for originating the Great War; and this brilliant idea has been echoed with singular unanimity by the scores of popular writers, who have seized upon the European conflict as a profitable field of exploitation. There was much pathetic irony in the life of Friedrich Nietzsche; but nothing reveals the utter misapprehension of the man and his message quite so clearly as the general acceptance of the theory that Nietzsche, one of the most internationally-minded men of the nineteenth century, was responsible for a conflict which primarily owed its origin to an insensate emphasis on nationalism. No one attacked the Prussian spirit with more scathing bitterness than the author of "Human, All-Too-Human." No one has expressed in more emphatic terms the belief that national lines will inevitably disappear, that the domination of a chosen race is the absurd fantasy of a diseased imagi-

nation. But, even when we get rid of the silly phantom of the German soldier going into battle with a gas bomb in one hand and a copy of "Zarathustra" in the other, we still find certain difficulties in the way of a complete understanding. And here again it is the misinterpreters of Nietzsche, rather than the man himself, who are most at fault. With a journalistic predilection for the sensational most of the commentators on the German thinker have singled out striking phrases, such as the Superman and the Eternal Recurrence, as the cornerstone of his system, and have devoted all their attention to the consideration of these phrases. Now it is a very easy matter to refute Nietzsche as a technical philosopher with a "system." He is full of paradox, inconsistency and exaggeration. But, when all the defects of his thought are carefully noted and pointed out, there is still something left. And that something is the real Nietzsche, a poet rather than a philosopher, an artist rather than a logician. And, even though the Superman, the Eternal Recurrence and the rest of his mad, magnificent visions dissolve, like the fabled Valhalla, in the light of the future, a sympathetic reader can still find, in his lyrical prose works, with their poetic titles, glorious hymns of solitude and friendship, bursts of dazzling color, mountain peaks of serene contemplation, and the torrential rush of a mighty spirit.

In suggesting these authors as worthy of closer study and more general attention I have not intended to disparage the more generally recognized men who are recommended in the most approved literary anthologies. I make no claim that a plunge into this weirdly assorted collection of Russian, French, German and Scandinavian thought will transform the reader, by some miraculous process, into a vessel full of sweetness and light. The primary inducement to read these works is their piquancy, originality and entire freedom from pedantry and dullness. But if one seeks for a more altruistic and disinterested argument in favor of them, it may at least be asserted that they all tend to eliminate provincialism and to stimulate more universal habits of thought. And never in the history of the world has there been more need of a sympathetic, tolerant and international attitude of mind.

Joffre

Granville E. Toogood, '20

A fleeting glimpse as past his motor sped:
The scarlet cap, the massive, fine old head,
The kindly smile, the all-embracing glance,
And I had seen the Savior of France.

The Reforme

By Colly Van Dam

My hopes are high
For this pink, wrinkled bit of life
Clutching at my breast.
Until now
I've whirled about in a tiny vortex
Of little world events
Writ large on small town minds.
I've slyly watched the clothes my neighbor wore
And the money she spent
On herself.
I've worried lest she should outdo me
With her new gown and hat.
I've gloried in the minister's wife's praise
Of my new set of furniture.
I've spent whole days of thought
On whether I should give a bridge or tea
To perpetuate my name
On lips that were the oracles of my fate
In this world and the next.
Ane now at last my neighbors
Compete for my good graces.
They look well pleased when I pay compliments
To their homes, their children, their dinners
Or themselves.
In all this mighty little suburb town
There's not a family of social rank
That does not greet me with a welcome smile.
I've gained the favor of both men and women,
And kept the love of him who calls me wife.

But suddenly
Like a gleam,
This wide-eyed babe came down to me
Out of the infinite,
With his halo of heaven
Still unvanquished by our coarser light.
For a time I lost myself in the mystery of him.
And afterwards

The town, its people and my social game
 Were all forgot in wonder
 At the naked little soul
 That I had clothed in flesh.
 To my mother-blinded eyes
 He was the perfect symbol of all love and beauty:—
 An electric touch of spirit,
 That shocked my earth-bound heart.
 All that ever drew me to my husband
 And all that he has ever found in me
 To win him from the charms of other girls
 Is now incarnate in this precious load
 That weighs upon my never weary arms.
 O Baby!
 Round me hard with your two infant fists,
 Reach on through into the heart of me
 And free the fearful force of my desires
 From all these petty chains that bind them down,—
 From love of self, to service for mankind.

Lately
 I've given up my teas and bridge
 And all the paraphernalia of a puppet-show life
 Played to an audience of neighbors.
 I am free with my own creation.
 I tend him faithfully
 Making every detail of his care
 A sacred rite dedicated
 To that Fair Land whence he came.
 For this child must needs grow strong
 To bear the double burden on his shoulders
 Of making himself into a man
 And me into a woman,
 For if he will let me
 I can follow him
 Higher than the blue vault of heaven
 Out beyond where all horizons meet
 To the fulfillment of my own latent possibilities
 And the goal of my immortal soul.

My hopes are very high
 For this pink wrinkled bit of life
 Clutching at my breast.

The War and Haverford

Within an incredibly short time a committee was appointed to look into the question of training ourselves for an emergency and suggested an excellent plan. While not military, the work which has been adopted goes a long way toward fitting any man for service, at the same time enabling such men as have conscientious scruples against war to enter into branches of warfare which do not require the taking of another man's life. The plan adopted should give any man a knowledge of Ambulance work, of transportation, of mechanics and manual labor, while the frequent marches should give him a constitution robust enough to undergo the hardships of military training.

The promptness of the committee in charge, the generous co-operation of our faculty and alumni, the practicability of the plan and the support it has elicited are things which cannot be too much praised and reflect great credit to Haverford College.

Post-Cubic-Vorticism

By Granville E. Toogood

I stood amazed.
Before me was a riot,
A riot on canvas, or better
An explosion in a shingle
Factory. As I say
I stood amazed. And I looked and saw
By the sign that it was a
Painting, but I doubted it. At least
If it were a painting, the culprit who
Painted it was crazy or drunk
Or something. Or perhaps he stood
At twenty paces and threw his
Brush, and when he registered a
Hit he would come and make a
Tally in red or green or
Indigo or
Something. Anyway
It looked like it, and I asked the attendant,
"Who is responsible for
This 'Dynamic Force of Spring'?" and he said
"You poor nut, where was you
Brung up? That is
'A Nude Milking a Cow'."
And I left.

Individual Independence

By H. Hartman

LIFE seems to most of us a game of mere chance. We hopelessly resign ourselves to the supposed allotment of Providence, muttering between long-drawn sighs, "There is no use trying! Fate is against me! Luck is not with me!" or some such deplorable thought, few of us realizing that on us lies the responsibility for most, if not all, of the disagreeable incidents which we experience in life. Happiness is not acquired externally. Within us lies the dynamo which illuminates and strengthens. This never-failing generator presence, personality, inventive, and productive power. In equal ratio with the force applied is the efficiency attained. We need constantly to be alive with fresh, enthusiastic thought and action. Modern education is gradually applying this principle. The individual, and not the mass, is being considered the unit. The leading men of to-day realize the important part taken in the world's progress and achievements by personality, originality, and independent application. In short, the secret of a wholesome, successful life is independence—not of the class, but of the individual.

Individual independence demands that definite laws be obeyed. It demands that we live above the average standard,—that we overcome environment. If we are content to slide along aimlessly and never to exert ourselves to rise higher than the plain on which the gravity of non-stipulated thought and action leaves us, then we are deserving of the results of inefficiency. The best we can command must be put into every action. If we are satisfied to live without struggling daily to rise above our surroundings, we are useless to our immediate community, and we contribute nothing to our fellowman. Since most of us are confined to a small territory, and come in contact with comparatively few men, there is a tendency to moral and intellectual back-sliding; so to keep abreast of progress, each day must show an improvement over the previous one. Progress depends on a constant and continual source of new, invigorating, helpful activity of the individual. Every problem should be worked out so thoughtfully and carefully that the decision would stand the test of honesty for all time,—honesty with one's self, but above all, honesty with one's neighbor.

Self should never be considered, except as a producer and transmitter of force, nor should personal consideration for the recipient of our energies govern our motive and acts. Absolute control of our emotions is the secret of individual liberty. Speech should be the result of careful thought and not the expression of indifference or the result of a desire

to injure. Any misdemeanor is sure to return to the originator. Providence thus exacts its toll, but in the meantime destructive effects have been felt by those who are sinned against.

We are told there is wisdom in convention, but conventionality and custom should not govern us. We owe no sacrifice to the narrowing influences of tradition. Slaves of circumstance contribute nothing to the world's progress. It is the masters of occasion that have led the world to better things. All of us are endowed with facilities which divine command has ordered not to be wrapped up in a napkin. Listlessly following the beaten pathways of habit does not stimulate individuality. Originality is the soul of progress. It means the courage to venture on untrodden roads. It does not mean peering too eagerly into the future, fearing the things that never come to pass. Only when we complete in the best possible way each task as it presents itself, with a faith steadfast in the triumph of what is right, do we give our share to the world. This after all is our business here, governed by the great law of love, which, interpreted, is no personal enmity or hatred, but opposition to what is unjust. It is with malice toward none, but a desire to overcome evil; opposition, not to the man, but his deeds. It is the lone voice of the courageous man that has moved the world to higher things.

The Issue: A Sonnet

By Charles Hartshorne

Now, when the world is launched in freedom's fight,
 Our great Republic marshalled to the cause
 Of heaven's truth behind man's outraged laws,
 And Holy Russia rises in the light
 Of her free spirit, with an innate might
 That wakens trembling, and a vast applause;
 Now when the conflict of the ages draws
 To one clear Issue in our living sight,—
 Now, pacifist, think! Think with the voice
 Of millions lauding truth not known before!
 Hear Him who recked not human life, but gave it,
 Free on a cross, for truth! *Now*, make the choice:
 Be one who loves—not more, but blindly; *or*
 Who for love even life shall lose—to "*save it.*"

The Mother Cry

By A. Douglas Oliver

Again the night stoops down, O God,
The day has crawled on past;
Thy gift of sleep we must find again,
Banish our dull-mad, wracking pain.
Cursed with life, we must live—in vain:
Out of the depths we have cried to Thee,
Grant us Thy peace we crave.

Blind little mouths that have fumbled our breasts,
Dimpled hands that have clutched and clung,
Our babes that were grown to princely men
Torn to shreds in the dust like dung;

The wine of our marriage sacrament, Lord
The hope of our lives to be;
We have obeyed Thy one great law,
Flesh of our flesh we gladly bore,
Yet barren now, by the gun's cold maw,
What have we done? O Lord, *forgive!*
Haste us down to the grave.

At the Death of Two Poets

April is here and the world rejoices—
Heart of mine be glad and sing!
Yonder beckons a shining to-morrow.
Come, forget thine old-time sorrow
And follow the train of my lord the Spring.

Nay, for life is a grievous thing—
What if joy in every place is?
I have lost sight of their seraphic faces—
I cannot hear their angel-voices—
Tears would choke me were I to sing.

Symptom Treating

By Christopher Roberts

IT is natural to try to eradicate evils. The reformer is born in all of us. But the means of combating wrongs are often diverse and ineffectual. We live in an age of superficial thinking. The imperfect education of vast numbers of people today, especially in the United States, gives only a smattering of knowledge and, at best, a meager ability to comprehend. The natural result of this condition is a tendency to treat the immediate symptom of evil rather than its basic cause.

There is a great amount of profitless work on the part of philanthropic people and organizations by reason of the prevalence of wasting time and energy on non-essentials. It is much less trouble to get people to treat effects rather than causes, to do relief work rather than preventive work. The parable of the good Samaritan teaches active beneficence. Yet, how much more would we applaud the altruism of a man who rid the road to Jericho of thieves?

Upon a closer consideration of this habit of passing over the fundamentals, we find two reasons for its existence. In the first place, surface evils are self-evident. It is much easier to recognize the evil of poverty or the condition of Belgium, than the cause of poverty or the cause of the Belgian invasion. Hence, we maintain charities and contribute to the Belgian fund; both forms of symptom treating.

In the second place, there is great disagreement as to how to remove the cause once it is found. The Socialists and Singletaxers offer different theories; but there are many groups of reformers who believe that neither the ownership of the means of production nor a single tax on land is the simple remedy for the ills of society. The divergent methods cause much confusion; and many turn from the wordy arguments of a cult and flock to increase the numbers of those engaged in doctoring humanity with palatable pills that merely assuage the disease for a time.

The difficulty is that individuals and nations have neither the time nor the inclination to conduct a long and earnest search for a solution of the problems that beset us. Thus, we are constantly having new ointments applied to the surface eruptions of society, while the germ undermining the inner tissues is left to work its destruction. The German government may be cited as an instance of the tinkering habit carried to a remarkable degree in paternal legislation. Every minor evil is stifled by legislative enactment. Everything in Germany is *verboten*. As a biographer said, "Bismark made Germany great; but he made the German very small."

The German is so restricted by petty laws in normal times that every twelfth man in the empire has been arrested, not on account of breaking a criminal statute, but because of some little infringement of the countless bewildering rules and regulations. There is actually a ruling against the crossing of one's legs in a street car and one prescribing the proper way to carry an umbrella,—these, of course are interesting, minor examples.

But in all countries with the growth of paternalism there is evidenced a tendency to treat symptoms. Bills are passed in a hurry to relieve every acute ailment. On the other hand, governing bodies are not inclined to increase their burdens by taking up subjects about which the public is not keenly aroused. The immediate remedy for an evil is sought, and there is a noticeable lack of farsighted statesmanship. Not only do all laws regulating the minutiae of private conduct kill initiative; but the constant alleviating of evils, by surface legislation, postpones the day when society will rest on a better foundation.

The huge national sores which are seen so plainly today arouse right thinking people. "Conditions are wrong," they say. "We must change this wage scale or that international law." But a great conflict of interests, such as is now going on, opens the eyes of men to the need of a new social and international arrangement.

There is no simple answer to questions of right and wrong in the present war. This makes it a difficult matter to place guilt. Those who claim to have found the cause of the war to be due to the influence of certain individuals or groups of individuals belong to a special type of surface thinkers. The ladies who exclaim, "The Kaiser is responsible. He must be mad. I wish someone would kill him!" furnish an argument against woman's suffrage. The seeds of this catastrophe were sown long ago. It was not Emperor William, but wrong attitudes—world wide,—prejudiced minds, superficial thought, and the lack of real religion.

But the world will soon be in a position to do important preventive work. The Germans talked of *der Tag*; and we are now in the night that has followed the day. The morning of the new day is coming with a revolution of ideas. "This shall never happen again" is the cry of the warring nations. There is not to be a bolstering up of the old system; not a new partition of territory with a new balance of power; Germany or the Allies will not be disarmed, leaving the victors a prey to the old ambitions. There is a great demand for a new order of things. At no time before has the putting out of the constantly smoldering flames of war been within power of accomplishment by the nations of the earth.

Perhaps symptom treating may creep in, and the work may be imperfectly accomplished; but a constructive readjustment is the only good a war of this kind can bring. A birth of ideas for the prevention of future wars brought forth from this travail is the hope of good to come from the conflict. An adjustment will have to be made; and it appears to be America's object to try to make that adjustment a complete step forward. If there has been an enthusiasm for treating causes awakened in the world, then, truly, the war is not in vain.

When God Dies

By Charles Hartshorne

When flowers weed-choked are dead,
And never one remains,
When sunset glows have fled
And tintless daylight wanes;
When homes and hearths are bare
Of any spark of love,
And hate rains blackness where
Now is peace to dream of;
When in the world no right
Is known, nor despised no wrong,
When truth can lead no fight,
Freedom lift not song;
When this fair beauty we see
In nature and in man,
Is stripped from necessity
Their rude inviolate plan,
When no more weighty power
Stirs the prophetic heart,
Tells of the brighter hour
Points to the higher fort,—
When the urgent upward trend
Of a great race sprung from the sod,—
When these—and my heart—are at end:
Then—there will be no God.

The Great Man

By Charles Wharton Stork

I like to think of famous men I've met,—
Notable statesmen, bankers, novelists,—
But when I mean to tell myself the truth
I say that of them all there has been one,
Only one great man. This is how I saw him.

Mother had brought me to a big "at home"—
Just then I was—had said "Wait here for me,"
Pushing me to a corner by a clock,
And vanished 'mid black coats and fluffy sleeves.
Oh, what a crowd, how red the ladies' faces!
At first 'twas rather fun to hear the men
Say things they fancied no one overheard.
Then I was bored, I drummed upon a chair,
Felt for my new pearl pen-knife fifty times,
And tried to tell myself a story, how
When I had shot a deer, the Indian braves
Came slinking through the waving prairie grass,
And how the arrows whizzed above my head,
And how I shot the red-skins when they sneaked
Too close, and how I watched for three long nights,
Till when I was almost dead from wounds and thirst—
Dear me! the tiresome people interrupted
And always spoiled the end. An elbow came
Between my head and some chief's tomahawk.
But did I thank it, I with pistol raised
To shoot him in his tracks? Not I, forsooth!
So I had given it up, was feeling vexed
And peevish, wondering where mother was,
When I looked up and saw *him* looking down.
"Hullo! what brought you to this silly place?"
He had a *nice* smile, not at all the kind
The others wore, all sort of plastered on;
His smile seemed just to come right out of him,
Although his face was tired. He looked as if
I'd known him a long while, and so I said,
"I'm waiting here for mother 'cause I must.

But why do you stay here? Can't you go 'way?"
He smiled a little wider, let his hand
Run down along my bang, and then he said,
"No, I've been bad and this is what they do
To punish me. They keep me here all day
And feed me on ice-cream and lemonade
And lady fingers, yes and compliments."
"What's compliments?"

"A kind of sugary thing
You like the first time, then it makes you sick.
But tell me what *you* were thinking of just now.
Not girls yet."

So I told him all the fight
And then about my new dog Jack, and then
About the carp that Billy Jones and I
Had caught in Billy's uncle's pond. At last
Came mother, took me off with her so quick
I hadn't time to say good-bye to him.

At supper father asked me what I'd done
When mother left me, and I told him. Then
Mother said, "Well, I wonder who it was."

Just a week afterwards, or maybe two,
They took me in to a big picture show.
I didn't like it much till mother said,
"Come see the one that everyone admires,"
And led me up quite close. Of course the rest
Could look right over me, so there I stood
And gazed at the big picture.

Strange it was
How I forgot my tiredness and the crowd,
Imagining things as if I was alone.
There was a wide, green meadow like the one
On grandpa's place with daisies, lots of them,
And trees to play at hide-and-seek behind.
There was a fence, too, only not so high
As grandpa's where I fell and hurt my knee.
But oh, the funniest thing! There was a boy
Almost my size that picked the daisies there,
And a girl with him, might be Daisy Trent
Except that she had freckles and red hair

And this one hadn't. But when I looked up
To find out if the round white fluffy clouds
Were over all the sky, I sort of woke
And saw the other pictures. My, but they
Were stupid, fish and cows and girls and things!
Then mother came for me, but as we walked
Along she pointed out where some man stood
With lots of people round him, "Look, dear, look!
That's the most famous artist of them all,
Who painted the great landscape that you liked."
I caught her by the sleeve and pulled her down
To whisper, "Oh but mother, that's the man
That talked to me when you left me at the tea."
"Dear, are you sure?"

"Mother, of course I am;
He talked so long and nicely. Could I go
And speak to him again?"

"No, dearest, no.
You see the people round him."

"But I'm sure
He wouldn't mind."

"No, you must come along."—
Ah well, that's all, except that father said
He thought that mother might have let me go
And speak to him. That year he went abroad,
And so I never saw him any more.

Yes, I've met men since whom the world calls great,
Notable statesmen, bankers, novelists,
But none I'm half so sure of as of him.

Pierrot

By A. Douglas Oliver

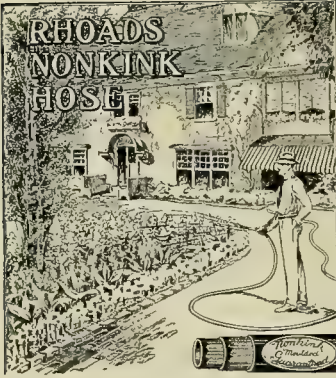
*Pierrot is dead they say,
But that is false I know;
For when the world is laced with green
And dogwood petals snow,
I hear his far-off silv'ry call
That wakes my heart anew,
For Pierrot's soul is in the wind
That calls a soft halloo.*

*For I'd be off from mart and street,
Sweet hedgrow paths I'd take,
With throbbing throat and mellow note
To sing beside her gate—*

*“The moon's a lantern pale of gold,
Hung in a lilac stretch of sky,
Its faint light quivers o'er the lake
Where pools of shaking purple lie.
Dear heart o'mine, so shy, so sweet,
Haste down with fairy, flying feet.*

*More love to you I can not bring,
My heart is now too full to sing
Gay lilting songs that laughing try,
To ope your latticed windows shy.”*

*Oh Pierrot's call is on the wind,
His footmarks in the dew;
For rose-red petals strew the paths
Which Pierrette led him through.*



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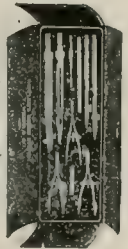
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Training for Service at Haverford

By President Sharpless

THERE is a general disorganization of college work all over the country as the result of the war conditions. In Haverford it has taken a different form than elsewhere. We have the large number of young men who desire to aid the government in the prosecution of the war. We have also a number both in the faculty and the student body, who accept the traditional views of the founders of the college, and who wish to make them more than traditional by personal conviction based on inquiry and evidence. When the first serious excitement came for military enlistment, it seemed that a large proportion of the college would be disposed to take any service that should be presented. Under the spur of the moment it was proposed to form a military company and have training on or off the college grounds. On further reflection, however, many of the students thought that such a move would tend to an unfortunate disorganization of the college, and almost on the spur of the moment a proposition was made which seemed to solve the question. Training of a non-military character was proposed and the whole college vigorously adopted the proposition. Thus under the very active co-operation of some of the members of the faculty and the leading students the movement has been carried through in a most successful way. They have now been at it long enough to appreciate the fact that it is an excellent preparation for any service which they might be called upon to render to the government, and it is also peculiarly a Haverfordian affair in which we may all unite.

The college has been divided into four sections, each one of which has one exercise a week. One of these sections in one of the following forms has largely completed the leveling of a baseball field, another has studied the science and practice of ambulance and relief work, another the mechanical and scientific principles involved in automobile management and the fourth the problems of camp life and sanitation. Once a week the whole of the four groups go off on a "hike" of some miles in length. The effect of this is to put the whole college in an excellent physical condition, and to turn attention to the duties of national service of some sort when needed. Seven of our students have gone to the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Niagara, seventeen have joined the Ambulance Unit, Number 10, and have sailed for France. A few others have enlisted in various branches of service, but have not been called out. A number have gone to work on farms or are preparing for this service during the summer vacation.

All of this will of course have its effect upon the size of the college another year. Fortunately there is every prospect of a large Freshman class, and our Sophomore Class will also retain most of its membership. From the two upper classes a number will doubtless be taken away, but we are in thorough accord with the resolutions adopted by the College Presidents of Pennsylvania at a recent meeting as follows:

"In view of the serious need in the near future for men broadly educated, capable of solving the great problems, spiritual and intellectual, that will arise in this country, we believe that students in our colleges of liberal arts should continue where possible throughout their courses of study, and that all young men who can avail themselves of the opportunities offered by our colleges should be urged to enter."

This sentiment of the college authorities has been endorsed practically by the government at Washington.

The new administration of Haverford will doubtless be confronted by serious problems and the strain of the last three months will be to some extent carried over, but the policy of Haverford College has already developed would seem feasible and proper and in the future might be construed as follows:

That our young men should not be carried away by sudden excitement into any serious movement which would control their future; that those who feel it their serious duty to go into the fighting ranks should receive the sympathy of the college; that those whose consciences make them feel that entrance upon the same course would be wrong should be encouraged to be true to their convictions, and that the college should be held together as far as possible on the basis of the liberty and inviolability of every man's honest, educated conscience.

ISAAC SHARPLESS.

The Reply

By Harry C. Hartman

Love you alone, and you entirely?
Give you my hand, my heart, my life?
Heed not the fellowship of others?
Just to be a slave to your delight?
Forsake the home where I was fostered?
Forget the friendships of the past;
Love you alone, and you entirely?
But think you, child, such love can last?

Academic Freedom: The Reality and the Ideal

By William Henry Chamberlin

ONE of the first objects of collegiate education is lost if it does not convey a distinct sense of responsibility to those who have received it. This is especially true in a democratic nation. A highly organized and efficient autocracy can direct its affairs without much dependence upon the individual initiative of its subjects. But a government which is really controlled by the will of the people is certain to suffer seriously if it fails to enlist the whole-hearted and intelligent co-operation of that class of its citizens which has had the advantage of the most thorough and intensive type of mental preparation. Now it is a generally admitted fact that the American college undergraduate is inferior to his European cousin not in natural brilliance and flexibility of mind, but rather in power of application and capacity for intellectual enthusiasms. Moreover, a series of tests, recently conducted in a number of eastern colleges and universities, disclosed a common state of blissful ignorance on the most vital problems of current history that would be ludicrous if it were not really alarming. It would seem that the educational authorities of the country are fully awake to the gravity of the situation. Our periodicals are filled with articles by college presidents, deans and professors, expatiating on the sins and shortcomings of the average student, diagnosing causes and suggesting remedies. Football, fraternities and tangoing all come in for a share of the blame. But, while excessive devotion to athletics and society may contribute to the present unfortunate situation, the real crux of our academic problem lies in a condition which seems to be altogether overlooked by the very persons who could do most to reform it. This condition is brought about by the non-recognition, in most of our colleges and universities, of the principle of academic freedom which is the cornerstone of all true culture and solid intellectual achievement. This non-recognition is to be found in two forms. First it is generally understood, especially in the larger universities and state colleges, that certain industrial and social problems are forbidden ground for free discussion. For instance a professor in one of these institutions could express himself with the utmost liberty on the subject of German atrocities in Belgium; but this liberty would scarcely hold good if he ventured to enter into the question of capitalistic atrocities in Bayonne. Again he might wax eloquent on the subject of the women and babies who were drowned on the "Lusitania"; but he would find little favor with the ruling powers if he commenced to discuss the fate of the women

and babies who were burned and shot down in cold blood by the Rockefeller assassins in southern Colorado. We do not have to go very far from home to get undeniable proof that academic freedom, so far as it involves any disturbance of the sacred Golden Calf of vested interests, is nothing but a name and a figment. The famous, or infamous case of Scott Nearing; the recent expulsion of Dr. Patten, accomplished with more skill but in the same spirit; the refusal to allow the President of the American Federation of Labor to use the university grounds to deliver an address, all these occurrences, and many others, point to an inevitable conclusion. They show that the authorities of our neighboring university, however zealous some of them may be for the triumph of the cause of freedom in France, Belgium, Russia, Armenia, Mesopotamia and other conveniently remote localities, are heartily adverse to the progress of democracy in America. It may even be said that these authorities actually prefer the empty-headed, foxtrotting type of student which they ostensibly deprecate to the vigorous intellectual radical who is always the most formidable enemy of despotism, whether that despotism be a military autocracy or a capitalistic oligarchy.

The repressive attitude of most of our large universities towards progressive political and economic tendencies has already produced some very serious results. Under the present system most students leave college either indifferent to public affairs or strongly prejudiced in favor of the conservative viewpoint. As a result the calibre of progressive leadership in the country has unmistakably suffered. If further proof of this statement is wanted, one has only to review the conduct of the so-called progressive leaders during the recent international crisis. The issue was so clearly drawn that a child could scarcely miss its fall implications. The World War had resolved itself literally into a death struggle between autocracy and democracy. The result, far from being settled, was still very much in doubt. German victory, in all probability, would involve the downfall of the western democracies, France and England, and the dissolution or exploitation of the new republic of Russia. In this event America would have the choice of two alternatives: ignoble submission to the inevitable attack of "kultur" or the adoption, in sheer self-defense, of a militarism which would go beyond the fondest dreams of Theodore Roosevelt, Major General Leonard Wood and the Hon. Augustus P. Gardner. Either alternative would be unthinkable to any sane liberal; every consideration of honor, expediency and future safety urged us to throw our power into the balance and save the cause of democracy before it was too late. But La Follette, Cummins, Clapp, Norris and the other reputed liberals

in the Senate played a most pitiful role in the emergency, sacrificed everything to a hysterical demand for peace at any price, and actually left gentlemen of the reactionary tendencies of Mr. Lodge and Mr. Root in the somewhat anomalous position of standard-bearers in the army of human freedom. This is only one very striking case where the cause of liberalism in America has suffered discredit because its advocates evinced more sentimentality than brains.

What has only been an irritating misfortune in the past may well become a genuine tragedy in the future. One does not have to be a visionary or an alarmist to predict that America will be confronted with some very serious problems within the next fifty years. So far our enormous natural resources have enabled us to put up with an economic system that is at once wasteful, unscientific and unjust. But this condition cannot endure indefinitely. Already there have been armed clashes between the forces of labor and capital in Colorado, in West Virginia, in California, in Bayonne. Even more ominous than these sporadic outbursts of violence was the recently averted menace of a nation-wide railroad strike. Only the most hidebound conservative can fail to see that vast changes, involving a radical readjustment of many of our present political and social theories, are an inevitable concomitant of the future. How are these changes to be accomplished? By the agency of wild-eyed visionaries, professional agitators and unbalanced fanatics? Or under the guidance and direction of the trained minds of the country? The answer to this question depends very largely upon the attitude of the colleges themselves. If they give fair consideration to the new ideals of social and industrial justice, they may hope to play a leading part in the work of reconstruction. But if they persist in their present policy of Metternichian repression (well exemplified by the collegiate protest against the appointment of the liberal Brandeis to the Supreme Court) they will have only themselves to blame if the necessary evolution of America degenerates into a bloody revolution, under the sinister leadership of the Haywoods and Emma Goldmans.

Lack of liberty of thought and speech on political and economic topics is probably not a condition that is peculiar to America. It exists, in modified form, in most European universities, although the tradition of academic freedom is much stronger there than here. But there is one archaic custom, quite frequently found in our small colleges, which could scarcely be duplicated elsewhere in the civilized world. This is the familiar practise of requiring students (and, in some cases, professors) to go through some public religious observance. Sometimes the author-

ities of our small sectarian colleges restrict this requirement to the exercises of their own faith. Sometimes they are magnanimous enough to extend their toleration to all the recognized forms of the Christian religion. But, whatever the details of the compulsory outward professions of faith which are so prevalent, they are all thoroughly antiquated, basically unreasonable and altogether inconsistent with the proper spirit of a liberal and cultural institution.

In order to gain a full appreciation of the grotesque elements in this peculiar rite or custom, conceive a few concrete situations. Imagine Friedrich Nietzsche, either as student or teacher, submitting to the prescribed religious fare of one of our small Protestant sects. How long could Arthur Schopenhauer hold the chair of philosophy, how long could Ernest Renan maintain a position as biblical instructor in one of our denominational institutions, which set the claims of sectarianism above those of culture and reason? These men may have been, doubtless were perverted instruments of the Evil One; but who can deny that their genius would do much to irrigate the barren waste of many an orthodox college? It is not easy to see where the authorities of the typical American small college find any justification for their attitude, outside of the obsolete and antiquated prejudices of the founders of their sects. For certainly it would be absurd to claim that Christianity itself, to say anything of its narrow sectarian interpretations, has received the unanimous endorsement of men of genius in any age, however superstitious. But, it may be said, the Nietzsches, Schopenhauers, Voltaires, Haeckels are mere isolated freaks; they are not representative in any sense, of public feeling; and their ideas should find no countenance in institutions which aim to turn out normal citizens. This view, while it may be optimistic, from the religious standpoint, is scarcely accurate in the light of actual conditions in the three most enlightened nations of the world to-day, England, France and Germany. England, long a stronghold of that puritanical bigotry which is so unamiable a characteristic of Matthew Arnold's middle-class philistine, is now undergoing a distinct change. It would have been impossible for a writer like H. G. Wells to maintain both his anti-clericalism and his popularity a generation ago. As for Germany, it is a notorious fact, which could be supported by countless illustrations, that the highly educated and artistic classes have little more concern for the official state religion than the Greek and Roman intellectual aristocrats had for the state worship of their time. Of course just now Germany is not an ideal place from which to draw examples; but take the case of France, who has won the admiration of the whole world through her devoted loyalty

and courageous self-sacrifice. The unbroken glorious French literary and philosophical tradition, from Abelard to Anatole France, has been on the side of spiritual freedom and against the arbitrary religious conformity which is so ruthlessly exacted in the colleges of our own country. Of late, to be sure, there has been a great deal of talk to the effect that the War (a most singular instrument of Christian conversion!) has miraculously transformed France from a land of godless infidelity into a country of spotless piety. How much foundation for this pleasing fancy exists in fact may be surmised from the personality of the man whom France chose as head of her recent embassy to the United States, M. Rene Viviani. This distinguished statesman, in the course of a comparatively recent public speech, made a most bitter attack on the foundations of revealed religion. And this speech was published and circulated throughout France by a three to one vote in the Chamber of Deputies.

So it may be seen that, in pursuing a policy of repression on questions of religion and philosophy, the typical American sectarian college is simply playing the role of the proverbial ostrich, who sticks his head in the ground and refuses to see anything that goes on about him. In fact this policy, involving as it does enforced attendance at various penitential religious exercises, sedulous exclusion of certain prohibited authors from the college library and careful avoidance of the true significance of the great pagan and agnostic writers in the courses of the curriculum, this policy would be quite ludicrous if it did not have a certain serious aspect. As matters now stand the vast majority of students leave college indifferent to the essential problems of religion, prejudiced, perhaps, against the formal observances which have been thrust upon them, but, on the whole, successfully inoculated alike against intelligent belief and rational scepticism. Now hitherto there has been very little intellectual criticism of religion in America. Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll on one side, Philips Brooks and Henry Ward Beecher on the other, stated their positions in terms which appealed to the passions and emotions, rather than to the reason. But this condition will scarcely be permanent. It is hardly in the best interests of religion that it should. It is a parasitic form of spiritual life that thrives on stagnation and lack of vigorous opposition. And this opposition will not always be wanting. It is quite likely that, in the near future, someone will rise, in the very midst of this land of blue laws and Sabbath Associations, and attack the old creeds and traditions with the brilliant wit of a Voltaire, the inexorable logic of a Schopenhauer or the apostolic fervor of a Nietzsche. And, once this prophet of infidelity has broken

the outer crust of dogmatism and indifference, he will find little to resist his progress. In the field of religious speculation, as in that of social justice, illiberal repression will not be able to check the ultimate development of human thought. It will only make the cataclysm, when it comes, more destructive, less rational, more potent for evil and less productive of good than it would otherwise have been. The academic institutions of a country should certainly claim both the privilege and the obligation of supplying a large measure of its political and philosophical leadership. In America the vast majority of the colleges have forfeited this privilege and this obligation. They are not marching in the vanguard of the army of human progress, they are not even keeping step with the main body; they are lagging somewhere far in the rear, fettered by double handicap of plutocratic and sectarian domination.

It would be worse than useless to point out these abuses without suggesting some remedy. Now there can be no doubt that the only effective change in the present situation must come from the concerted action of the students themselves. It is useless to hope for any concessions from the authorities of the colleges. They are either imbued with class and sectarian prejudices themselves; or else they are restrained from assuming a more liberal attitude by a canny fear of the displeasure of wealthy alumni and other prospective benefactors of the institution. The "free" college, whose policy is not guided by anything but the highest intellectual and aesthetic considerations, is almost as mythical as the "free" church. But fortunately there is a certain power in public opinion; and a well directed appeal to this power cannot fail to accomplish much. The demonstrations of the students after Scott Nearing's outrageous expulsion probably had no small effect in persuading the trustees of the university to withdraw from some of their most reactionary positions. Now suppose that the students in all American colleges commenced to feel an enthusiasm for political and intellectual freedom that was, in some measure, commensurate with their enthusiasm over a big football game. It is safe to say that this new spirit, finding expression in leagues for freedom of thought and speech, meetings, strikes and other demonstrations, would soon bring about a radical clearing in the musty atmosphere which is so unpleasantly characteristic of many of our institutions of learning. And is it too much to ask of a student that he should devote some of the energy, which he expends so liberally in "making" a team or a popular fraternity, to the task of creating a fuller appreciation of the principles of social and individual liberty?

If American students desire an inspiration, they have only to look at the example of their comrades in Russia. There the situation was far more depressing than it is here. The universities were filled with spies; and every symptom of liberalism was punished with the most ruthless ferocity. But the heroic students could not be crushed. Hundreds were shot, thousands more went to penal servitude in Siberia; but others took up the great work of propagating liberalism and preaching revolt against Czar and Church; and finally there came the glorious revolution of last spring, which placed Russia in the very forefront of democratic nations. Here in America we have nothing to fight that is quite so tangible as the Czar and the Secret Police; but we do have to contend with the spirit of pietism and materialism, which here, as everywhere, is the unrelenting enemy of culture and freedom.

It is not too much to say that the colleges of America are, on the average, about fifty years behind the time in appreciation of political and intellectual changes. It should be the aim of every patriotic student, who feels a real sense of obligation for his educational advantages, to work for the happy day when this condition will be reversed, when the colleges will stand not for the dead traditions of the past, but for the living, glowing hope of the future. We are often told nowadays, that we have entered upon a war for democracy. And indeed that slogan, "the world made safe for democracy" is at once our sole and our supreme justification for plunging into an abyss of slaughter and destruction. If that ideal is forgotten or lost sight of, then we have committed a stupendous crime against civilization; but, if it be achieved, no sacrifice that we make, however great, will have been in vain. There could be no happier augury for the future democracy of America than the immediate liberation of the colleges from the bonds of plutocratic greed and sectarian bigotry.

Evening on Lonesome Lake

By Philip E. Howard, Jr.

NOT once did that streak of silver venture near the cast of flies which I was gently flickering over the water; it was better so, for if it had, I would have been blind to the shifting, living scene about me. As I laid my rod aside, the thump of the reel as it touched a thwart, awakened in the hollows to the West clear echoes, which faded into a rushing sound, as of distant wind. The boat hung still in the clear water; the lake rested in the mountain-top basin like a fallen bit of the heavens. But for the old mountaineer and his wife, in the cabin on shore, I was alone on the wild, spruce-clad mountain ridge, and I lay still in the boat.

To the West the burnt, black, spruce stubs were silhouetted against the soft rosy sky; the nearer hill tops were mirrored in the lake, and the more distant eastern peaks still hold the last rays of the sun. Above these peaks the sky was a delicate, very light blue. The deep blue lake was broken now and then into widening rings by the gentle splash of a trout as he leapt for a darting white miller near the surface.

The heavily wooded shores lay still and cold; a deer snorted in the brush, and the sound made the chill in the air seem more real. A white-throated sparrow started to sing, but stopped as if he dared not break the stillness. A woodpecker gave a loud "pip" as he slipped off into the forest, and the clear, liquid note of a hermit thrush floated higher and higher until my human ear could no longer catch the delicate, vibrating trillings. The cabin door opened, feet shuffled a moment on the gravel walk, and the door clicked shut again arousing sound the rushin sound in the forest. And then came the absolute, cold stillness that presses in on the ears.

The western sky became a deep rose-color; the lake, the hills and peaks turned black, and the eastern sky changed to a deep blue, pierced here and there by the shining point of a star. The flickering, brown, wood bats tumbled out of the forest and chased insects through the shifting mists. The lamp from the cabin shot a warm gleam along the lake. The white-throats all about the lake called their clear, plaintive good-nights. The water was no more broken by the spreading, lapping rings.

Night came on, and, not with tropical suddenness, but slowly and gently, pushed the glow from the western heavens. It brought its little stars out and put them in their places; it silenced the wild folk; it smoothed the jagged edges of the hills; it soothed the lake

into cold, calm blackness. Nothing dared stir. I felt the silence, and it pierced me through and through. I became as one with the wild people; I wondered why we cover the land with foolish blocks of stone, and keep the land awake with our dazzling lights. I could not imagine the noise of the city; was there such a thing on the earth? I would probably never see a city again, and my whole being was at peace and harmony with the wild, still North. I lay still in the boat and watched the blinking, dancing stars.

Moses Delancey and "Black Famine"

By J. H. Smith

SAN MARRA was distinguished from the other towns of its size in New Mexico by two notable people: Jim Peterson, the sheriff and "Black Famine," the outlaw. It is not a striking fact that they should both have graced San Marra with their presence, because one was responsible for the other. Jim Peterson would not have worn a tin star on the inside of his vest, if "Black Famine" had not ravaged prosperous ranches; nor would "Black Famine" have pumped vaqueros full of lead, except to have the excitement of ploughing the mesquite grass on his loping roan, in the dead of night, with a posse on his trail. Peterson had one aim in life: to get the outlaw, it was "Black Famine's" to pay a certain little debt he owed the sheriff, which he had contracted several years before. But this is the way it started.

One day, about three years ago, when it was so hot that the chaparral blossoms curled under to wait for night, a young cow-puncher swaggered into Danny O'Keefe's saloon. Although no one had ever seen him before, they let him in the poker game. He was in a fair way to make paupers out of the lot of them when the old story happened. There were some high words, a lightening draw and a sharp report. When the smoke cleared away, "Thimble" Sampson was a dead man, and the stranger was riding a lathered pony far off in the distance.

That set things going at San Marra. It now had a "bad man," the sheriff would soon follow. He came with the name of Jim Peterson. Jim was a wise fellow, who could handle a .44 better than most people can manipulate a fork and knife. He learned that the stranger had a girl living out in the chaparral. It remained for him to find her abode and his job would be done. He ran across it by accident, and that same night, Jim tried to conceal himself in the cactus near her hut

and make himself comfortable at the same time. At eleven o'clock, the clink of spurs told him the stranger had come. Yes, he could hear her low sympathetic voice talking to him. The lamp cast a shadow of them tenderly embracing each other, right near him. The sheriff cautiously crawled to the open window and with a .44 in each hand, snarled in his best manner, "Hands—" But that was as far as he got. "Black Famine" kicked over the table with the lamp and there was total darkness. It was a tight place for Jim. He fired one revolver, by its flash took lightening aim, and fired again. The girl gave a choked cry and fell to the floor, dead. A bullet clipped Jim's ear as it sung by. Before he could collect himself, his man was gone. Faintly audible above the pounding hoof-beats of the retreating roan, he caught these words, sung in a harsh, rancorous voice:

"For monkeying with my Lulu girl,
You can't tell what I'll do."

About a year after that Jim Peterson made the acquaintance of Moses Delancey. Moses was a quiet soul who used to drop in around nine o'clock at night and talk domestic science. He was a big powerful man with a strong face, but he was insufferably lazy. As often as not, Jim embellished in his warring outfit, would stride into the room with clanking rowels. "Moses," he would say, "I got to track that low-down 'Famine' to-night."

"Why, what's he gone and done now?" Moses would drawl.

"A business little to the north," Jim would mutter. "Cleaned out Judge Summer's ranch horn and hoof. He and his gang were last heard of at San Rossaro. I'll have him by morning."

"Oh I wouldn't exert myself so much. The chances are you won't even get a smell of 'Black Famine.'"

"But I got to get him, for my own sake," Jim would say. "I know 'Famine' will take my Maisie the first chance he gets. You know I accidentally got his girl. Well, the very best way for him to strike me, would be through my daughter Maisie. She's just the right age for him and as pretty as a—well, Mose, you know how pretty she is."

Such a conversation as this would take place regularly every evening. Jim, sullen and determined, would gallop his pony far into the night after the outlaw, while Moses would make love to Maisie. Words cannot describe Maisie. Imagine your own Peggy, Susan or Beatrice; tone her down, then liven her up, smooth her over and make her winsomest charms more tantalizing, and you will have a bare, colorless picture of Maisie. She liked Moses immensely. In fact, she liked

him so much that Moses said one evening, "Jim, Maisie and I like each other first rate, and with your kind permission, I will take steps to have her name changed from Peterson to Delancey." Jim had been expecting this for some time so his "yes" was not long in coming.

The wedding was held in great style, and the congratulations that poured in upon Jim for having so fine a son-in-law almost overwhelmed him.

That night when the numerous guests had departed, a buckboard drove up to the door to take them on their honeymoon. Their few belongings were packed carefully away in the back. "Maisie," said Jim slowly, "I'll be kind of lonesome without you. I hate to say good-bye little girl after we've been pals for so long, but you've got a good chap to take care of you. You'll come and see your old dad, won't you Maisie?" He kissed her tenderly and then lifted her into the buckboard.

"Good-bye daddy dear." Maisie's voice quivered as she spoke, and dried a hot tear with a ridiculously small handkerchief. The team started and left Jim standing on the little rose trellised porch. He watched them turn the hill and disappear from sight only to reappear again far off in the distance.

"Bye Maisie," he said softly. He turned to go into the house, but stopped suddenly. Something caught his ear. Faintly audible from the direction of the rereating buckboard, he heard these words sung in a harsh, rancorous voice:

"For monkeying with my Lulu girl,
You can't tell what I'll do."

The Evening and the Morning

By H. W. Brecht

A LITTLE silver stream ripples through the village of Bliss; the houses are mostly white, clustering on either side of the white road. To one romantically inclined the whole village is wrought in cream-white and silver, and one can hardly help being romantically inclined in Bliss. There is everywhere an atmosphere of quiet, of rest, of an all-pervading peace the more to be prized because of the chaos elsewhere. In Bliss simple deeds take on a deeper, better significance; good acts are common and bad ones few. The Reverend Arthur Barton is minister there.

I.

Justine and Eric were wading in the little stream. A bubbling stream that rippled good-naturedly around the pair of sturdy legs and the more slender brown ones, hurrying on (foolish stream!) to Simkins' Corners, which was growing, where there was no Reverend Arthur Barton, where it was made a sewer.

"Let's build a little dam," said Eric.

"Oh let's! And let's make li'l holes in it so the fishes can swim down." Justine's rounded r's and drawling cadence were southern, for her mother had come from the south.

"What do girls know about building bridges?" Eric heatedly inquired of an old willow. "Leave little holes in it—silly!" He was goaded almost to madness. "To swim down—gosh!" He made three stones ricochet numberless times up the water.

"Mister Arthur said to always be kind to the li'l animals, 'cause God made them for us to be kind to. An' my mother—" the underlip quivered here, for the little girl's mother had gone to where such things are: where (Justine had told Eric) holes are left in dams so that God's little fishes can swim down.

Eric was plainly little moved by the incipient tears, but nevertheless he agreed. "Awright."

"When you grow up an' be a minister are you going to tell the children to be kind to the li'l animals?"

"I'm going to be just like Mister Arthur. Get me that big stone."

For a while they toiled in silence, backs bent.

If only I could see with the eyes of the Reverend Arthur Barton I could describe the herculean tasks they performed; the mammoth stones they moved; the holes they left for the little fishes. But it is given few people to see with the eyes of Mister Arthur.

At last Justine announced that she would work no more. In vain Eric expostulated with her and demonstrated the trite theorem that no one must abandon an undertaking before he has finished it. So as punishment he amused himself by skipping small tones around her so that drops of water splashed on her dress. "Now Eric, stop it," she cried. She kicked a shapely and ineffectual foot at him. "I think you're just as mean as you can be, and I'll never speak to you again."

It appeared that Eric exulted in being mean, and fairly gloated over not being spoken to again. As he was telling her this, and selecting another pebble, Justine was frightened by another splash. Looking up with a cry of mingled rage and fear she saw three young citizens

of Simkins' Center on the bank. A second stone fell, and covering her face with two small hands Justine took the womanly refuge of tears.

But not Eric. "Don't you do that again," he commanded.

"You was doin' it," gasped the amazed hurler of the stone, whom we may as well call Skinny.

This was logic, but all through his life Eric was great enough to rise above logic. "That's all right," he threatened darkly. "Do it again, and I'll smash your nose."

This announcement was received with uproarious laughter, perhaps because Skinny did not fear a further smashing of this already almost obliterated organ. The derisive merriment was expressed in a stone that was better aimed than the others, so that the slender shoulders quivered more convulsively.

For answer Eric splashed his way to the bank. Justine caught his arm. "Don't," she pleaded. "He'll hurt you."

It was Eric's turn to laugh derisively. "Don't you be afraid," he reassured her with more kindness than a warrior usually shows to his woman. "I can lick two 'a him."

On the bank one of Skinny's followers had constituted himself referee, and was drawing a line. In the meantime taunts were in order and Skinny began. "You're only a darned sissy anyway, playing with girls."

Justine shrank, for being the cause of this terrible sneer. But Eric put his arms over her shoulder, as her brother would have, and drew the trembling little maiden nearer him in the protecting shelter. A struggling, slightly bashful smile that spoke of trust assured turned up the brave corners of her mouth. "I'm not a sissy," he said, "and I'm not afraid of being called one." No unworthy successor of the Reverend Arthur Barton here.

As challenger Eric must first spit across the line. Skinny replied with an expectoration so beautiful of execution and so well placed that it betokened nothing but long practice. Then the fight was on while two small and dirty boys encouraged their champion with varied and profane urgings, and a little girl on bended knees prayed God for victory.

Clenched fists struck small faces; breaths mingled in quick grunts; a thin stream of scarlet came from Eric's nose. Justine gave a little half-smothered cry and the dirty ones raised a paean.

Victory is not always on the side of right, and it will never do to have our hero ill-treated at the start. So let us introduce the Reverend Arthur Barton.

"Boys," he said simply, "stop." They stopped and boy-like began

to explain, while a little girl huddled around a friendly trouser-leg and tearfully proclaimed it all as her own fault.

If the Reverend Arthur had been one kind of story-book minister he would have preached a sermon at once; if he had been the "character" attempt he would have said, "Fight it out"; but being only the Reverend Arthur Barton he laughed hugely, and no quarrel will hold up its head at being laughed at. "Let's go hunt for cookies in the cooky-jar," he suggested.

As they walked off Eric spoke: "Does God have holes in his dams in heaven so that the little fishes can swim through?"

The minister blew his nose hastily and profusely. "Sonny," he said at last, "it depends on the dam." Then he gathered them all in his smile, especially the redoubtable Skinny. "I think they are chocolate cookies."

II.

A long-limbed boy stood idly skipping stones up the little stream. As babbling a little stream as ever and as foolish in its haste, a little more shallow maybe than when it had eddied around that slenderer pair of brown legs. Twilight was falling, and somewhere in the east the cows were going home, with a tinkling of bells. Stone-skipping is diverting, but it will not keep one from thinking of Justine.

A few years ago he had teased her to tears; now (he thought) he would sacrifice all that he had to spare her the slightest sorrow. Then he had kissed her at will; now, mantled as she was in some indefinable glamour he only dared love her, from afar. She was some enshrined, idealistic being, almost too holy for his worship.

His thoughts were something like this, while the setting sun was being panoplied in clouds of lemon and crimson. A light step came up the road, a step that filled him with joy and fear that was almost awe. He stepped out, a boyish figure, a little wistful it seemed to the girl. "Justine," was all that he said.

"Eric, how you surprised me!" As the silvery voice died among the shadows conversation fell very flat indeed. At last, pouting at his silence, she glanced up at him with a half-bashful smile, "How do you like my new dress?" What a foolish question!

Thrilled by her voice and her nearness he plunged boldly in. "It's very pretty, but I wish it was like it used to be, I mean," he might have stopped lamely here, and matters would have been as unsatisfactory as before, but Eric was too fortunate to know when to stop, "I mean

I wish you were a little girl, and was wearing knickerbockers, and we could go wading again."

She smoothed down her new skirt with curved fingers before she asked her second foolish question, "Why?"

"Because you used to like me then."

"Oh!" Her little teeth closed over the monosyllable.

With a new-found boldness he led her to a soft patch of moss (their house in the knickerbocker epoch) and sank down at her feet. She gathered them together primly as a maiden should. "It's different Eric, now. We were only children then—"

Words were rushing hotly to his throat. "It's not. I loved you then, and I love you now."

"Don't Eric." But she did not move away, and a mounting blush sped up to her hair.

"Do you think that sometime, ever, you could love me, just a little bit? Darling!" His face was very earnest, very wistful, shadowy in the half-light.

The sweet lips trembled with the sweetest answer a woman can ever give. "I do."

The crimson sun made a glory that went unnoticed by these two who had found the old, new glory of their own. Something holier, as of a higher heaven, hung over them, something nobler, something better. God guard them and guide them—Justine and they Eric, Eric and thy Justine.

"Did you really feel very, very afraid, and sorrowful?" A world of pity gave its cadence to her tone.

"You can't imagine it, Justine." This was perhaps the tenth time that he had answered the same question in the same way. This was perhaps the tenth time that he had kissed her to show her that she could not imagine it.

"Were you really afraid that I would never—ask you?" An infinitude of pity lent its cadence to his tone.

"You can't imagine it, Eric." This was the tenth time that she had answered the same question in the same way. This was the tenth time that she had kissed him, shyly, to show him that he could never imagine it.

"It's 'way past supper-time, but I don't care. Do you, Eric?"

"I want to go wading in the river," he said dreamily.

"Don't be silly. And build li'l dams—"

"With holes in them for the fishes to go through."

They laughed uproariously at their own wit; a silver-shot laughter that set off a deeper one.

"Let's tell Mister Arthur about it," she suggested.

When they were out on the road he put his arm around her slender shoulders and drew her closer into his protecting embrace. "Kiss me first."

"You can only have one kiss a day." She lifted her mouth carefully, then covered it with a little hand.

"This is yesterday's." There was a playful struggle until their lips met. Again they laughed uproariously, and wandering hand in hand, were lost and became one in the darkness.

And the evening and the morning were the first glory.

III.

Late afternoon in Bliss. The Reverend Arthur Barton's hair was too quickly white, but his eyes were young as ever as he smiled tolerantly down at the two on his steps.

"I'm so glad to have you home again," Justine said for perhaps the twelfth time.

"Think of the days I have to make up," he smiled, thinking for his own part of a picture that was frayed around the edges.

"Eric, don't you dare kiss me, right here on the street! How do you like my hair this way? I don't believe you even noticed it."

"And she spent two hours fixing it, running over to me every ten minutes to find for sure when the train from a certain theological seminary would come." The minister laughed heartily, at the same time dismissing comfortably all thoughts on to-morrow's sermon.

"It's very pretty. But I think I like it better the old way, hanging down your back. Somehow I have always dreamed of your coming to me with your hair all wind-tossed, hanging down."

"Fix it for me." She bent her bright head, while with long and strangely clumsy fingers that lingered caressingly he fixed it. Meantime the minister smiled a twisted smile that he did not use very often. There had never been a Mrs. Arthur Barton.

A garish gray automobile came to a noisy stop before them, and a white-flanneled young man leaped lightly out, ducking a suit-case that was thrown at him. There were repeated good-byes, someone shouted, "Remember the doctor's orders Dicky, no cigarettes"; another, "See you in six weeks." Then the big car shot off, while two tiny lace handkerchiefs were waved at either side of the rapidly receding tonneau.

The young man called Dicky lit a cigarette. He surveyed the little town with an air of extreme boredom. He saw the little group

on the steps and redoubled his boredom as he advanced toward them. "Have I the honor of addressing the hotel-keeper, or the hotel-keeper's daughter?" A frank admiration lit a face that was not much given to frankness.

Justine's face flushed inside its aureole of golden hair. In her gentle, drawling voice she told him where the hotel was. He sauntered off, a jaunty, graceful figure, and passing his suit-case he kicked it disdainfully to one side of the road.

Thus did Dicky Clifford, desired of young women, enter the village of Bliss.

The next afternoon, Eric, with dreams of hand-in-hand wanderings deepening the far-away expression of his eyes, was told that Justine was out walking. With the new young gen'l'man. Down by the brook, prob'ly. No, she hain't left no word. Eric spent the rest of the afternoon experiencing the inherent uselessness of the Hebrew language.

Sunday night is lovers' night; a night for pretty speeches and soft answers; a night for communing with one's Justine. Eric with a half-formed, sickening fear in his heart called early. Justine had a headache, she could not see him. The housekeeper, pitying the pain in the youthful face, found a huge piece of cake for him; her remedy for all ills. He thanked her and half-choked over it, thinking of the period of short dresses and bare ankles, when they had eaten such panaceas in alternate bites. And a slender girl upstairs cried into a tiny handkerchief and prayed God to make her worthy—soon.

Eric's thoughts were in a maze of pain and sorrow, but something of that strength of character that had shown itself in his childhood came to aid him now. He needed it, for not three hundred yards from her house he met Dicky, walking toward it.

"I—I want to talk to you," Eric gulped hoarsely, plunging.

"Honored, I'm sure. Smoke? Quite right, bad habit." Dick whistled the aria from "Lucia di Lammermoor."

"I want to tell you—"

"Repetition is also bad. You said that before."

All Eric's stumbling left him. "You know what I want to tell you. You may know that I'm training myself for the ministry—"

"My dear fellow, interesting as that may be to your mother," Dicky made a deprecating gesture, showing that courtesy itself could not demand any such parental interest from him.

"Have you quite finished? Probably I should thrash you, but to those of us who are following Christ, God has shown a better way, if

a harder way. . . . Ever since she was a little child I have loved Justine; I love her now. She was all that I had, Dicky.—So be kind to her, if not for my sake, for her sake. She's only a little girl even now—to treat tenderly." Eric tried to swallow an aching lump in his throat, gulped vainly, and hurried off into the darkness, taking the harder way.

Dicky blew a particularly intricate smoke-ring and laughed heartily.

The Reverend Arthur Barton stared fixedly from his window. He had seen many things from that window, and when the things that he saw were cheerless he would lift his eyes to the purple hills in the north. He lifted them now. But in his mind was the picture of a slender girl with golden hair walking arm-in-arm with another figure quite as slender, in white flannels; and a picture of a strained face with tight-set mouth poring hopelessly over Hebrew. . . .

That night the minister sought out Dicky, and told him the story that begins: "And in the one city there lived two men: the one rich, the other poor." Dicky listened politely if sneeringly, and when Reverend Barton was quite finished offered to accompany him back as he (Dicky) was intending to visit a little girl that he had met.

IV.

Late afternoon in Bliss. Lengthening shadows everywhere, brooding.

Eric waved a laughing good-bye to Justine from the livery carriage. He turned around, so as to keep the girl in sight, letting the reins drop. Something happened to a huge automobilo speeding down the street. There was a sudden report, a crash, and the horse seeing a snorting careening monster rushing at it ran full towards the car.

A hundred yards more, seventy-five and the two vehicles would meet. A girl screamed at thought of the result. The chauffeur wrenched desperately a useless steering-wheel. Dicky, tangled somehow in the reins, waved again to the girl behind him. Fifty yards, twenty-five. A boyish figure darted out. The horse felt kind hands at its head, heard gentle words whispered. Eric led, dragged the horse sharply to the right. By some turn of luck or providence the helpless machine stayed to its right, and pursued its mad course onward. Hearing the glad shout the Reverend Arthur Barton finished his prayer with a heartfelt gratitude for God's quick answer.

V.

Early evening in Bliss. Winking lights from white cottages answered by stars twinkling above.

Eric walked toward the brook, his head bowed a little, as one bows

one's head when one is lonely. Past her home, where the lights shot beckoning trails; past the hotel. There Dicky, coming from the shadows, met him.

"I'd like to speak to you if you'd let me, Eric. I'd like to tell you that I know now what a cad I've been. I've always been so rich, so damned rich." He looked helplessly at the silent figure for aid. None there. "So I—well I'm going away to-night. I won't come back. It's not much that I'm doing, but it's all I can. And Eric—if you'd let me call you by your first name—would you be a little kinder to her, if not for my sake for hers? She needs kindness, she's no more than a child. I know you will. I know how you love her, but sometimes in my letter moments I think," he showed a twisted replica of his former smile, "I love her a little too."

He turned off hastily, gulping at an ache in his throat that had not been there after the day on which he had first learned of his damned richness.

The little stream rippled on, unmindful of the shattering of Eric's world, of his sorrow. The summer air did not soothe him; the weeping willows brushing his head were cold and damp. He thought of the holy little hand in Dicky's.

The Delights of Musing

AN ODE

By Charles Wharton Stork

How choice to set the mind at ease
 And think precisely what we please;
 Or—still more pleasant—not to think,
 But smooth Lethean nectar drink!
 What joy to slip the leash of logic,
 Unnatural, strict and pedagogic!
 For who would plod from A through B
 And C, when he might skip to Z?
 In brief, the best of sense and reason
 Is musing in and out of season.
 How can ideas that really matter
 Approach us 'mid the hum and clatter
 Of System's wheels and cranks and pulleys,
 Whose Purpose o'er the workmen bullies,
 And tortures like a Grand Inquisitor
 Or drives away each careless visitor.

Poor busy man, your hapless fate
I can't enough commiserate.
So many years of getting, spending,
Of wretched borrowing, thankless lending,
And not one hour of clear-eyed seeing,
Still less a quarter-hour of being!
And you, too, self-devoted student,

I can't believe your course is prudent.
Consider,—when you must consider—
Can Genius come while you forbid her?
No ray of vision cheers the blind,
No thought can pierce the self-closed mind.
But if your soul should open free
As clover to the honey bee
Such sweetness thence might be collected
As ne'er was culled from flowers protected.

When Galileo mused alone,
The wondrous firmament bent down;
The stars revealed their hidden laws,
And told their motions and their cause.
When Dante roamed by Arno's stream
A poet led him in a dream
(By Mary's grace and power divine)
Through hell to heaven's holiest shrine.
To waiting eyes, to listening ears
A voice will speak, a form appears,
A light to guide, a word to gladden
Through darksome ways and doubts that madden.
And would'st thou, friend, true wisdom know,
Be idle, and the gentle flow
Of silence shall thy spirit lave,
And faces of the good and brave
Shall beckon thee; fair Nature's charm
Shall be thy amulet from harm;
Nay, heaven itself shall whisper thee
And God shall fill thy vacancy.

The Universal Game

By Christopher Roberts

THE modern young lady is very light weight," said the towering Countess von Lamazon to the young man beside her. "Now there is Yarmela Madjokova, my niece from Prague, she is different from the fluffy variety. I believe you men would like to keep intellect a masculine specialty."

"Not at all," was the retort, "In America, we go in strongly for the higher education of women. In fact, I prefer a woman with a mind." The man laughed pleasantly and did not notice that the beady eyes of the Countess sparkled, betraying her hidden thoughts.

Lincoln Sidney was a lithe, broad-shouldered American who wore his clothes well. Though he had been five years at the head of a growing business, he still had the ruddy health and the clear eye of a college athlete. His manner was engaging and frank, and he was quite at ease as he surveyed the gay scene of one of the Countess' garden parties in full swing. He had come to the von Lamazon's country home outside of Vienna to arrange, if possible, for an exclusive rights contract with the Madjokova Tire Company, the control of which had come to the Count through his wife's dot. He soon found out that it was with the domineering and scheming Countess that the business deal would have to be made.

"I'm so sorry I'm so late," said a soft voice near the table at which they were seated, and in a moment Lincoln was being introduced to Yarmela, the adopted niece of the von Lamazons. A girl of twenty-eight—that terrible age when enemies are beginning to whisper *pasée*—in an extremely fashionable frock stood before him. "She designs all her own clothes," the Countess had taken care to tell him. Her clear skin and delicate features attracted him. He saw at once that she was a charmer.

"I am delighted to meet you Mr. Sidney," she said, "We are getting up some tennis doubles. Will you join us? My brother of the cavalry is to play." Join them—of course he would; and they threaded the brilliant crowd of officers and dandies, passed among countless numbers of the light weight modern girls with their pretty complexions, coquettish manners, and constant laughter, toward the pavillion and the courts.

Soon he was talking volubly of himself, of America, of the trip, of his business. Why should he talk shop to this girl? "She certainly seems to be interested," he told himself. Yarmela was true to her type, the serious subject girl. Yet she did it so well, got him to talk

about himself so deftly, that he was being drawn into her net half consciously.

Her eyes were continually following him. They had an unpleasant habit of coming together often in a slight squint, as though their owner was planning a capture. Like all people whose main attribute is cleverness, Yarmela had always missed out. She was noted for adding men's scalps to her collection; yet the victims always escaped; and her foster parents, the von Lamazons, were becoming more and more worried over their niece's repeated matrimonial attempts and her repeated failures.

Yarmela proved an excellent tennis player, and Lincoln found himself spending the afternoon and evening in the society of this good-looking girl. "Her mind is good," he admitted. She was an adept at making intelligent, leading remarks in a conversation. She assented, dissented, and nodded at just the right moments,—some one has aptly called this art the science of grunts. In it, Yarmela was without peer.

Lincoln passed several pleasant days, for he knew that business in Vienna should never be rushed. The Viennese are experts in enjoyment. The aristocracy, one of wealth and title combined, is the most delightful in the world. This gay and pleasure-loving people do business in their leisure hours and are leisurely during their business hours. While negotiating for the contract, Lincoln was a constant guest at the von Lamazons. He saw Yarmela often, and the Countess more than once pointedly remarked, "I do wish we could keep the control of the business in the family." Slight as his experience had been with dowagers, he realized before long that the Countess intended his contract to depend on another between himself and Yarmela. The girl was certainly doing her best; and, the worst of it was, she was succeeding. He felt the ground slipping from under him. A strange force was pulling him on.

On the evening of the Countess' musical—that annual musical which every Viennese lady of any social pretensions has to give—Lincoln and Yarmela were walking in the garden along the twisting paths bordered by wonderful white roses, whose fragrance burdened the late June breeze. Yarmela was speaking

"Isn't it pleasant in this stupid convention-ridden world, isn't it pleasant to meet someone with an unprejudiced, enlightened mind?"

"Yes," rejoined Lincoln. "I have always believed in a sort of chemical attraction between people, a chemical affinity, a natural force, you know." Of course he had thought of this, but why was he telling it to her?

"I have felt that too," murmured Yarmela. "It's a curiously helpless sensation, isn't it?"

They walked on in silence. The strains of a Straus waltz came from the lighted mansion. The two stopped at a bench on a terrace. Far below them some peasants were strolling in the footpaths on the way to the village. The faint sound of a light laugh came floating up to them. There was a tension over everything. Lincoln felt the intoxication of the night. A magic was in his blood. The girl was beautiful, her soft dark beauty was living there beside him, he touched her arm, he—but he caught a glimpse of that queer look in her eyes. The spell was suddenly broken.

"Shall we go in?" he said. They moved silently toward the lighted house. The music had stopped. Lincoln excused himself as soon as possible. Alone in his room he paced the floor. Was he mad? He, a staid American, was being entangled by a Becky Sharp. The whole thing was like a dream. His ties in America! His home! His business! What was he thinking of? "Oh, what an idiot I am," he muttered. "Hang the contract anyway." Acting quickly, he wrote a letter home and began to pack up his things.

As Lincoln called on the von Lamazons the next morning with the intention of saying goodbye, he found the Countess in a delightful mood. She was a keen observer, and she now felt certain of this young man.

"Let us settle the contract," she said lightly; and the matter, long considered, was finally arranged.

A great weight was lifted from Lincoln's mind. He would tactfully make a clean breast of it. He vaguely heard them talking of plans for the next few days. He drew a letter from his pocket. Yes, that was the best way of telling them everything. He looked at Yarmela; for a moment he wavered, but her eyes were turned full toward him with that curious, scheming look in them. Then—

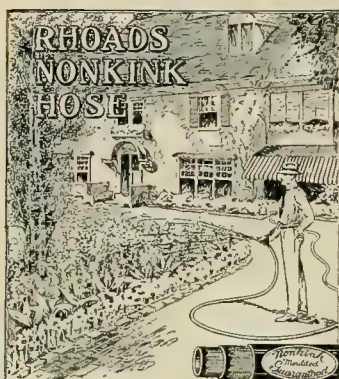
"I want to show you a letter from my daughter written in German," he said. "She is only eight years old; it was probably done with the help of her mother."

So calmly did Lincoln explode this bombshell that there was a dead silence for a moment.

"But where is your wedding ring?" broke in the Countess sharply, not realizing how crude the remark sounded.

"Oh," laughed Lincoln, "In America only the women wear wedding rings."

Yarmela had recovered herself quickly, perhaps she was used to such occasions, "Die arme Frauen," she said laconically.



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The End of a Chapter

By J. G. C. Le Clercq

Now everything between us two is over,
Leave me that I may for a spell enjoy
Peace which I knew not when I was your lover
And your decoy.

I tasted shame, proud heart, and domination
Under your yoke of love—And yet—And yet—
I wonder if your eerie fascination
I shall forget.

I wonder if my words perhaps sound hollow;
I wonder if—oh! just a moment's fad—
You bid me come, I wonder would I follow
Superbly mad!



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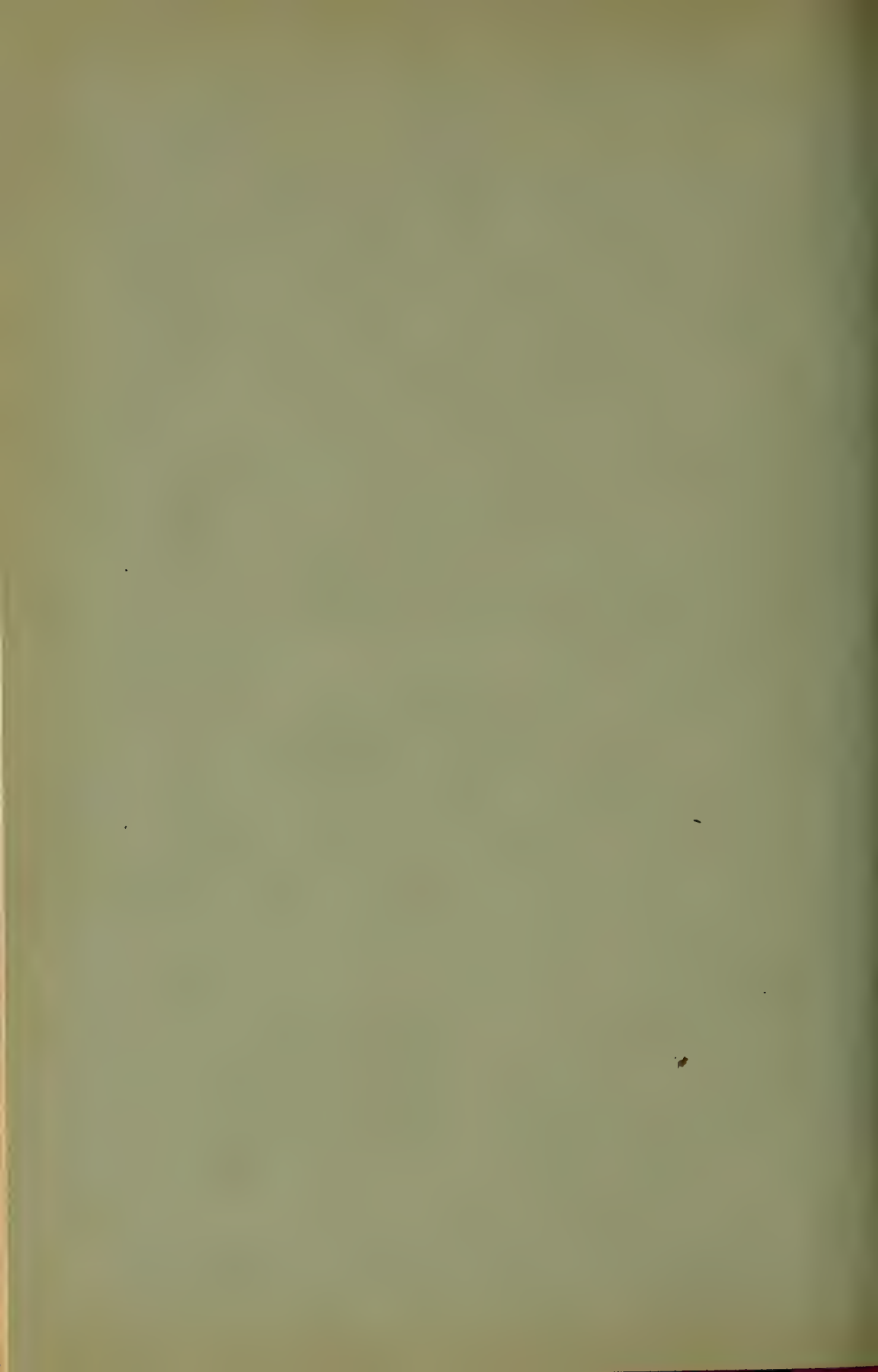
The Haverfordian

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXIX.

HAVERFORD, PA., OCTOBER, 1917

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Haverford 1917-18

By President W. W. Comfort

MUCH of national interest and not a little of local interest has transpired since the last number of the HAVERFORDIAN was published. Voluntary enlistment in government service, followed by the draft, has struck deep into the constituency of the College, and many homes from which our students have come are preoccupied now with events across the seas. In all branches of military service and in many organizations for the alleviation of human distress, Haverford is well represented by undergraduates and by graduates of recent years. England and France never seemed so near to us as they do today. Our thoughts follow with the eyes of faith the friends who are somewhere yonder out of sight. We must remember these brothers of ours, these sons of a common Alma Mater, through all our work and play this year: we must be worthy of them.

I shall not be suspected of uttering an apology for war as a desirable or necessary institution when I point out the needed lesson of self-sacrifice which it is today teaching us. The men who, like these Haverfordians, are giving their country their service, are not pledging their efforts out of lust for physical strife. In many cases only the sternest sense of duty is drawing them from their dearest ties to preserve ideals without which they imagine life would not be worth living. We must all admire the impelling motive of men who have had to put down every instinctive yearning for ease and comfort in order to follow where duty leads.

To us who are in College this year, for one reason or another this great call for sacrifice has not come in the conventional way. We have gathered in this little community for the purpose of study and preparation, far from the living hell of European battlegrounds, in scenes where every prospect pleases and where abundant provision has been made for our profitable sojourn. One is naturally solicitous that the serious lessons mankind is learning in this trial should not pass

unheeded in this calm retreat. A college community like ours must not stand for folly and idle frivolity, but for serious purpose and a dignified sense of responsibility. Young men everywhere are doing deeds beyond their years. Promotion is coming fast, as the ranks are thinned and necessity presses. If a college is described as a little world, we must organize our little world on the basis of quick promotion for proved efficiency, and prompt dismissal for waywardness, slackness, and disability. This generation of Americans will be better for this war, or it will be infinitely worse. The screws must be tightened up, the standards raised. In this day boys must act like men, and not men like boys.

In writing these lines I am only trying to state what every Haverfordian knows to be true when he quietly examines the situation and his own relation to it. We are all equally responsible for sustaining this note of high seriousness; and I say we must "sustain" this note because it has already been sounded in our midst. The three upper classes in College passed through a period of heart-searching and chastening activity last Spring which they have not forgotten and which they should never forget. It was not altogether imagination which prompted the remark heard at the last Commencement, that the senior class formed the most mature and serious group of young men Haverford ever sent out. After the Emergency Unit had done its work, another group of men came upon our campus. They formed the first American Friends' Reconstruction Unit, and numbered one hundred. They came from all sections of the country, and stayed in our halls and on our lawns for six weeks. They came to us in no trifling mood, and they left for France with clear eye and upright bearing which spoke their determination to acquit themselves like men where their duty took them. It was exceedingly good to be here with them and to note the regularity, seriousness, and consecration of their application to the tasks before them. They, as well as their instructors, have left behind them an inspiration which many of us feel and which you all must discover for yourselves this year. Haverford College must be the better for having housed and nourished as her own sons these young men who have gone to carry out their ideals of practical Christianity in a stricken land.

In this sense, the opening of College this year is different from all convenings of the student body which have preceded it in the years of the past. In another sixteen years Haverford will round out a century of existence. In the ranks of the Alumni the students of today will belong to the war generation. Let it be said that the men of these war years laid aside all nonsense and puerile pranks and were known for their modest gentlemanliness, their aptness to learn, and their readi-

ness to accept responsibility. Numbers mean little at Haverford; it is quality and spirit that count here. It is always better in the College for the job to seek the man than for the man to seek the job. There will be plenty of jobs this year, plenty of vacant posts to fill. Many of us, professors and students alike, will find ourselves standing in other men's shoes—shoes of better men which we cannot well fill. But we must all so live that when a job in hall or in field seeks us out we shall be ready to pull our belt a little tighter and say, "Here am I; if I can be of use, call on me to the limit of my ability." Any man who cherishes this spirit of helpfulness and acts upon it will make a good Haverfordian. He will be the sort we want here, and the sort that is always wanted in the world.

The First Day's Practice

(Bowling to the shade of Gilbert)

By Granville E. Toogood

Your joints are stiff and your back is sore;
Your nose is mashed and is red with gore;
Your teeth are loose and your eye is blued,
And thus you start your period of servitude.

You can't run fast and you muff the ball;
You can't fall right when you're told to fall.
The coach yells loud with disgust imbued,
And then you're shown your error in its magnitude.

Your feet are sick and your legs are dead;
The sweat rolls off and your face is red;
Your tongue hangs out and your eyes protrude,
And this becomes your customary attitude.

An Incident in July

By J. H. Smith

THE great city lay seething under the merciless blaze of a July sun. People walked hither and thither, jostling, pushing, shouting—hurrying some place, any place, to escape the fury of the dancing heat-waves. Regardless of others, men and women sought some refuge, some blessed shade—and there was none. I, like the rest, moved on in the sweltering, struggling traffic. A newsboy poked an extra in my face announcing the number of deaths and prostrations. I saw a team trying to keep up with the rush of motor traffic while their shameless driver lashed their heaving lathered sides to greater exertion. The sight sickened me and I hurried on. An ambulance, clanging its note of warning, careened down the street. "My God," I gasped, "is there no help in earth or heaven?" The roar of the street only answered.

I noticed now, for the first time, an old man in front of me. His steps were very slow and he seemed to be exhausted. I quickened my pace, thinking I might help him. I thought I heard him gasp. A big ugly man in his shirt sleeves stepped between us. I shoved him aside and hurried on, but it was too late. The old man stopped, swayed backwards, caught himself and then fell prone on his face against the pavement. I knelt beside him. "Is there no help?" I repeated. I looked about me. There, directly opposite, was a high brick wall, over the edge of which appeared the green branches of many trees. It looked like a miniature forest wedged in between the blank sides of the surrounding skyscrapers. I lifted the old man, who was totally unconscious, and carried him to a little door at one end of the wall. I knocked. No answer. I beat the door with my fist. Presently the door slowly swung open and a padre, dressed in a black, monk's costume, beckoned me to enter. I scarcely noticed him as I passed, but he seemed to me to have the most serenely peaceful face I have ever seen. Without speaking he closed the heavy door again—and the tumult of the street suddenly ceased! All was quiet; only a faint, humming monotone of the traffic reached my ears. I was in a garden! The air was laden with oleanders. At the direction of the padre, I carried the old man along neat paths through a profusion of flowers to a little abbey, over in one corner. Vines climbed over its high arches and the dullness of the brick seemed to melt with the sombre shade of the trees above. Only small patches of the distant blue sky could be seen through their dense foliage.

As I entered, bearing the old man, a hush fell upon me. All was so peaceful and cool and subdued. I laid the old man down in a pew. Soon the monk reappeared with some cold water with which he bathed the old man's face. I could not speak, I could not break the awful silence of the place. I sat down in a pew to rest. Nothing seemed to stir. The smell of the oleanders reached me faintly. I bowed my head and closed my eyes—such peace, it must be a new world. The monk noiselessly brushed past me and up to the organ at the back, by the stained glass windows.

Softly he began to play, awaking the strange, smooth notes of the prelude. One strain joined another, until the confusion of harmonies, still perfectly blended, soared in a theme so fantastic, so elusive, yet so subdued and caressing, that I was drenched with the beauty of it. The golden sounds filled the abbey and thrilled every fibre of my being. The theme rose higher and higher in a crescendo so masterful that I thought I must cry out, it gripped me so. Then gradually the harmonies subsided like receding waves, leaving me stunned and weakened. The music faded out, and a choir, from I know not where, began singing an old English anthem. I did not know it at the time, but the singing was for the old man who had passed away, borne on high by the glory of that vibrant music.

A sensation of tears stole over me, for I did not want to leave the blessed tranquillity of the place. The singing abruptly ceased, and the padre touched me on the shoulder as he passed by me in the aisle. I arose and followed him to the door. Orange streaks of light pierced through the foliage, making the dust hang golden and motionless in the flower-laden atmosphere.

I slowly walked through the garden to the door in the wall. The padre opened it, and immediately the thunder of the ill-smelling street greeted me. I turned for a last look at the garden—but the door was closed. A dirty newsboy shouted at me, but I did not hear him. I was thinking of the old man, and the music, and the oleanders.

Faded Mouth

By Russell N. Miller

Last night as I sat alone in my room
And smoked my "good-night" cigar,
And tried to dispel the shadows of gloom
That seemed to come from afar,

And hover about, as I sat in the chair,—
Old memories, bitter-sweet,
Phantom faces, lighter than air,
Smiling in sad retreat;—

I took a book from off the shelf,
Within whose yellowed leaves
Oft I had found, alone with myself,
Solace, and thought, and ease.

And clinging to the musty page,
Dog-eared, dusty, and worn,
Was a crimson flower, withered with age,
Fragile, brittle, and torn.

* * * * *

What pink breast, or whose red lips
Had kissed this faded flower?
Or the bee had taken its honeyed sips
In what rose-clambered bower?

What fond hopes did its leaves enfold?
Dying, with what desires?
What was the story its petals told,
Blushing with hidden fires?

What soft phrases, whispered low,
About its fragrance clung? . . .
I cannot tell—I only know
That once, long ago, I was young.

Pearls of Paradise

By H. Brecht

CRET KILDUFF talked like those paper-novel heroes that you get six for a quarter, or thought that he did. Really he talked much better. I mean that he told people to go instead of concisely and beautifully commanding them to shake their legs, and avowed himself hopelessly in love with Mary Annandale, while Turk Brown went with her. For this misuse of the English language Cret was considered harmlessly insane; he himself told Mary that he had artistic temperament in his cosmos, which confirmed her belief. For she conceived the last-named entity as the plural of a kind of flower.

According to the fellows, Turk Brown (son of Brown and Scodgins, Printers) was a darn nice fellah, and according to the girls he was cute. Add to this that he danced like a dream (forceful female simile), while Cret danced with all the stiffness of a stove-handle, and you know why the contest for Mary's favor was going against Cret, and Turk was almost the coveted steady.

Mary Annandale was the sweetest little girl in West Philly, and though the chronicler may affect humor regarding the two heroes of this tale, there is only affection for its heroine. (Once—just once—he went. . .) She powdered her little nose most excruciatingly often, and was very pretty and helpless and young, being but seventeen. She was so popular that no one ought to fall in love with her (according to the steady before last), and so adorable that no one could help it, and it is unkind but essential to suggest, as explanation of Cret's continuance in the race, that he earned two-per more.

All of which is rather a failure as a graceful introduction to Eunice Roger's swimming-party. One of our leading men had answered gratefully that he would be delighted to attend, and the other had said nonchalantly that "sure, kid, he'd come." (It is not in the adverbs that the secret of popularity is hidden.)

The whole thing was only a sham, of course, to enable either sex to see exposed—but it is Off that stuff and the crowd knew that to-night was the final stage in the struggle of what Slat's Connell would have called Artistic Temperament vs. Cuteness if he had thought of it. Only the crowd had always confused temperament with temper (as did—and do—Turk and Mary) and had no doubt as to the outcome.

Both Turk and Cret knew that affairs were very crucial, and Turk was very indifferent indeed, while Cret rejected Rose of My Siloam for Pearl of My Paradise.

Mary sensed that a decision was impending, threatening, and in her feminine heart of hearts she knew that she did not know—which. So she took it out on her mother (as do and have done other Marys from time immemorial), and she envied the girl next door who never had any fellows come to see her, for about the time it took to powder the extremity above-mentioned.

Turk brought Mary to the place where the party was going to come off. Perhaps because of the walk, and perhaps because of anticipation of the idiomatic decapitation that I have mentioned, Mary's eyes were so starry and her little mouth so irresistibly curving that Slat's Connell, who had a reputation for wit to sustain, remarked that betting was superfluous. Which timely and well-pronounced epigram was accorded the reception that it deserved.

Nature had provided a suitable setting. The sky was barred with great crimson reaches of motionless cloud, aglow from the setting sun, which spanned the vast arch of the sky in alternating glories, and the air was very still, and the water (it was an amateur lake in a very amateur park) was very ripply and caressing. So young hands were clasped, and bright eyes promised things that pure lips did not speak, and the sham was assured—but we forget, and everybody had just a howling good time.

Who is the chronicler, anyway, to profane all this by attempting to describe it, while the red radiances waned into an orange that will never be seen nearer earth, and deepened into what Cret called ultra-violet? Could he describe, if he would, the deeds of derring-do, the lavish tourneys, the fierce tourneys, while young arms encircled slight waists and silver shoulders cast the mystic trail of sex and demonstrated the utility of bathing-suits? Could he describe the uproarious laughter at Slat's wit, at your own, at everybody's (I have a deep admiration for anyone who can be exalted ass enough to laugh at his own humor) or (in the torment-chambers of the Inquisition) the lithe bodies bent back, back, until the helpless owners (always girls) abjured whatever they had to abjure, and the torture was hallowed . . . ? Thus, until the moon cast a mystic trail on its own account that became a trail of dreams and a ladder of glory to this youth and wet-haired beauty who were finding joy in existence, and forgetfulness—shall we say?—in each other. The chronicler can only declare, from his heart, that "the fairest flower there" was the Rose of Annandale, whose eyes once (but

once) when the moon was likewise very high, and his hopes . . . was she who extended the realms of flora so as to contain cosmos.

* * * * *

The stars above denote a transition to the time when Mary was sitting with her silken knees clasped primly, and Turk sprawled at her feet. It is difficult to give you the correct idea of a great change that was taking place in that part of Turk which some people call soul, and some heart, and the very learned don't name at all. It may have been the peace in the air, or the youth and fragrance of the girl near him, or the gleam of a white arm, or a Natural Reversion to Type (natural in a printer's son), but something was affecting him as he had never been affected before. For ten happy minutes that we shall not cheapen by detailed description, neither spoke, but all the while the tempest was surging in Turk that he could not find words to voice.

At last, when the dear little face was so near his that the powder-laden breath was brushing his cheek, he spoke as he had never spoken before, groping desperately for words. "Mary—Pearl of my Paradise—" His voice broke, surcharged with emotion.

Mary was too stunned to speak. You might expect this from Cret, but Turk—Good-night!

Turk was finding words. "Mary, darling, do you think that now, ever, you could care? Could you—could you love me just a little bit?"

Mary, too, had rediscovered her voice. "Oh, Turk, don't be such an awful nut!"

* * * * *

The above stars denote many things, in their convenient, star-like manner. They denote Turk's complete discomfiture and departure; they show how Cret shook off the feminine filler-in with whom he had been doing penance; they denote that he is very near Mary now, and that a regeneration is taking place within him that is akin to that one of Turk's that we made such a botch of describing; best of all, they denote that the white hand that her modesty had guarded so long was being doubly-guarded now in his.

Overhead the stars were coming out, in the infinite, you know; but not a star there could compare—can compare—with those eyes so near his, eyes mocking a little, perhaps, but very tender. Somewhere a melancholy owl was calling, Tu-whit tu-whoo-o-o-, which made her shiver and snuggle closer. His hand was lingering on the bare shoulder, silver in the gathering gloom, and the wanton winds tossed her hair

about his face. The flood-tide within him that had swept away all his old self seethed through the barriers, and he spoke, his voice heavy with passion. "Mary, kin I be your gen'l'man frien'?"

"Oooh," she answered, a new note in her voice that typewriters cannot approximate, and she crept very close indeed, probably because the owl considered (evidently) her answer to be a mate-call for him.

Let us leave them thus, with the scarlet mouth and the beckoning mouth very near his; for one of us must say good-bye to the Rose of Annandale for ever.

Truth compels me to add that at almost the identical moment Turk was saying the identical thing to one of the other sweetest girls in West Philly, whose fellah was doing his penance with the filler-in.

The Prospect, 1917

By Richard Wood

The dreary voices of the winter winds
Sigh in the treetops, and the cold mists drip
Among the season-faded, wash-cheeked leaves
That hang as gloomy spirits of a time
Long past, when warmth and beauty ruled the world.
The clammy fingers of the gathering mist
Clutch at my heart, my spirit is depressed,
Yet merry in a melancholy way.
I stir and turn in restless energy,
Unuseful, inconsistent, ebbing now,
Leaving me empty, weary, desolate;
Then flowing in high tide of savage joy
Which glories in the bleak inclemency
Without, and makes me gay beneath the sere,
Dull, shrivelling fingers of the coming night.

And so I face the time that lies before,
Impenetrable, dark, and threatening,—
A time when doubts and questions thickly come
To cloud the clear selection of my path;
Yet in the spirit of the brave old skald,
Who, when misfortunes rushed upon him sore,
Sang of misfortunes still more terrible
Endured by others calmly and with pride,
So I, peering into the gathering mists,
Do bid the elements a stout defiance.
I know not, and I care not, what may come.
Whatever comes, I gain: from fortune, joy;
And better, from misfortune, constancy
To choose the best course that before me lies,
And follow it, no matter what befall.

Vers Libre

By Christopher Roberts

LESS conservatism, more radicalism; less orthodoxy, more heterodoxy; less conventionality, more freedom from restraint; these are some of the needs of to-day. It is, therefore, a very healthy sign that there is an increase in futuristic poetry. The expression of a thought as it comes to anyone, whether it fits into the conventional system or not, is a good thing. The great aim has been to find a simple vehicle of thought-expression that can be universally used. The rules must be flexible in the extreme; hence there are no rules. Note the following, which I dashed off in an idle moment:

THE DEATH OF Z—

It was evening;
Morning came.
Afternoon did not come,
But it was breathing hard—
Ah!

But the great drawback to the futuristic poet is that he toils in the vanguard of mankind, where it is chill and there is little applause from the conservative classes, rightly called the backbone of a spineless society. He works for the millions yet unborn, for a scant fame that, though certain, can only come long after his coffin has been safely lowered into the grave. He labors where the ground is rugged and the underbrush thick, labors on in spite of the sneers of countless little minds. Only one inspired with the radicalism of great truths can transcend these difficulties.

I would suggest, therefore, a compromise. All teachers must modify their true theories in recognition of the popular inertia to change. The futuristic poet must be, above all, sane. Good advice to agitators is to be calm, to be courteous. The best drummer in Boston could not sell a bale of hay to a bull at half price if he carried the sample in a red wrapper. So I would advise the modern poet to be temperate, to follow the example of Master's *Spoon River Anthology*, and to write free verse after the following order:

THE SCULPTOR

I was the sculptor at Ardmore,
And when they wanted a statue of Truth for the square,
I, unwitting, took the order.

But vain and futile is an attempt to create what has not existed;
 I sought and sought, but Truth ne'er showed herself to me.
 So we go through life, dodging, never facing.
 Art? There is none.

It took one minute to create the above, and a half-minute to write it. Think of the countless, priceless gems of thought you could tear off in one day. After you think, reader, that you have written enough lines to a poem like the above, stop. Then poise your pen in air, click your mind into a mental vacuum, open suddenly the floodgates of intellect once more, and append to your poem the first phrase that comes to you. This method insures the co-operation of the Deity, or chance, or some other extraneous agency. It gives your poem the opposite of a denouement;—that is, a tying process at the end which leaves the reader bewildered. Once again I will illustrate:

HOLDING DEY

The bullet entered and darkness came;
 I sank, as quickly sinks the sun in northern lands.
 A soldier to the wars, I could expect a death in combat—
 But to be shot by Henry Goddard's rifle!
 I loved my country—
 Yes!
 Even as a pig loves its sty.

Do not be afraid to use figures of speech, however imaginative, however realistic. There are sure to be some people uninitiated enough to be fooled. Bear these few things in mind and fame is yours. In closing, I give two more examples:

HENRY GODDARD

The time of man slips on.
 The dial's shadow in the summer sun creeps slowly,
 Lengthening out,
 And faster as the last rays ebb.
 My life was spent ere yet 'twas done.
 O men of little faith,
 Beware what senile age portends.
 My sons forsook me, following gold and power;
 O God, Thy name is legion!

TICKS

The white page is before me.
The black letters sting my vision;
Like venomous ants they sting,
Not so their meaning, which is as honey.
The end has come; the paper is finished.
Let's go down to Red's.

An American "Somewhere in France"—
July, 1917

By E. J. Lester

Brave soul, who from thy native shore hast started,
Responsive to the cry of bleeding France
For aid lest Liberty should prove a trance
Which those of future years shall find departed,
Suppressed by Hun and Teuton demon-hearted:
With scarce a hope self-glory to enhance,
Thy earnest purpose is but to advance
Storm-tossed Democracy through seas uncharted.
All, all thou left at Freedom's stricken call
That mortals prize this side the Great Beyond:
Home, friends, thy craft, and sweetheart's tear-dimmed face,
To be perchance among the first to fall
Beneath thy country's flag. The world around
There dwells no man who could thy loss replace.

The Sylph

By K. Oliver

A sylph am I, a shade, an idle dream,
An airy dilettante, a stray moonbeam,
And light as perfume that the breezes blow,
Adown the path from heaven to earth I go.

I bid the grey, dank mists of even rise,
And float abroad unseen of mortal eyes.
The weary soul my presence doth perceive,
And round it spells of love and hope I weave.

In rainbow spray of waterfalls I dip,
And dewdrops from the half-blown musk-rose sip.
I dance with foam-flecks on the ruffled bay,
And o'er it with the glancing sunbeams play.

I stray through gardens at the twilight hour,
By mossy nook, and honeysuckle bower.
Where'er fond lovers wander hand in hand,
Down woodland lane, or o'er the bright sea-sand,

There follow I. And when the shadows fall
I stand beside the hearth, in cot or hall,
The weary brain to soothe with gentle sleep
And tender watch above the cradle keep.

But oft as homeward turns my winged flight,
A soul I bear aloft to realms of light,
And songs I sing, in accents sweet and low,
As up the path from earth to heaven I go.

ALUMNI

The first question that the graduate of Haverford College will ask is, "What are my classmates doing now?" The following notes are but a partial answer to that question. We can but give to you what comes to us from various sources. In order to help us, and, through us, help the Alumni to know the service that Haverfordians are rendering thier country, it is necessary for the individual Alumnus to send us any piece of information he may have at his command.

The job of getting out Alumni Notes is one of the most difficult ones in College, and if you would only drop us a postal when anything of interest comes to your attention, you would be "doing your bit" for your College, saving the Alumni Editor from a premature old age, and making this sheet of interest to your fellow graduates.

We have attempted to make out a list of the Haverfordians now engaged in service. You can see how feeble the attempt was. But to make this list complete, to fill up the honor roll with your friends and fellow classmates, you must, as the old rallying-cry puts it, be one of the "good men and true" who come to the aid of their party.

RECONSTRUCTION UNIT IN FRANCE

Dr. James A. Babbitt, '96, field director of the Unit

Lester Ralston Thomas, '13, assistant to Dr. Babbitt

Arthur Lindley Bowerman, '12

Charles F. Brown, '17

J. Howard Buzby, '17

G. Cheston Carey, '15

J. Arthur Cooper, '16

William S. Crowther, '93

F. H. Farquar, '12

Albert Garrigues, '16

Joseph H. Haines, '98

R. J. M. Hobbs, '11

Weston Howland, '17

Hugh Exton McKinstry, '17

Francis Murray, ex-'17

J. Hallowell Parker, '12

Francis P. Sharpless, '16

William Webb, '13

W. H. B. Whitall, '14

APPOINTMENTS AT TRAINING CAMPS

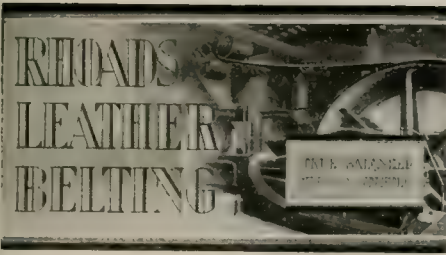
James Sprague Ellison, '16, 1st Lieutenant

Wm. Lloyd Baily, '17, 2nd Lieutenant, sent to Texas

DeWitt Crowell Clement, '17, 2nd Lieutenant, sent to Camp Meade

Wm. Clark Little, '17, 2nd Lieutenant, sent to Texas

Robt. Boyd Miller, '17, 2nd Lieutenant



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M. Alexander Lavery, '17

John W. Alexander, '18

Louis Lusson, '18

J. W. Sharp, 3rd, '18

Percy Stokes Thornton, '18

L. Kent Kean, '19

BASE HOSPITAL NO. 34

William T. Hannum, '16

Edward Fell Lukens, Jr., '16

Fred Morris, '17

George Donald Chandler, '17

BASE HOSPITAL NO. 10

Herbert Lawrence Jones, '17

Lawrence Marshall Ramsey, '17

John Whitman Zerega, '17

Robert Bratton Greer, '18

J. G. C. LeClercq, '18

Robert W. Moore, '18

Wiliard B. Moore, '18

Morris Shotwell Shipley, Jr., '18

David Ralston Stief, ex-'18

Samuel Hudson Chapman, '19

Nathaniel Hathaway, Jr., '19

William Alexander Hoffman, '19

Charles Hartshorne, '19

Jerrold Scudder Cochran, '20

Harold Maurice Grigg, '20

Ferris Leggett Price, '20

OTHER BRANCHES OF SERVICE

Henry Earle Knowlton, '16, is in the Navy.

Horace Beale Brodhead, '17, is a member of the U. S. Marine Corps.

Albert Winton Hall, '17, and



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Edward Harold Lobaugh are in the Signal Service.

Henry Alden Johnson, '16, is in the U. S. Naval Reserve.

Frank Wing Cary, '16; William Jenks Wright, '18, and J. Stewart Huston, '19, are in France, engaged in ambulance work.

Henry McClellan Hallett, 2nd, and Oliver Parry Tatum, both of 1918, are in Augusta, Georgia, training with the National Guard Medical Corps.

Kenneth Stuart Oliver, '19, is stationed at Dunkirk with the British Friends' Ambulance.

Edward Arthur Grillon Porter, '18, has sailed for Italy with the First British Red Cross Ambulance to Italy.

'66

We are in receipt of a pamphlet entitled, "The Early Life of Professor Elliott," by George C. Keidel, Ph. D. Dr. Elliott was the late Professor of Romance Languages at the Johns Hopkins University.

'82

George A. Barton has published a book entitled, "Religions of the World." This is from the Chicago University Press.

'88

Howell S. England has announced the change of his law offices to 1140-44 Penobscot Building, Detroit.

'94

On June sixth, Samuel Wheeler Morris married Mrs. Barbara Warden Strawbridge at the Church of the Redeemer, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

'95

John B. Leeds has recently published a book entitled, "The Household Budget." A special inquiry has been made into the amount and value of household

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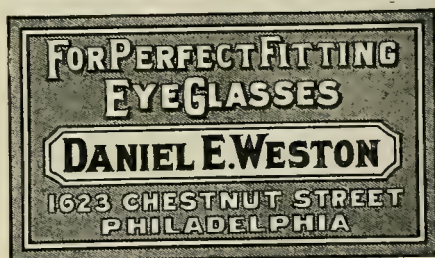
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'01

Dr. A. Lovett Dewees was married to Miss Margaret Dakin, on September fifteenth, at Natick, Mass. At home after the first of November, Walnut Lane, Haverford, Pa.

'03

A daughter was born on June 14th to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Joel Cadbury, and named Elizabeth.

'03

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Frances Fisher, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Henry M. Fisher, of Jenkintown, Pa., to James B. Drinker. At present Mr. Drinker is in the 313th Regiment at Camp Meade.

'04

E. T. Snipes has announced his engagement to Miss Jane C. Moon, of Morrisville, Pa.

'04

Howard Haines Brinton is the acting president of Guilford College.

'09

A. Lowry, Jr., is in charge of the Y. M. C. A. work for German prisoners in France.

'09

Gerald A. Deacon married Miss Marjorie Macdonald on July twenty-fifth, at Germantown. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Walter C. Sandt, of the same class. At home after October first, 5910 Pulaski Avenue, Germantown.

'10

Charles Mitchell Froelicher mar-

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ried Miss Frances Hummler on the sixteenth of June, at New York City.

'11

William Davis Hartshorne, Jr., was married to Miss Edith Ligon on August thirtieth, at Seclusival, Nelson County, Virginia. At home, "Seclusival," Shipman, Virginia, after September fifth.

Levi Arnold Port is an assistant professor of French at Haverford College.

Lucius Rogers Shero has been appointed head of the Latin department of MacGallister University.

'12

Mark Balderson is dean of Guilford College.

J. A. Cope married Miss Edith L. Cary in August, at Glenn Falls, New York.

'13

Joseph Tatnall was married to Miss Rosalyn Christine Smith Brandt, on September twenty-fifth, at Ganahgote, New York. At home after November fifteenth, 3459 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

'14

Thomas R. Kelly announces his engagement to Miss Lael Macy, of Newington, Conn.

Harold M. Lane is at Camp Meade.

Walter Gregory Bowerman has sailed for France to join the Reconstruction Unit.

Harold S. Miller has been appointed pastor of the 55th and 5th Avenue Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

'15

Walter Elwood Vail is an instructor in Chemistry at Haverford College.

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Eugene Morris Pharo was married to Miss Mary Reed Macpherson on June thirtieth, at Trenton, New Jersey.

'15

Walter Carroll Brinton has sailed for France to join the Reconstruction Unit.

'16

We congratulate Edgar Chalfant Bye, a former editor of the HAVERTFORDIAN, on his marriage to Miss Clara Agnes Williamson on July seventh, at Media, Pa. At home after October first, 255 Center Street, "Jamestown," Leighton, Pa.

Thomas Steere has joined the Reconstruction Unit in France.

Ex-'16

Henry Drinker Downing has joined the Reconstruction Unit in France.

'17

Harvey Klock has entered Johns Hopkins University as a medical student.

John William Spaeth, Jr., is studying at Harvard University.

Edward Mitchell Weston is a teaching fellow at Haverford College.

Edward Roland Snader, Jr., is taking medical work at the University of Pennsylvania.

Donald Hinshaw Painter is teaching mathematics in Dayton High School.

'18

Joseph Marchant Hayman, Jr., is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

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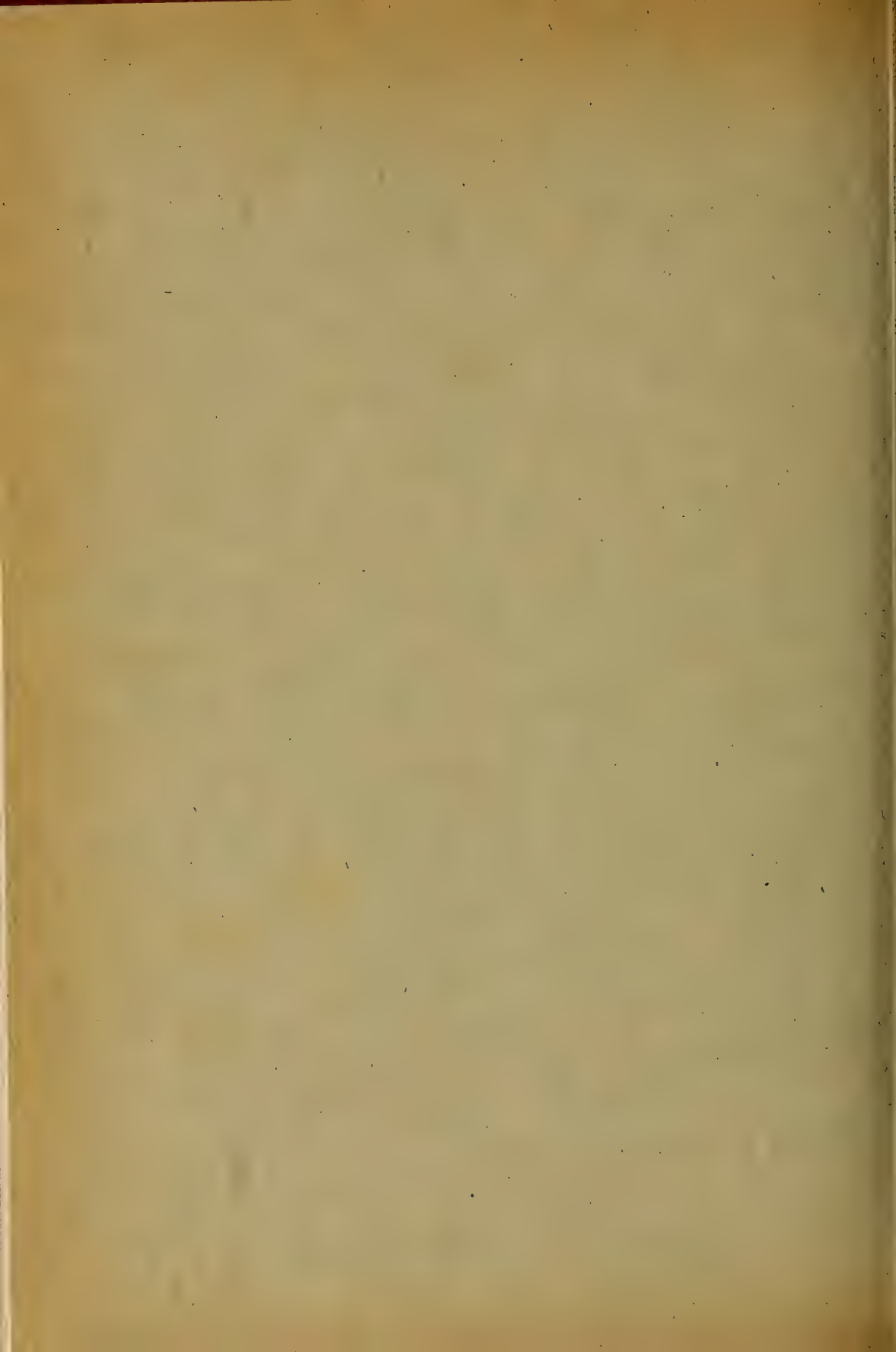
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NOVEMBER, 1917

Vol. XXXIX

No. 6



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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXIX.

HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1917

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Under the Indian Y. M. C. A. in Mesopotamia

By L. A. Post

IT is difficult, as I sit on this green hill, looking out across the valley to the forested heights beyond, to carry my thoughts back to a land that is without elevation and without greenery, truly a land that is desolate. For throughout Mesopotamia from Bagdad, four hundred miles to the sea, there is not one natural hill, and although the soil is as fertile as any in the world, yet for lack of water much of the country is an unrelieved waste. From May to November the sky is as unvarying as the earth and no clouds temper the sun's rays. Here it is that nature has brought together all the conditions of heat until she has produced a veritable inferno, where the official temperature may be as high as one hundred and thirty degrees in the shade, and from May to October the days of less than one hundred degrees can be counted on the fingers. This forsaken land has been the scene of desperate struggles since the war began. There the British soldier still swelters in the heat of summer, wallows in the mud of winter, dodges the floods of spring-time, and is thankful for a truce with nature that he may take up arms against the Turk.

To spread a leaven of good cheer through this mass of desolation, the Y. M. C. A. had called for men, and four of us had met in Bombay on our way to the work. We were anything but reassured by the growing tales of heat, insects, starvation and disease; nor did the eight-day voyage to Basra tend to make us more cheerful. Our ship was loaded down with horses, men and guns. The guns and horses were first fastened in their places, then the men were distributed among them. The guns were inoffensive; of the presence of the horses we were inevitably reminded as we passed into the Persian Gulf with its sickening heat. Some of the horses died. The men, being tougher, in spite of the scanty and distasteful diet, survived. A refreshing view of the River of Arabia (Shat-el-Arab) at length greeted us. Both banks are verdant with palms as far as Basra and forty miles beyond. The refreshing appearance

of the country, however, soon loses its effect. A night of sleepless torment by sandflies, a day of penetrating, irritating dust that fills eyes and nose, a few meals of tinned food liberally diluted with flies and sand, while the tea is made with chlorinated water and condensed milk,—these damp one's first fine careless rapture.

In no war zone has the Y. M. C. A. been so needed and welcomed as in Mesopotamia, because there has been no theatre of war where the country itself is so entirely barren of resources. Yet the Y. M. C. A. has been able to do correspondingly little to fill the gap, on account of difficulties of personnel and transportation. In England and France an elaborate organization is prepared to give most minute attention to the soldier. In Mesopotamia one secretary for the most part in each camp is all things to all men. He must first provide for the physical needs of the men, and, in the absence of properly regulated canteens, arrange with the help of an orderly or two to sell cigarettes, biscuits, tinned goods and a few other articles in the Y. M. C. A. hut or tent. Here the soldier is sure of getting value for his money. The Arab is by nature a predatory dweller in the desert. When he changes his quarters to the town, he is still predatory. In the early days of the British occupation, corners were created that multiplied the price of tobacco by five or even ten. Government canteens have now been established at most points, and they relieve the Y. M. C. A. greatly. Hot tea is, however, still a great item in Y. M. C. A. work. The tea line of an afternoon used to seem interminable as it filed by for hour after hour while the secretary or an orderly industriously ladled into the men's canteens the mixture that Abdul the Ethiopian brought in by bucketfuls from behind the scenes. One Sunday three thousand men disembarked straight from England. They had just been paid in English money, but their riches were of no use, for the Arab coffee shops refused to accept any but rupee money. Fortunately, we at the Y. M. C. A. had about six hundred dollars' worth of change and a large reserve of supplies. Another secretary was with me, and both of us had hoped for a restful Sunday afternoon. Instead, we took our places behind the bar and attempted to serve the clamoring crowd. It soon became plain that our bar would be carried by storm and our goods plundered if we tried to serve everyone at once. Fortunately, the English soldier is well disciplined, and with the help of an obliging sergeant we soon had everyone in line and were doing a rushing business, passing tins of pineapples and biscuits over the counter as fast as our two orderlies could open cases for us. At the end of an hour and a half there were neither supplies nor change left and the line had at last dwindled away. For the men just out, the large hut with its magazines

and writing materials was a godsend. I heard one new arrival say: "This here Y. M. C. A. is too good to be true." There were also a piano and a billiard table, and each of these had its dense circle of patrons.

There were many difficulties in the way of a secretary sent to establish a new center. Materials of all sorts were scarce and to be obtained only from the government. Lumber in particular came only from India, and was usually urgently needed for military use. Musical instruments had to come from India, and one might be badly held up for weeks while a tuning key or a supply of billiard chalk was coming from Bombay. An inexperienced man might also find housekeeping a great additional burden. Simple life in a tent may be very complicated if you have to show an Indian servant of the sort that is willing to go abroad how to serve meals, where all appliances are extremely primitive or wanting altogether. One gets not to mind dishonesty in a servant if he will be only clean and active. Even cleanliness and activity are only partially attained by the most assiduous prodding.

What has been mentioned so far is only the foundation of the Y. M. C. A. secretary's activity, the part he will train his orderlies to do for him, if he has any and if they are reliable. There should be some sort of recreation provided almost every evening. In Mesopotamia we had lantern lectures, cinema shows, concerts and Sunday evening song services, that were attended by hundreds or even thousands. Most of the year meetings could be held out-of-doors under a sky blazing with stars. During the winter in Amara, where we held concerts in a large brick building built for us by the government, every seat was sometimes taken three hours before the performance was scheduled to begin. In addition to such functions, perhaps the best work done by the Y. M. C. A. was the personal comfort or assistance given by secretaries to men in trouble or ignorant of ways and means. We sometimes took pains to give out library books in person for the sake of getting to know men and their wants. Altogether the Y. M. C. A. has in a large measure alleviated the very hard lot of the soldier in the land where the name of the Garden of Eden remains—and nothing more.

After four months in dirty, malarious, sophisticated Basra, we earned our promotion to the more healthful, primitive region up-river and had the interesting river trip to Amara. We camped out on the deck of a flat-bottomed steamer from the Thames, and lived picnic fashion for five days, while we were going the ninety miles to Amara. The scenes on the shore were interesting. There was Kurnah, the traditional site of the Garden of Eden, of which the Tommy learnedly and wisely remarked: "No wonder the disciples forsook it and fled." There

is Ezra's tomb, with its blue-tiled dome and Jewish pilgrims. Above all, there are agricultural villages of reed huts, whose half-naked inhabitants run along beside the steamer as it passes close to the banks and sell eggs and fowls at ridiculously low prices. Sometimes they had excellent wild ducks that they had snared, and then we had a feast. Moreover, the navigation itself is very interesting above Kurnah; for the Tigris here is so diminished by the loss of water into forgotten irrigation canals that there is not depth of water for a loaded steamer, and it is necessary to put the load on barges, which the steamer tows, one on each side. In the narrow bends the steamer cannot turn by paddling and the crew has to drive in a stake ashore, well ahead around the outside of the bend, so that the bow of the steamer can be pulled about with rope and windlass. Here, too, we waited hours in the daytime for ships coming down. They have the right of way and there are long stretches where two boats cannot pass. In addition to these delays, we spent every night at anchor, with a guard set to warn us of raiding Arabs. It was the difficulty of getting supplies past this part of the river that caused many of the hardships of troops at the front a year ago. They were living on tinned beef and army biscuits, twenty-five to a small tent with a temperature never less than ninety for weeks—sometimes above one hundred and thirty-five. No wonder they were invalided to India by thousands!

Hospital life is an essential part of Mesopotamian existence. All guides to the country have a chapter on hospital etiquette. Whatever deficiencies there may have been in the early days, the equipment and staff of the three hospitals of which I had personal experience left little to be desired. At any rate they were fitted out in a way that seemed most luxurious, with brick floors, fans and ice. Malaria, typhoid, dysentery and cholera were the worst illnesses. I met an Irishman who had survived cholera and dysentery in immediate succession! Jaundice was a very common feature in the convalescent home. Jaundice patients are an interesting psychological study. They live in a world of the imagination and have no desire to act, not even to eat. They sit about, dreaming of home, ten thousand miles away perhaps, and if you attempt to awake one of them to a discussion of real things, he answers brusquely and escapes again to his imaginary world. One thinks of "a party in a parlor taking tea, all silent and all damned." During my third trip to the hospital I was able to talk to men who had been wounded in the fight for Kut and who were rejoicing at the unexpected prospect of the fall of Bagdad. One Scotch captain told a tale as romantic almost as any of Cervantes. The night before the last attack on the Sanna-i-yat position,

he and a companion had stolen out with an armful of bombs to reconnoitre. When they had completed their investigations and were beginning to throw their bombs, a Turkish machine-gun broke loose at them and sent a bullet through the wrist of the captain which was upraised in the act of throwing a bomb. The bomb dropped and exploded, wounding him in the leg. He had avoided a fatal result by kicking the bomb aside as it dropped. He was now wounded again and fainted. Coming to, he found himself in a Turkish trench. Making his wants known to an officer in French, he insisted on being carried back on a stretcher. He received the scantiest attention and was finally placed in a cabin on board the Basra, a Turkish steamer on the river above Kut. Meanwhile the British had thrown a bridge across at Kut and had forced the Turks to retire with all speed from Sanna-i-yat. The Basra started upstream amid great confusion, and was soon overtaken by one of the audacious little British gunboats. Our captain was resting in his cabin when a shell passed through, exploding beyond. He roused himself by a supreme effort and, going on deck, ordered the Basra run aground and the white flag raised. He had to find an interpreter to give his order to the pilot, but for some reason he was obeyed and the Basra surrendered with a load of Turkish regulars, including many officers, German machine-gunners, British prisoners, and supplies of all sorts. The Basra made her first trip down the river loaded with Turkish prisoners, and a hearty cheer we gave her as she passed the hospital. She spent an afternoon at Amara to give the natives a chance to see the actual results of British prowess. The Arabs were very glum that day, and still glummer a week later, when the city of the caliphs fell for the first time into the hands of unbelievers. The Jews and Armenians, however, hoisted gay flags before their shops and wore such smiles on their faces as I suppose had not dared to appear since the Arabs first arrived, nearly thirteen hundred years ago. The various races may despise one another, but after all the religious bond creates the deepest hostility.

In Amara we lived in a house of sun-dried brick. The roof was of mud spread on matting which rested on flat poles. Here we slept after the weather began to grow hot in March. Once or twice we were driven indoors by showers, but in general the roof is the most comfortable part of an eastern house on a hot night. In winter the flat roof proved inadequate. The mud had cracked as it dried, and torrents of water poured through when the rains came. We would sit and shiver about the dinner table while the rain beat down above and streams of water splashed about us into tubs and pails set under the leaks to catch it. Fortunately, there was very little rain last winter. Otherwise a rapid

advance on Bagdad would have been impossible. Even an hour's rain turns the alluvial soil into a morass into which it is easy to sink but from which it is almost impossible to extricate oneself. Transport became almost impossible, and marching was a real feat. By the end of March in a dry year the heat begins to be uncomfortable, and before the end of April the steady succession of hundred-degree days sets in, not to be broken until October. Ordinarily, the floods should come at this time to hinder operations and furnish a breeding-place for myriads of mosquitoes. This year the absence of rain was again fortunate, for it meant no flood and few mosquitoes.

With the coming of hot weather begins the busy season for the hospitals. The doctors are wiser now than they were last year and have sent many men to India to recuperate before they actually broke down. Among the number invalided home were two of our original four. We avoided the narrows by going down to Kurnah by the new metre-gauge railway. We climbed on to a flat truck about ten o'clock one night, spread out our beds and went to sleep. We awoke next morning to find ourselves still jolting along. We found the stops frequent and protracted, and took advantage of them to make our toilet by the river. Altogether it took nine hours for the sixty miles to Kurnah, and it was thirty in all before we had done the additional forty by steamer to Basra. Here we caught a steamer for Bombay, and three months later we arrived in New York Harbor, unscathed by submarines and rather surprised to find the lethargy of the east dropping off in great flakes as the enthusiasm of America came back to us.

Jealousy

By S. C. Van Sickle

OLD Jacob Allerton came to his deathbed bewailing his lack of a son. For the first time in two hundred and fifty years was there to be a departure from the traditions of the family. Ever since Jonathan Allerton, arriving in Summerton with the first settlers in 1636, had built his unpretentious log cabin on the site of the present great colonial mansion, the estate, together with the ever increasing fortune, had descended from father to eldest son; and all these Allertons had been great men in the history of the town. But now, there being no son, house and fortune fell to the lot of two daughters,—the last of the race. They received joint possession of the old home, and, according to the terms of the will, the fortune was divided equally between them, with the provision that the principal should not be touched, and that, should either of the two die without issue, the entire fortune should pass to the descendants of the other.

Thus it was settled, and the two started housekeeping together, but not as peacefully as might have been supposed. Louise was the elder by three years, and between Louise and her sister May there existed an enmity as old as their memory. It often happens in a family of only two children that a petty jealousy will creep up between the young ones, only to be outgrown with childhood. But these two never overcame the small differences of youth. It somehow came about that they were always being compared and judged, one by the other. They were always in competition. They competed for the favor of their parents; competed in school, in the passionate love affairs of the early teens, and in society. Finally, this will seemed to have been cast between them as a prophecy that one was to remain childless and to give up her share of the fortune to her sister's children. For this reason the two young women began to think seriously of marriage.

The Allerton "Mansion," as it was called by the people of the town in the early eighties, was situated on Main Street just three blocks above the busiest part of the city. It was generally conceded to be the oldest, proudest, and most beautiful home of which Summerton boasted. Surrounded by several acres of well-kept lawn, great century-old oak and maple trees, delightfully gay little flowerbeds, and luxuriant shrubbery, the great white structure had the air of being quite apart from all the wrangle and tumult of the city. The gabled roofs, great chimneys, and massive pillars shouldered their way proudly above the

shrubbery, and through the shrubbery the green shuttered windows, twinkling in the light of the sun, seemed to invite repose upon the broad, tastefully appointed porches.

Here were centered all the gayest events of the remarkably gay season of 1884. It happened in this year that the little society of Summer-ton was blessed by two very noteworthy personages. The first of these was a rising young captain stationed at the Summertown Arsenal, a very dashing and handsome young man. The second, an Italian count, who for some unknown reason deigned to spend the entire season in these provincial surroundings, was an exceedingly romantic character, a man full of mystery and attraction for women.

Though native suitors were not lacking, the two young ladies would have none of them. Within four months of her father's death, Louise became engaged to the captain, and married him three months later. The favored young man thereupon ceased to rise in the service and proceeded to live very comfortably upon his wife's more than ample income. He lived his life too rapidly, however, and was done with it in less than ten years, leaving behind him a single son.

May was greatly flattered to receive the proposal of no less a personage than the Italian count. But she did not snap up her prize quickly enough. She was more fanciful and adventurous than her sister. She was lost in the heavenly joy and excitement of this stage of her existence. In the afternoon she dashed gayly about on horseback, attended by a cavalcade of young men; in the evening she danced her feet off with an army of them; and all the time she flirted outrageously with every young gentleman that came her way; thus keeping her little Italian in an agony of suspense and at the top notch of his production of love poetry.

But this dangling at the end of May's string proved unhealthful for the count. His one pitifully small wardrobe soon became frayed and shiny. He played his part manfully, however, until numerous creditors began digging up rumors of a very nebulous past. Then it was that he departed rather hastily and, though searched for long and faithfully by the police, was never heard of more.

For six months May, refusing to believe all the horrible stories about her count, mourned for him as for one dead. But at the end of that time she again appeared in ballrooms and in the saddle, as determined as ever to have a husband. One night, while dancing, she turned her ankle and fell in a heap upon the ballroom floor. It seemee incredible, but she had broken her leg. Many weeks passed before she left her bed, and then she returned to a very sad world, indeed.

"Your bones are very brittle," the doctor had said; "they are gradually turning to chalk. It is only a question of time before they will all be chalk. If you marry, your children will inherit the disease."

Later that day her maid informed her that her sister had given birth to a child,—a boy.

"Mother and child are both doing very well, Miss," she added.

"Oh!" said May. And that was all.

During the long, dull hours that immediately followed, she read up the symptoms of this disease, which was to rob her of all happiness, in a medical book. It was accompanied, she found, by a swelling of the joints, a great increase of fat, and a tenderness of the skin. In the more advanced stages it was painful. If she lay abed long or reclined in comfortable chairs, her joints would become stiff and crippled.

She laid the book aside and brooded long,—upon the emptiness of her future life, upon the new happiness that had come to her sister. She did not cry, though her eyes became red and hot, her throat swelled, and her breathing became labored and difficult. Perhaps tears would have helped her, but they would not come. Only a bitter, overwhelming jealousy grew up within her. Its venom spread throughout her system, making her pulses beat fiercely. By the end of an hour she looked old, haggard, and infinitely tired.

Thus the implied prophecy of the will had come true.

* * * * *

Thirty years brought about little if any change in the relations between the sisters. But at the end of this time Miss May, as she was now called by all who knew her, was nearing the last stages of her disease. She was very fat now. Only her slender neck, small head, and dainty hands gave evidence that she had once been a slender and graceful girl. As she often said (referring to her diminutive height and expansive girth), she looked very much like an inverted turnip. Her hair was snowy white, as was her skin. Her features had become sharp, and hard lines had formed about mouth and eyes.

The doctors marveled that she had not become a hopeless cripple and died years before. It was only by a constant battle with her disease that she had been able to hold it at arms length. Few knew how bitter and truceless had been that battle with death. For thirty years this woman, so fond of the frivolous and gay, of horseback riding, of dancing, and of good food, had subjected herself to the most rigid of diets and had denied herself every pleasure. The medical book had warned her against joint-stiffening ease. For this reason she forced herself to stay awake until the small hours of the morning, and left her bed before

dawn. She never sat upon a comfortable chair, but only perched for short intervals upon hard little stools without backs. At first she had taken long walks, but as her strength failed and her weight increased, even this became impossible. Only late at night was she sometimes seen hobbling slowly and painfully around the white picket fence that inclosed the estate.

During this time she had taken entire charge of the household affairs. She made her lifework that of ruling over four well-trained servants, who lived in perpetual terror of their hobbling, ungainly little tyrant of a mistress. Her days were spent in spying out dust and cobwebs in the remotest corners, in discovering flaws in the methods or products of cooking. For each such discovery the servants suffered. At night, long after all others were in bed, she figured up the household accounts and planned the work for the next day. Then she would read; but only light literature or such as agreed with principles which she or her mother and father before her had accepted as true. She had become eccentric, narrow, conservative, a lover of things as they used to be.

This was especially noticeable in her conduct of household affairs. She kept the standards of her father and mother always before her and never swerved from the example they had set. If a chair had to be re-covered, it was always done with goods of the same kind. Every stick of furniture was arranged just as mother and father had liked it. Heavy plush draperies, which had once been in style, still darkened the windows of library and parlor. Old law books with crumbling leather backs, books that had not been opened for a generation, still retained their places upon the great ceiling-high cases built into the walls of the library. For two whole years she searched for paper of a hideous dark-red to match that which had always disfigured the walls of the dining-room. At length some imported from France at five dollars a roll proved to be of almost exactly the same shade when put on wrong side out.

In all this fussing and minute attention to details, she had gradually developed a passion of love for the old historic mansion: an affection such as a mother might have spent upon a child. She was its slave, body and soul. At night she often wandered from room to room, surveying their walls, the carvings of the woodwork, the old pictures, and the antique furniture. From time to time she passed her hand caressingly over the polished surface of a mahogany sideboard, or let it rest gently upon the back of a chair in which her father had sat. She needed no light to find her way about: she knew the house as well as she knew

herself. Each room had an identity to her; each had feeling and could speak to her. These night rambles warmed her heart strangely and gave her a sense of cheerfulness.

No one suspected her of this depth of feeling even for inanimate objects. The servants heard her in her nocturnal wanderings, but thought, or at least said, nothing about it. The world accepted her as odd and eccentric. On account of her illness and the emptiness of her life, she was forgiven for much of her pettishness, obstinacy, greed, and for the spiteful gossip in which she delighted. Moreover, there was something admirable in the little woman's plucky, taciturn struggle for life, and in her laughing allusions to her illness and to the bitterest disappointments of her life. Miss May was brave, if nothing else.

Louise, though her hair was sprinkled with white, still retained her slim, almost girlish, grace of figure. Her face was less lined with suffering than that of her sister, and the hard lines about eyes and mouth, the marks of petty jealousy, were less pronounced, for she could rise above the passions that completely ruled her sister, and then she had her son Arthur, whom she adored.

Arthur's boyhood had not been a very happy one. He did not remember much about his father except that he was sometimes brutal. Of home life he had had only the barest taste. Aunt May had contrived in one way or another to make the boy very uncomfortable at home, and, as it never occurred to his mother to give the house up to May and make a home for her boy elsewhere, Arthur had been sent away to school at an early age. His vacations were spent with his mother at seaside resorts or in travel abroad. At present he was thirty years of age, rather effeminate, rather insignificant, well-educated, and an architect of excellent training and no practice. He had set up a beautiful studio in New York, and once or twice had almost got a contract, but each time his mother, who was "really worried to death for fear that the poor dear boy would overwork and become ill," had dragged him off for a tour around the world, in spite of the loud scoffing of Aunt May, who was for letting the boy "dig his own turnips and make a man of himself."

Just as housekeeping had become May's lifework, so traveling had become the occupation of the elder sister. Indeed, she had been so far and seen so much that she could entertain her visitors for a whole evening by recounting to them all the wonderful experiences she had had. This always exasperated May beyond control, for she considered it vulgar, though she herself was a wonderful monologist on the subjects of housekeeping and current gossip. This gift for conversation

which the two sisters had in common often involved them in bloody combats for the possession of the floor. At such times Miss May's mature command of scathing repartee, combined with a childish sense of dignity, usually made her victorious. Then tears of anger and mortification would rise to Louise's eyes and she would depart, greatly to May's delight and to the embarrassment of the guests. Those who were wise never called upon the two at once.

When the Great War broke out and it became impossible for mother and son to go traveling, Arthur actually did find time to complete a plan. The more he worked, the more excited he got. His little mustache quivered with emotion, and he so far forgot his carefully polished veneer of blase, as to slap himself upon the knee, not once but repeatedly. His plan was for the remodeling of the interior of the Allerton house.

As soon as his blueprints were completed, he rushed off to Summer-ton to show them to his mother. Louise was soon as interested and enthusiastic as her son.

With blueprints in hand, Arthur flitted from library to hall, from hall to dining-room, and back again, all the time explaining what was to be done:

"The ceiling is too low, don't you see? We shall have to raise it. Then we will widen the hall, extend the porch out behind, and put in some double glass doors. We will pull that nasty paper out of the dining-room and put in another window. That will give tone and light, mother. That's what we need—tone and light."

"It's those horrible draperies of May's that make things so dark, Arthur."

"Ugh! Those things will have to come out. Then we will put these two rooms into one. We will introduce electric light and steam heat, and then. . . ."

But the enthusiastic architect got no further. The curtains of the door connecting parlor and library were flung aside as by a whirlwind, and in rushed May, hobbling fearfully, her great bulk swaying dangerously from side to side. She seized hold of the table in the middle of the room and clung to it, spluttering and gasping for breath.

"Tear up my house!" she shrieked. "You shall not! What right have you, Louise? It is as much mine as yours. More mine! All the time you have been away I have watched over it and taken care of it just as if it had been a baby. You shall not, I say!"

Arthur made a disgusted gesture to his mother, as much as to say,

"I told you so," and left the room. Aunt May's tantrums always did make him nervous.

"Oh! Act like a grown-up for once, won't you, May! No one is going to do anything to the old house as long as you are in it!" And Louise followed her son.

So that was it! They were calmly waiting for her to die. She experienced something of the feeling of a beast of prey that has been run to cover. The flush of rage died out of her cheeks; she sank down upon her stool,—gasping, giddy. The loved features of this house, which had taken the place of a child in her empty, sordid, little life, were to be cut into and tortured out of shape as soon as she, its sole protector, was out of the way. All the venom of a lifetime of jealousy flowed together and bore her down by its weight. She hated her sister! She hated Arthur!

When she again staggered to her feet she felt suddenly older and weaker, and her joints were stiffer than ever before. Too ill to carry on her battle against death, she went to bed early that night for the first time in thirty years. In a tearless agony of mind and body she tossed the livelong night. But before the first rays of dawn gleamed over the housetops her mind was made up. She would go on with her fight! She would outlive her sister!

She forced herself to a sitting posture on the edge of the bed and tried to get upon her feet. But in vain! The agony was more than she could bear. She sank back upon the bed, chilled to the very heart. Her hair tingled at the roots and great drops of perspiration dripped from her. The awful dread to which she was no stranger, gripped her. The last stage of her disease had come. Death would not linger long now. Arthur would have her fortune. The house would be his to do with as he would.

* * * * *

The dark of night was just giving way to the dull grey of early morning when all Summerton was wakened by the hoarse bellow of the town fire whistle, by the rumble of heavy wheels, the loud beat of powerful motors, and the shrill, panther-like whine of fire trucks. Those who lived near enough, guided by the glare in the sky, rushed to the scene of the fire. The whole Allerton house seemed to be enveloped in one great sheet of flame, above which dense clouds of smoke swirled heavenward. Long jets of water were being directed against the blazing walls, seemingly with no effect, and the upturned faces of the gaping crowd shone out more and more luridly as the flames leaped higher.

All but forgotten in the excitement of the moment, Miss May lay in a neighboring house. She was frightfully burned and quite dead. In one hand she still grasped the neck of a shattered alcohol bottle, and on her face there was a smile.



Eldorado

By H. W. Brecht

DID he come to-day for your picture?"

"Ja, my leetle friendt. To-day, in the magnificent limousine, with a leetle boy about as oldt as you."

"He was a straight little boy, wasn't he, Friedrich? He could walk, couldn't he?"

"Ja, very straight, andt he could walk. But he had not the nobleness to face that thou hast, andt his eyes had only the things of this worldt seen. The goodt Gott gives it not to everyone topierce the veil, and only a few like you, Harry, have beyond the Eldorado seen."

The sightless eyes of the little sufferer on the bed had grown luminous with an unearthly light. "Oh, yes, Friedrich, tell me about the picture, and tell me about the man who bought it, and tell me—oh, tell me lots, please!"

Friedrich turned his grey head away a moment before he began. "Nun, they came yet in the big touring-car—"

"You said it was a limousine."

"Ach! so it was. I was so excited, Harry; andt at my age the excitement iss not goodt. And Monsieur Savacal thrust his head in my room in the oldt way—we haff not spoken since the war began—Monsieur Savacal said: 'I am glad, for your sake.'

"That sounds just like him," acclaimed Harry happily.

"Monsieur Savacal had chust left, andt the man andt his leetle boy yet came into my room, andt the father threw his hands up the picture to see, andt the boy clapped his—so."

"No wonder he did! If only I could see it! Tell me about it, and don't forget to tell me the way the fountain murmurs this time, will you, Friedrich?"

"Chust a secondt, my friendt. I must first tell you of how polite the Crown Prince was—ach, poor dog, the boys—"

"The boys what?" demanded Harry quickly.

"The boys feed him so much that he is getting fat and lazy once. Andt he was very polite this afternoon, andt let the leetle boy pet him the way he lets you—andt then the father gave me gold, much gold—andt I told him who named the picture."

"Did you really, Friedrich?"

"Ja, ja, andt he was much pleased, andt he said that I some candy buy should for a leetle friendt who could of such a goodt name think."

The worn voice was marvelously tender as he put a soiled bag in the boy's hand. "Andt I bought for mineself a grandt coat—as the mother gave me in the oldt country—Himmel, I squander my money in my oldt age!"

"Let me feel it."

"I have it not now on," he answered, hastily drawing the non-descript, shabby garment that he wore out of the feeble reach. "I have it in my closet hung—such a coat, with shining buttons—so, so sporty iss it!"

They both laughed at his pronunciation; the gentle laughter not far from tears.

A small hand closed affectionately on the old German's strangely slender ones. "Now tell me about your 'Eldorado.'"

Friedrich's bent figure straightened a bit, and the weight of sadness and weariness that bowed it seemed lightened. "Our Eldorado, Harry. Ach Himmel! it is the picture supreme, the masterpiece." Unconsciously he talked in his own language; German that purred and leaped in his emotion.

"The sun sets, flame and burnished gold, and the kind of clouds that are not seen on earth, Harry, are torn with arrows of immortal light—are heavy with beaten silver, and pinked with crimson. That is the background, all of heaven; a heaven that sobers itself in sienna to the left, and revels in purple and riots and revels in red."

"And the vast castle—"

"The vast castle to the right, wrought of whiter marble than you or—than I have ever seen, who studied in the shadow of Carrara. Its fluted columns are carved by all the great sculptors that have died and left the earth long ago: Phidias, and Praxiteles, and Michael Angelo, and a hundred others who have lived always in the clouds to which the inspiration of those three raised them now and then.

"You see this castle of unsullied white against the ivory and scarlet of the sunset, against a background of mounting fire, and green trees of the shapes that grow only in Eldorado shelter the castle of a thousand pillars, and its battlements rear up to lose themselves in the silver battlements of the clouds."

"God's castles," said the child reverently. "And the fountain—you always forget the fountain, Friedrich."

"It is a merry, happy-go-lucky sort of fountain, throwing itself up to the embrace of the wind. But I cannot tell you what it says, because I do not understand."

"I know," said Harry.

"You are favored, Harry. The fountain swells into a brook that out-gleams its channel of pure gold, and it murmurs good-naturedly around a great sapphire that strives to bar it from the river of the dead — the great, gentle river, over which the weeping willows bend as they whisper their melancholy stories. It is as swift as it is silent, and here the radiant horizon, all rose and silver, bares its bosom to the lighted water. A boat is on the river, moving with no oars or sails, and only a cross on the bow. In the—"

"Ah yes!" clasping his hands in weak rapture, "tell me who is in the boat."

"I know only one; a boy with golden hair that is like the yellow strands the sinking sun limns in the fleeces of cloud, with dark, splendid eyes, more wonderful than the sunlight on the deep river. He stands very straight, looking away from the glorious castle and waving to some one on the other shore—but you cannot see who he is waving to."

With the rapt look of one who is seeing already his Eldorado, the cripple's lit face looked upward to where the stained paper crumbled from the ceiling. Friedrich gently disengaged the incongruously slender fingers, and groped with them in his worn pocket-book. He drew out all it contained—a bit of gold that rang on the table. Then he went out, with the weird, broken gait of one who suffers from rheumatism.

Eldorado Street baked under the glare of the summer sun, and the fetid odor that arises from many people reeked up to mingle with their chatter, no less foul. The sun was pitiless in mocking the tawdry attempts at finery that hinted of a prosperity that would never return, and its glare seemed to linger with a sardonic light on the patches of Friedrich's clothes, his ruins of shoes, his clean, shapeless hat.

At his appearance the children of Eldorado Street flocked around him in a tantalizing, heartless ring, and young lips that are popularly conceived to prattle of marbles and dolls hurled obscene epithets at him. I had better repeat only two or three, "Dirty German," "Baby-Killer," and "Child-Killer."

The light that the glory of the wonderful land that he had described had shed upon his countenance was quite faded now, and his oddly dull, hopeless eyes contracted with the pain of his sensitive soul. But he said nothing, only strove to make his crippled feet move faster, while some rosebuds from Wild Rose Alley increased his tormentors.

Missiles mingled with the threats, and a well-aimed one knocked his hat into the slime that paved Eldorado Street. Amid the shrieks of acclaim that arose to greet this victory, he turned round and spoke.

His words were engulfed in the tumult, but those standing near were seen to laugh at his pronunciation.

He did not stop to pick up his hat, but, forcing himself into a pitiful, staggering sort of run, he gained the inside of a tumbledown tenement that excelled even its neighbors in ramshackleness. After a weary climb of four flights of stairs, he paused uncertainly before a door, as if in doubt whether to go in. For a long time his broken figure waited there, his hungry nostrils sniffing unconsciously the greasy smell of cooking food, but though his body was there, one may hope it was vouchsafed that his soul poise itself somewhere else. . . . He knocked, his mouth working, and a polite voice sounded:

"Come in."

"Herr Savacal, I came only—"

"Monsieur, if you have any communication for me, write it." The calm voice—it seemed to Friedrich—was more cruel because of its courtesy, and the Frenchman turned again to a lonely paper.

Friedrich turned and pursued his faltering way to the next floor, saying only: "The Crown Prince will have grown tired of waiting, poor dog." He repeated the last two words again and again, as old men do, and shortly he was home.

On the floor at his feet was the body of a little dog, bruised and torn, very stiff and cold, about its neck a scrawled piece of dirty paper.

Mechanically Friedrich bent to his knees and fumbled in his pockets for his glasses. But his fingers, brushing the still body, were stained with blood, and he shrank back. As though to hide his face, he rose painfully and turned to the wall what seemed to be a scarlet daub at a sunset.

His face was grave when he was on his knees again, and his hopeless eyes were very leaden as he lifted them. "My leetle Harry, forgif me for going first."

Presently a red pool, noiseless and sluggish, obscured the scrawl on the soiled paper.

Autumn

By A. Douglas Oliver

Autumn, you old campaigner grey,
Loser to each past-hurried year,
Great-hearted, mighty, warrior king,
Imperious foe of haggard fear;

The millioned years roll up, but still
When rich October warmly smiles,
Each time again you laughing charge,
Regardless of her winsome wiles.

Again to howling, harrier winds,
Like dim, rich flags of blazoned earls,
Your colors float along your lists
As pageant splendor slow unfurls.

Gold-hearted yellow, rich blood-red,
Dull green and bronze they hang
Beneath the deep, untroubled sky,
While knavish gusts go frisking by
With madcap heels and tauntings sly
Of winter's surly fangs.

But pale and tattered soon they fall;
The north wind shrieks your wild recall;
Sadly you leave the brown hills sear;
Dark and chill is the dying year.

A mighty paeon of vauntings high
The four winds blare across the sky.

Yet when you hear October sing,
Reincarnated, up you spring.
Oh, great heart, what if only I
Could catch your rushing spirit high!

L'Envoi

To never yield to churlish care—
To seek shy beauty everywhere—
To laughing face each bitter blast—
To live life richly to the last.

First Love

By J. H. Smith

IF, when you reach the top of Sunset Hill, which (I am sure you will agree) overlooks one of the most beautiful valleys in all Connecticut, you turn sharply to the right near the big elm tree, you will find yourself at the entrance to Miss Christine Dobbs' estate. I say estate—it really consists of only twenty acres—because the natives always speak of it as "Miss Christy's estate." Once upon a time it covered all of Sunset Hill, but nothing is left of it now except the little place about Miss Christine's cottage and the very dignified name. If you go down the neat, canopied walk, bordered with countless pansies, you will see the cottage, snuggled in among the protecting elms, and covered—literally covered—with all sorts of flowering vines.

If you raise the knocker on the door and rap, ever so softly, it will soon open, and there, dressed in a quaint black dress, will be Miss Christy herself. She will drop you the prettiest little curtesy, that will carry you back fifty years in your imagination, and ask you in a wee, timorous voice to please accept her hospitality. There is no refusing Miss Christy, so you will be seated in a Windsor chair before a cheery fire, with old warming-pans and older bootjacks and grandfather clocks and great-grandfather mirrors all about you. Everything is so old-fashioned that you will begin to wonder whether the world has advanced so far after all, and whether it is at all improbable that Lafayette or Jefferson might soon appear and make the good citizens of Sunset Hill fairly glow with pride for decades afterwards. You will be interrupted in your observations by the reappearance of Miss Christy, who has gone to get you a bite to eat. Her snow-white curls fairly spring up and down as she steps lightly up to you and gives you a cup of tea and a jam-tart. You may have harbored some illusion to the effect that your own mother knew how to make jam-tarts. Whether you did or not, you reject the idea now. These tarts appall you with their lusciousness. You try to talk pleasantly to Miss Christy, but the delectability of these pastries absorbs your whole attention. You will completely relax—such refinement, such gentleness and *unmodernness* delight your very soul. I will leave you there, my friend, in your comfort, asking Miss Christy to please excuse you if you "must take another tart—they *are* so good."

* * * * *

One morning Miss Christy received a strange letter. Now Miss Christy was absolutely alone in the world, and there was no one who

should write to her, which would make the letter queer in itself. But this letter, in addition, was plastered with stamps and censor seals, and it had a foreign postmark on it. Without an idea in her head, she opened it and read the following:—

Paris, July 1st,
No. 12 Fusilleers.

My dear Lady Christine:—

No doubt this letter would seem strange to you, but I will explain. I am a soldier of France all alone with no relatives. When my comrades receive letters from their families and *marraines*, a sensation of tears creeps over me and I would feel homesick for a home which I have not. To-day, immediately previous to this writing, I found a little scrap of American newspaper with solely these words: "Miss Christine Dobbs (here the writing is obliterated) her house at Sunset Hill, Woodstock, Conn." Despite it made no sense, I determined to write you this. Please, Lady Christine, be my *marraine*. I am sure you are good and beautiful and *young*. A thousand pardons.

PAUL VILLIERS.

Miss Christy said not a word after reading this, but slowly folded the letter and sat very still with an expression of infinite sadness and longing in her eyes. Then her face brightened and she suddenly exclaimed, "I will. I will be his *marraine* and he shall be my *filleul*. It is the way I can do my bit." She scurried over to the writing desk and, with much ado and excitement and palpitation of the heart, wrote her first love-letter.

It was nearly a month before Miss Christy heard from Paul again. She opened the seal and read the following:

My dear Christine:—

I had exceeding great pleasure at your letter. All seems so much easier to bear now. You call me your "Dear Paul" as if we were always friends. (Censored.) I will soon "go over the top," as you Americans say. (Censored.) I shall think of you always, my Christine. Please send me your photograph to cheer me further. I will come and pay to you a visit when the war ends. With love,

PAUL.

It would be hard to describe Miss Christy's expression on reading this. She cried a little over the censored parts—just a little bit. Then

she packed up a miniature of herself, taken when she was eighteen, together with a long letter. She was too much of a sport to back down now; but what if he really should come to America! She dismissed the idea from her head as being the worst catastrophe imaginable.

Nearly two months and a half passed before she got another letter, and that letter was not from Paul, but from the French War Office! Merely for safety's sake, she sat down and composed herself before opening it. Imagine her feelings on reading this:

October 12, Paris.

Dear Madame:—

We regret to inform you that your fiance has been grievously wounded in a recent attack. He is now on furlough.

M. DUBUCQUE,
Fr. War Off.

Miss Christy would have fainted had not a timid knock on the door roused her to her senses. She slowly raised herself from the chair. Again the knock. She reached the door and swung it open. There was a boy, supported on crutches, holding a miniature in one hand. "Christine!" he exclaimed eagerly, and then, as if he had been struck in the face, he stepped backwards. He looked at the miniature and then at Miss Christy. He slowly turned to go. "I have had a such bad time reaching you, too," he murmured. It was a beautiful dream shattered. Suddenly his face lit up and, taking a step forward, he said, bowing, "If I cannot marry you, my Lady Christine, I will be your son." And he kissed Miss Christy the way any boy returning from the war would kiss his mother.

* * * * *

If, when you reach the top of Sunset Hill, you pause for a moment at the entrance to Miss Christine Dobbs' estate and look down the flowered path, you will see her sitting in a chair on the lawn, with her son on the grass close beside her. She will be reading to him and stroking his head; and he, more likely than not, will be eating delectable jam tarts.

A Letter from France

We reprint from the *Haverford News*:

DR. BABBITT WRITES OF FIRST WORK IN PARIS

Hotel du Bon Lafontaine,

64 Rue de Saint Peres,

Paris, Sept. 20, 1917.

We seem to have dropped into a field of wonderful opportunity for consecrated work. Instead of going with my bands of lads direct to Ornans, we found a telegram at the boat dock calling us on to Paris, and I can see how difficult outfitting, assignments and all would have been if made anywhere but at Paris.

The English Friends with Henry Scattergood met us at the end of the anxious voyage, and we felt at home at once. So many things have happened that I can scarce begin. We felt on Saturday night that we had been here a month. The first day we spent in getting settled, scattered about in small hotels (twenty-five of us here), and in the afternoon we went in squads to Scattergood's office to meet Edmond Harvey, Secretary Shewell, file personal history cards, and make out Red Cross application blanks. In the evening the Friends had arranged a splendid reception at the Red Cross headquarters; stereopticon pictures demonstrated all the general scope of the field work, and we were addressed by Scattergood, Edmond Harvey, Mr. Folks, head of Civil Reconstruction Staff of the Red Cross, and I was called on to speak briefly. Miss Margaret Fry spoke in connection with her pictures.

On Sunday, the Gannetts, Henry Scattergood and myself joined Mr. Kellogg, of the "Survey," and several of his friends for a visit to Versailles, and in the afternoon most of our boys visited the same place. The grounds were full of soldiers, both well and crippled, visiting this glorious beauty spot of France, and the day gave our boys a wonderful composite picture of the real situation here.

In the evening we all attended a Friends' Meeting at the headquarters. The spirit was finely sincere and beautiful.

The days since have been very full. On Monday, most of the men were measured for appropriate dark gray suits with A. R. C. on the shoulder, and the English Friends' symbol and Red Cross elsewhere.

Outfit will include heavy winter shoes and warm coat. On Tuesday we had an important meeting in Scattergood's office with Edmond Harvey, Scattergood, Secretary Shewell, Chiefs West of Golancourt and Brooks of Dole, Treasurer Elliott, McKinstry, Joe Haines and myself around the table, and decided on the assignments for those here on the ground.

I understand I am to be called officially General Field Director of the Friends' Unit, with likelihood of undertaking important organization of civil, medical and surgical work with Dr. Clark a little later, near the Verdun front.

CO-OPERATION IS COMPLETE

The co-operation, as indicated in the letter to Mr. Folk, is complete, and is one of marvelous strength. Before I go any farther, let me say of Henry Scattergood that I don't think anybody in the world could have exceeded his successful tact and diplomacy in handling this difficult amalgamation of three groups, Red Cross official body, English and American Friends' Units. He has been untiring, sincere, a good fellow always, sympathetic, careful, and tactful. I think his service to the Friends simply wonderful, and personally hope that you will not let him leave the work in the hands of Mr. Evans and myself until he thinks it time for him to safely go. I doubt if anybody else could have secured the cordial entree with the Red Cross, and we shall be long in fully realizing its importance.

We have been busy getting Cartes d'Identite, Carnet privileges, etc. Six of our men, Howland, Whitall, Goff, Cholerton, Smith, and Speer, have gone down to Bourges to help erect a Red Cross hospital there while waiting for assignments, and we are busier than seems possible in cleaning up important details. Look for arrival of next group to-morrow or Saturday and will try to see that they are given the same cordial entree into the Anglo-American Society.

Our daily program consists of setting-up drill at 7.00, breakfast at 7.30, assembly and sick roll at 8.00, French study from 9.00 to 11.00, lunch at 12.30. Afternoon, tour of sightseeing to cover at least five miles in walking. Evening is left at the option of squad leaders with understanding that all retire at ten unless special arrangements be made. It is probable that the first group of about twenty will go down to Ornans and Dole next Tuesday. I shall run down and get them started. L. R. Thomas may be assigned there, but more likely to Grunzy with the general emergency repair work.

The general morale of the men is perfect now; of course they are

getting anxious to begin work, but realize the necessary formalities, and I doubt not a fairly large number would enjoy Paris in a sane fashion quite indefinitely.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Herbert Adams Gibbons, wife of the famous author of "Paris Reborn," gave our boys a delightful talk at the Wesleyan Church, on ways of properly meeting and working with the French people. She has been at the head of a movement to clothe about four thousand babies, and knew her field. Yesterday she served tea in her delightful home on Rue de Montparnasse, to our lads, and encouraged them much in her clear portrayal of the reserve.

Our organization seems to be standing the test. The Office group, particularly McKinstry and Sharpless, have rendered splendid service. Titcomb, Chambers, and Miss Iredale, heading the French instruction, are working untiringly. Our squad leaders, Betts, Titcomb, Taggart, Russell, Hussey, and Laity, have proven genuine leaders. Altogether my report is optimistic in the extreme. Not one of us would exchange opportunity for service. And we only hope our course is meeting the approbation of the committee.

Clinical thermometers are very expensive here, and yet they break easily. Won't you have Miss Super purchase half a dozen and send them over at the first opportunity?

With Henry Scattergood I fully concur as to plan of procedure in sending new men. Select, slowly and carefully, especially trained men. Get them in good physical shape. Urge them to push the study of French. Then send them right over, as we will complete service education here.

With most sincere and grateful appreciation of the co-operation of yourself and other members of the committee, I remain,

Most faithfully,

James A. Babbitt.

Obituary

Richard Mott Jones, '67, died in the University Hospital, Philadelphia, the first day of August, after an illness of many weeks. His death removes one of the most distinguished of Haverford's graduates. He was born in South China, Maine, June 29th, 1843, son of the famous Quaker ministers and missionaries, Eli and Sibyl Jones. In 1875, he was made Head Master of the William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia, which position he occupied continuously and with eminent success until the time of his death. He was a born leader of boys and he entered with sympathetic appreciation and enthusiasm into the life and work and play of his students. He was just and fair, though strict, in his ideals of discipline, and he aspired to help every Penn Charter boy to attain the best that was in him. He prepared many students for Haverford and always loved and honored his Alma Mater. He was made a manager of Haverford in 1892, and continued to serve the College in this capacity for many years. He was during a large part of his mature life totally deaf, but he never allowed this physical handicap to interfere with his career, nor did it affect the fine quality of his spirit. He was a man of rich and happy humor, tireless energy, inspiring personality, boundless enthusiasm, absolute integrity, and lofty idealism. He always felt that he owed much to Haverford and he endeavored to pay back his debt with full interest.

ALUMNI

1872

John E. Forsythe, former principal of the Forsythe School, Philadelphia, and Richard M. Gummere, '02, have written a "Junior Latin Book" which is published by the Christopher Sower Company.

1889

Thomas Evans was married to Miss Sarah Wood Wagner in Germantown on Saturday, October thirteenth.

1892

Stanley Rhoads Yarnall was married on August ninth to Miss Susan A. Roberts, of Downingtown, Pennsylvania.

1897

A book has been published by Edward Thomas on "Chemical Patents and Allied Patent Problems" (John Bryne & Co., Wash.)

1900

Edward D. Freeman, who has been practicing law in New York for several years, is a captain in the regular army.

'02

Edward W. Evans, secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, is attending Dr. Sharpless's lecture

course in the Wistar Brown Graduate School.

An English translation by Dr. Richard M. Gummere of "Seneca and Lucilium Epistulae Morales" has been published by the Loeb Classical Library.

A collection of Swedish lyrics translated by Charles W. Stork has been published by the American Scandinavian Foundation.

'03

Rev. Otto E. Duerr is minister of the First Unitarian Church of Laconia, New Hampshire.

Carey V. Hodgson is a captain in the Engineers' Officers' Reserve Corps.

Israel S. Tilney is on a Red Cross mission in France.

H. M. Trueblood has an article reprinted from the *Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences* on "The Joule-Thomson Effect in Superheated Steam: An Experimental Study in Heat Leakage." This is a part of the investigation on light and heat made and published with aid from the Rumford fund.

Dr. Joseph K. Worthington is a captain in the Medical Officers' Reserve Corps in the U. S. Base Hospital No. 32.



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'07

Samuel J. Gummere has a daughter named Barbara, who was born in September. Mr. Gummere has just received leave of absence from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to work on the committee on personnel and classification of the army.

'08

A son, C. Thornton Brown, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Carroll T. Brown on October eleventh.

"The Adirondacks," a book by Thomas W. Longstreth, illustrated with photographs and maps, is published by the Century Company.

J. Carey Thomas has published a book entitled, "Seven Sonnets and Other Poems." This is from the Gorham Press, Boston.

'10

Nelson Edwards was married this summer to Miss Elizabeth Alinlon, of Haverford.

There is a different sort of story in Christopher Morley's book "Parnassus on Wheels," published by Doubleday, Page and Company, September 14th.

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as that of Mrs. Jarley of waxwork fame, he traveled about the country preaching his gospel of good books to all who would listen. But romance knocked at the door of his covered wagon and completes a story, rare in its humor, flashing with bits of satire and happy bits of philosophy.

'11

The engagement of James Ashbrook to Miss Elsa Norton is announced. Mr. Ashbrook is an ensign in the paymaster's department of the U. S. S. Kansas.

William D. Hartshorne, Jr., was married on August twenty-ninth to Miss E. Corine Ligon, of Virginia. He is now a private in Company A, 311th Infantry, stationed at Camp Dix, New Jersey.

Alan S. Young is a salesman in the Baltimore branch of the Auto-car Company. He and his wife are living at 501 Walnut Avenue, Rognal Heights, Baltimore.

'13

F. A. Curtis is at Camp Sheridan, Ala., with Battery D, 1st Field Artillery of Ohio.

Two pamphlets by Norris F. Hall have been printed from the *Journal of the American Chemical Society*. They are entitled "The Drainage of Crystals" and "On Periodicity among the Radioactive Elements." Another, written in conjunction with Theodore W. Richards, treats of "An Attempt to Separate the Isotopic Forms of Lead by Fractional Crystallization."

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Mendenhall, of Banes, Oriente, Cuba, on September twelfth, and named John Orville.

W. C. Longstreth is a second

lieutenant in the army and is now at training camp.

Harry C. Offerman received the degree of B. D. last June from the Mt. Airy Theological Seminary.

Joseph Tatnall was married on September twenty-fifth to Miss Rosalyne Cristine Smith.

'14

Harold S. Miller took the degree of B. D. at the Mt. Airy Theological Seminary last June.

Douglas Waples and his wife are in the army canteen work of the American Red Cross in France.

'15

Edward N. Crosman was one of the candidates who won a competition for positions in the navy as ensigns out of the large number of applicants which took the examinations.

An article by Emmett R. Dunn on the "Salamanders of the Genera Desmognathus and Leurognathus" has recently been reprinted from the *Proceedings of the United States National Museum*.

Yoshio Nitobe was married in Tokio on September twenty-ninth to Miss Koto Nitobe.

'16

Oliver Winslow, who has for the last two years been a student in the engineering schools at Johns Hopkins University, was elected president of his class at a recent election. Of the original one hundred men who started the four years together in the senior class, only twenty are left, but underclassmen completing their course in three years are expected to augment this number to thirty-five.

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'17

W. L. Baily, Jr., is second lieutenant in the Twenty-First Field Artillery, U. S. Regular Army, in training camp at Camp Funston, Leon Springs, Texas.

A. W. Barker and E. M. Weston are Teaching Fellows at Haverford for 1917-1918.

Horace B. Brodhead is a corporal on the Headquarters Staff of the 103rd Ammunition Train, now at Camp Hancock, Georgia.

Charles F. Brown, J. H. Buzby, Weston Howland, H. F. McKinsty and R. D. Metcalfe are all in France as members of the American Friends' Reconstruction Unit which trained at Haverford in July and August. Their headquarters address is Hotel Brittanique, 20 Avenue Victoria, Paris, France.

Ernest L. Brown is engaged in similar work as a member of the English Friends' War Victims' Relief.

William H. Chamberlin has taken a position for the coming year as assistant to the magazine editor of the *Philadelphia Press*.

George D. Chandler and F. H. Morris are enrolled as members of U. S. Base Hospital 34, and are ready for service in France at a moment's call.

DeWitt C. Clement, William C. Little, and Robert B. Miller are second lieutenants in the U. S. Reserves, and are now on duty at Annapolis Junction, Maryland.

William M. R. Crosman and M. A. Laverty are members of the First Troop, 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry, now at Camp Hancock, Georgia.

William M. Darlington took a course in navigation at the University of Pennsylvania during the

summer, preparatory to qualifying for service in the prospective merchant marine.

Joseph W. Greene, Jr., was a member of the Harvard R. O. T. C., which disbanded late in August; he is for the present in his father's plant at Wickford, R. I.

A. W. Hall is enrolled in the U. S. Reserve Signal Corps, but up until recently had not been called into active training for service.

H. L. Jones, L. M. Ramsey and J. W. Zerega are members of U. S. Base Hospital 10, which sailed for France early in May.

F. O. Marshall is a student in the new Moses Brown Graduate School at Haverford.

Edward T. Price, after training in the Harvard R. O. T. C., was given an appointment to the government's Second Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, N. Y. In the course of the field exercises of the Harvard camp, held at Barre, Mass., Price won the 880-yards event by a sensational sprint, beating out the captain of the Harvard Freshmen track team and a track athlete from Yale, who finished second and third respectively.

F. R. Snader, Jr., has entered upon his first year at the Hahne-mann Medical College.

J. W. Spaeth, Jr., is pursuing graduate work at Harvard University, where he is enrolled in the newly organized Harvard Regiment, R. O. T. C.

J. C. Strawbridge, 2nd, is in business with his father in Philadelphia.

C. D. Van Dam is teaching English at the Gilam Country School, Baltimore, Md.

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HIRES

Loring Van Dam is working in Philadelphia.

Harold Q. York has taken a position as traveling salesman of a promising mechanical device.

Ex-'17

F. K. Murray is in France as a member of the American Friends' Reconstruction Unit.

N. F. Paxson has entered upon his third year at the Hahnemann Medical College.

'15

Mr. Donald G. Baird has resigned his position as instructor in English to join the First City Troop.

Ex-'18

J. M. Crosman and J. A. Hisey have been given positions in the Headquarters Detachment, who

will be a picked group of one hundred and forty men, and who will be closely attached to the staff in charge.

Ex-'20

P. Howard, '20, left College to join the campaign of the Pocket Testament League among the concentration camps all over the country.

Harry Morris, '20, has gone to Johns Hopkins. He hopes to be back at Haverford at mid-year's.

The Haverford College Alumni Association of New York held their first meeting of the year on October sixteenth.

J. Allen Hisey and John Marshall Crosman are at Camp Meade, while Stephen Curtis is at Camp Dix.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN


JANUARY, 1918

Vol. XXXIX

No. 7

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BUSINESS MANAGER

Edwin O. Geckeler, 1920

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXIX.

HAVERFORD, PA., JANUARY, 1918

No. 7

A Hero of Peace

By Charles Wharton Stork

*In Memory of My Classmate, Caspar Wistar (Haverford, 1902), Medical
Missionary.*

Died of Typhus Fever in Guatemala, March, 1917.

Not on the field of glory did he fall,
And by his grave no banner stands,
Only white flowers from the toil-worn hands
Of swarthy peons rested on his pall
Not once but twelve long years he heard the call
Of duty, and obeyed its clear commands;
He lived a lonely life in alien lands,
And gave to strangers what he had, his all.

He did not seek for glory, would not care—
Plain Quaker fellow—for a monument.
But shall we honor only those that dare
To die on fields where blood for blood is spent?
Will God, you think, hold dearer him who gave
His life to kill than him who died to save?

How to Build Without Expense

By H. Hartman

ONE hundred years ago, many people would have laughed at the mention of pecuniary expenditures for purposes of building. In those days, the men shouldered their axes and disappeared into the woods and forests. Day after day, choppings and crashings would follow; when they had felled and trimmed enough trees for their dwelling, they would gather the logs. Immediately, they would begin to place them one upon the other until, in a very short time, a comfortable shelter and protection was completed. What was the expense attached to such an operation? Nothing, according to the hasty judgment of the average man. In fact, however, much hard labor was the price paid for such structures. Let me tell you, without delaying longer, how to build without expense. Yes, yes, even without the price of toiling.

Our forefathers would prepare and construct buildings regardless of the weather and their ease. To raise a structure without expense, all conditions must be suitable. Whosoever has these favorable requisites simultaneously, it will be easy for him to construct a most magnificent edifice without labor and without price.

Are you anxious to learn how this wonderful work can be performed? Wait just one minute.—Think. Haven't you the slightest idea? Well, I shall relieve your anxiety; perhaps you can use this new art this evening.

Do you think such a construction is performed by a very ingenious feat of magic? No, no; you are quite mistaken. Procure for tools and materials: a perfect spring evening; a spot where nature can speak to you most emphatically; a quiet state of mind and body; a good cigar or a well-conquered pipe;—get all these, I say, and then you can begin to build.

You ask how these implements are to be applied? You must work out your own method by which you can most effectively use the furnished materials. The size, style, and grandeur of your castle depend upon your personality.

Yes, it does seem strange that castles can be built without any expense. How often have you and I erected many such edifices in two hours, when we have had the requisites! These castles are built without expense; but, without warning, they crumble and are blown to pieces in an instant.

History Repeats Itself

By T. B. Barlow

OH, HOW luxurious you bachelors are!" observed Kate as she sat down in a very comfortable and capacious armchair.

Joe put the kettle on the fire and nervously flicked the dust off his best tea-set. "Well, Kate," he explained, "when we are up at the 'Varsity, you know, we all want to enjoy ourselves, and we have no nice sisters or anybody else's sister to look after us and so we must look after ourselves."

Joe Bradly was entertaining Miss Kate Sommers to tea in his rooms at Christ's, Cambridge. She was visiting in the neighbourhood, and her fiancé had taken the opportunity of arranging a *tete-a-tete* tea.

Kate lay back in the chair and surveyed the room, as her future lord and master cut thin bread-and-butter and made cucumber sandwiches.

"What nice large curtains those are!" she observed. "I do so like that pink and white design on them. It is rather like the one on my frock, I think."

"Yes," he flustered. "Have a cucumber sandwich with some marmalade on it!"

Two loud raps sounded sharply on the door. Joe immediately darted to it and shot the bolts, top and bottom. He turned hastily to Kate: "I say, just stand behind that curtain a minute while I get rid of this idiot outside. Do go, there's a dear." He confusedly shoved her out of sight. He jerked the kettle off the fire and spilled half the water, so that the fire began a series of hisses. He then covered the tea-tray with a newspaper. It had taken a full minute to make these secretions, and in the meantime the visitor had repeated his knocks.

Joe opened the door. There stood in front of him an old man of about sixty-five. He had a gnarled ash stick of unusual thickness; it had evidently been responsible for the noise on the door.

The visitor hobbled past him into the room. The stick doubled under his weight. Then, turning round, he announced:

"Anthony Fawkes is my name, sir. Fifty years ago I had these rooms, and as I was in Cambridge this afternoon I thought that I'd like to visit them again. I suppose that you have no objections, sir?"

"Er—er—no, sir, no, sir, certainly not—er—are they much changed since your day, sir?"

"Well, now, let me see—Ah, the same old table is still here, and

the carpet, I believe. The wallpaper is changed, and so is the lampshade. But I would know that same old cushion, and the same old footstool—ah, yes, how well I remember them! The old rooms seem just the same, except for one or two details. The view from the window on to the quadrangle is just the same.” At this point Mr. Fawkes went to the window.

“Ah, yes, the same old noises, the same old smells, the same old ivy on the wall. Everything seems the same. Hullo, the curtains are new!” He took one and shook it.

It happened that Kate was hiding in this particular curtain and by shaking it Mr. Fawkes disclosed her. He took a step back in amazement and she blushed in an unforgivable way.

Joe now came to the rescue. “Oh—er—er—excuse me, sir—er—may I introduce you to my sister? Miss Bradly—Mr. Fawkes, Mr. Fawkes—Miss Bradly.”

Joe’s visitor turned to him and exclaimed with glaring eyes:

“And the same old lie, sir!!”

Departure

By R. N. Miller

As I gazed, the tears were flowing,
Filled your liquid eyes of blue
As the cooling morning freshness
Fills the violet cups with dew.

And I kissed you, warm and tender,
Whispered the name that I adore:
Perhaps the tears betokened friendship,
But I’m sure the kiss meant more.

The Tale of a Dub

By H. W. Brecht

OUR hero—never begin a story this way. In the first place, he isn't a hero, and in the second, he wouldn't be ours. Also, the beginning is hackneyed and trite. Our hero, then, and our heroine were like brother and sister. It does not matter what we call our hero, so we shall call him Jack. It matters extremely what we call our heroine, and we shall call her Eleanor. No name will do justice to her. Relatives, sorted and unsorted, appear, mostly at unsorted intervals, whom we shan't name at all. Also, there was I.

Eleanor was little more than a high-school girl. Our hero was in college. So was I. Teachers and preachers are public benefactors, and, like all public benefactors, their benefactions must serve as food and drink for them. They probably do, but they do not serve to send sons to college. Which is only a long way of saying that Jack and I could not board at college, but attended these irritating seats of higher education by day and Eleanor by night. In what time was left, we attended to our lessons. This was an example of the beneficent influence exerted by contact with sweet and pure young womanhood.

As I said before, our hero and Eleanor were like brother and sister without the feeling toward each other that too often exists in the offspring from a union that is one of the most beautiful relations of the human race. I was not like a brother. There were many of us who were not. It was usually our fortune to converse with Mamma Eleanor on subjects such as religion. Our religion was Eleanor. My gods were her lips, and my heaven her eyes. I composed impassioned poems to her, beginning:

"O Eleanor now,
When I see thy eyebrow. . . ."

which I never showed to her, as there are thoughts and ideals of the human heart and creations that spring from God to the human soul too holy and too divine to be cheapened by verse even as inspired as the above. But to return to Mamma Eleanor and her family. There was also a Papa Eleanor in the talky stage, a Sister Eleanor in the gawky stage, a Brother Eleanor in the balky stage, and a Kitty Eleanor in the squawky stage.

We (those of us who were not like brothers and sisters, I mean) would familiarize ourselves with the aforesaid stages, ingratiating ourselves, meanwhile, to the best of our ability, with the sundry relatives.

The receiving room looked like a conservatory, anyway, and smelled like a candy-shop. Many a book my father paid for was bought by the pound at Huyler's, or purchased two for a quarter at a cigar-store. Papa Eleanor probably swung immense business deals with the good cigars we brought him, for if he had smoked them all he would have long before metamorphosed himself into a living Perfecto. I endangered my chance of eternal salvation and seriously impaired my ability to make the track team by smoking innumerable cigarettes of tobacco grown in North Iceland and cured in a hog-pen, merely to obtain for Brother Eleanor the cards in the boxes. I was so much in doubt concerning Sister Eleanor's condition that I brought her one day a tinny-concrete doll, guaranteed unbreakable, while on the next I gave her a tufted booklet to keep her dance engagements in. I read so much and bought so much about religion that I pleased my father at last, and I made the fortune of an obscure bookseller. We all competed alike. I remember the contest grew fast and furious in bringing bells for Kitty Eleanor, till her approach sounded like a herd of cows. Our speeches were always the same in presenting these gifts, or bribes. "Happened to see, er—thought you might like—nothing at all—quite welcome, yes,—a—er—um—is Eleanor in? Thank you, I can't stay—" (as we sat down).

We sat together in the parlor, and tried to think of one another as the books said we ought to think. But we did not. For (I even include Jack) they were all a likable set of fellows, and though each one of my rivals came to me separately, and told me how asinine, buffoonish, silly, and damnable every one else was beside him and me, yet we managed to remain very good friends indeed.

At last Eleanor would enter the parlor, smiling and brilliant-eyed, brilliant and smiling-eyed. Her voice was like rhymed bluebells chiming (I am quoting from a poem I made now), and the cadences in it were notes that liquid-throated birds might have been proud to own in spring. We each would press for an instant the slender hand she graciously gave us (there were never more than three of us at a time, counting our hero). Then, fishing absent-mindedly in our pockets, as though for a handkerchief, with a look of surprise, we would draw forth sundry little tokens (as I called them) and with a sort of bumpkiny astonishment at ourselves for finding them, we would present them to Eleanor. Doing so, we would mumble some stuttering nothing, while Eleanor opened them, or shut them, or smelled them, or broke them, or ate them at once, with a pretty curiosity, saying, "So perfectly sweet of you." These words said to me would invariably transport me to Paradise, for I fancied a sweeter, more gentle, more intimate note in them meant for me alone,

and I remained thus happy till I found, afterward, that everyone else had experienced the same sensation, and noticed the same expression. One evening, though, her eyes were on me quite often with a flattering regard, so that I walked home on wings. As I gazed at the mirror that night, glorying (for once) in myself, I felt a sinking at my stomach, for my necktie had displayed a wholly groundless tendency to run away under my collar, displaying my bone collar-button.

Eleanor used to sit on one edge of a roomy sofa, gathering one little ankle under her in a manner half-coquettish, half-uncomfortable, and wholly adorable, while she fixed the gold halo around her hair. She would tell us all how glad she was to see us, and how perfectly wonderful everything was. She was very fond of the phrase "perfectly wonderful," and appropriately, as it appertained directly to her. Later, we might play cards, in which—as I dare tell her now—she was egregiously rotten, or we would dance, in which she was gloriously radiant. She tried to teach me the dance (not the radiance) and unfortunately I was so much engrossed in following the steps that I did not have leisure to enjoy her nearness, or the sensation of holding her hand.

If I were eighteen now, instead of eighty, one might excuse my meanderings and my maunderings, but as one is too young and a fool at eighteen, one is too old and a fool at eighty. Dear dream of my youth, sweet Eleanor! To what a boresome time I must have subjected you!

One evening around Christmas time when the snow had fallen, my good or better angel prompted me to ask Eleanor to go sledding with me. I do not know what was the matter with our hero; perhaps the two had quarreled, as they often did, probably to enjoy reconciliation. Brothers may quarrel with sisters and kings with queens. At any rate, she "would be perfectly delighted," and probably I would have been too, had I not been too fearful to be anything but almost idiotic.

It was a glorious night, with starshine and moonshine, brilliant and thrilling. Eleanor was as pretty as she always was, with a light in her eyes that was kindled, I hoped, for me. We started in the face of a harum-s arum, dare-devil sort of wind, who was making a night of it, probably, or celebrating something, which he did earnestly with a great deal of noise, the result attained and hoped for in all celebrations. But he was a good sort of wind, for, being somewhat of a gallant and spark, I suppose, he whipped Eleanor's hair so roughly, and maltreated her so generally,—doubtless to steal a glance at her face, and who could blame him,—that she was reduced to the lamentable necessity of re-fixing everything by the aid of the street-light and me.

We came too soon to the hill, glittering, cool in its white sheath, and defying the wind to do anything to it. I arranged Eleanor carefully on the sled and pushed her furiously over the brow of the hill, all furrowed by sled-tracks (the phrase is Eleanor's). Then with a last desperate plunge I landed on the sled behind her, and down we went, her hair flying in my face as it rested on her shoulder. Faster and faster, past little boys on bellies and little girls likewise, past barking dogs and barking children, past snow-covered fences and trees and posts that swirled by in a long, unbroken whiteness. The painful fear manifested in Eleanor's face as she steered, braced with her feet; the infinitesimal fraction by which we missed one very small boy with a very large hat that obscured his eyes, and who was steering blissfully in the dark; the tightening of our throats and the quick gasping of our breaths as we rounded a perilous curve; the feeling of her presence and her nearness; the sparkle in her eyes and the outline of her cheek; the sweet voice and the sweeter laugh—the remembrance of all this makes me wish I were eighteen again instead of eighty. It is better to be a young fool than an old fool, I think, for an old fool has more time to reflect.

Now we were at the bottom of the hill.

"How perfectly lovely!" said Eleanor.

One must ascend hills as often as one descends them. I insisted on pulling Eleanor, and Eleanor insisted on not being pulled. The male asserted his right, and the female defended hers. After a merry struggle, I forced Eleanor on to the sled, and tried to hold her there with my hands, while I pushed with my feet. This operation is a strain on the human form (try it and see) that its Maker never intended it to bear, and obviously cannot be and was not done. In addition, Eleanor steered us into a drift and threw snow at me, whereupon I retaliated, and we had a very good time indeed, as anyone will have who is pelted with anything as abominably cold as snow. At last we got to the top of the hill, which was a wonder, and we remarked how short the ascent was compared to the descent, and how much fun it would be to go down. And it was. Thus, until I began to contemplate the interesting thought that, while it was undeniably pleasant to be a brother, it could be infinitely more gratifying to be a lover.

But how shall I describe that last slide? How some young gentleman with an inventive turn of mind proposed that we should join our sleds and go down together, a proposal which, inasmuch as we could go immeasurably better alone, pleased rather more than one might think. How a few sleds were hitched together with old strings that might have restrained particularly mild butterflies, and how more

were joined by belly-riding boys' and girls' grasping the sleds in front of them, among which the very small boy with the very over-shadowing cap was remarkable for his literally blind trust. How Eleanor and I were about last, as she considered it unladylike to ride on her—er—stomach, while I had too much regard for mine to use it as a pillow. How we compromised by my sitting with my feet hooked in the sled of an extremely sniffly girl with mittens, who was in front of me, while Eleanor rode less or more in my lap. It is useless to attempt description. How the first sled went too slow and the second too fast, while others didn't go at all. How various obscure laws of motion worked in a very illuminating fashion. How everybody steered in a different direction, and nobody went in any direction. How the sniffly girl had good cause for sniffing, and how nobody succeeded in anything or got anywhere except the cap-blinded boy who sailed serenely to the bottom of the hill. How my feet cracked under the strain, so that I relinquished my toe-hold, and with Eleanor in my lap went straight to a big drift where everyone was being mingled in the most inextricable confusion, and was as happy as one naturally is in that desirable condition. How snow filled my nose and ears and eyes, and crept in my gloves and filtered down my back and went everywhere that no self-respecting snow would go. How I felt a soft, snow-wet cheek against my lips which I indignantly pushed away, under the impression that it was the sniffly girl's, until, my snow-beclouded vision clearing, I found too late that it had been Eleanor's. How I declaimed against the witlessness of the asininity concerning the bliss of ignorance. How we all smothered the inventor and washed his face, and perpetrated other indignities, to suffer which is the lot of like geniuses. How, with it all, Eleanor was so rosily brilliant, and so snow-covered, that she looked like an angel (and, indeed, so she was), and so bright of eye and so smiling of lip, and so radiantly happy that seventeen different boys, including the inventor, fell in love with her on the spot (as they afterwards told me), which made about seventy, I suppose, all told. How, in short, she was so adorably beautiful that I hardly forbore catching her up right then. How instead I walked home with her—all this is impossible to tell. But what a walk home was that! The stars and the moon made innumerable little stars and baby moons to stare back at them from the snow, yet none of the stars and none of the moons could vie with Eleanor's eyes. The wind howled boisterously, and tried to work himself into a towering passion by stripping some trees of their weight of snow, but he soon quieted, and, like the good fellow he was, he blew on us from behind, and helped us on as best he might.

"To think of love," I began, hopefully.

"Don't put your arm around me," commanded Eleanor, with her

usual pretty modesty. I obeyed, though I may have had some indistinct recollection of the methods I had employed to assert my male prerogative.

She tucked her hand in my arm, and we walked happily along, talking of many things—including our hero—and laughing uproariously at the flashes of wit we displayed; as one will when one is eighteen. No cynical thought came to me, such as with how many others she had walked and given little convulsive pressures (quite unconscious), no cynical thought, such as one has at eighty. The little walk was over too soon, but we lingered at her gate, and talked, and smiled and laughed, and remarked how perfectly lovely everything was. And it was, too.

"May I—I've wanted—won't you, I—Eleanor," I stammered to a stop at the name.

"Go on," said Eleanor.

In an instant I tilted the warm little chin up, until I could look into those beautiful eyes. What I saw there—"Eleanor, do you—you can't—care?" (Care is such a sickish word used by modern novelists.)

The voice was very low now, but it was sweeter than all the music of the great masters—sweeter, holier far. "Don't, please." But she did not move to turn away, and the eyes did not falter.

Again I whispered the question, passionately.

"I've waited so long," she smiled, and her face was so near mine that I could feel the breath of her words on my lips. And I could see her blush, a color even above the red the wind had given her, a mounting, happy blush.

I kissed her.

* * * * *

But I didn't, you know. This is only a story, and now she and Jack are married. They were always like brother and sister.

Damn our hero!

Away from You

By A. Douglas Oliver

Away from you on such a bright, glad day,
 When galleoned clouds scud through the sky's clear blue;
 When madcap winds shake out each new-born spray,
 And soft bird trills betray each rendezvous:
 All show too clear the distance to your heart,
 For these as phantoms are with you apart.

Ocean-Fishing

By Samuel Albert Nock

TRULY, a manly sport is fishing. At times all of us are tempted to try a new manly sport—never do we repeat a trial of the same one—and in our experiment we find bits of advice from others highly annoying and useless. Without these bits of misinformation and counsel, however, we should feel lost; hence these few words to those who some day will fish on the sea.

Find out where to get a boat for the trip, and proceed to hunt the place. After following all directions with the greatest exactness, when you are hopelessly lost, try to get some little boy to take you to your destination; for this you give him a small coin, say, a nickel. Upon inquiring for the man who rents the boats, you learn he is out, but will be in after supper, and "will you please come back then?" You do so. "Day arter tomorrer," the man informs you, "he can take keer o' that there party o' yourn." Eight is a convenient number. "It will cost"—but I shall not put this "most unkindest cut" right at the beginning.

Day after tomorrow dawns, windy and a bit cloudy; at least, you suppose it dawned so, although you were not awake to verify the supposition. Such was the weather at six, anyway, when the alarm went off. Hastily dressing in old clothes, you stumble off, cursing fish, the sea, boats, all creation, and thus awake the others. A hasty breakfast gobbled, a hastier lunch packed, you start at seven. At the wharf or dock, or whatever nomenclature the rickety platform boasts, the boat lies ready. You consider that the skipper surpasses anything on his boat for rough appearance, until you see his assistant. Do they think it will rain? No, it won't rain, but it's a little windy. A question raised by one of the ladies as to the danger of getting capsized meets with a laughing negation from the skipper, and a disdainful ejection of tobacco juice from his assistant. Your party, sweaters, lunch, hopes, and fears are aboard; the men "untie the boat," start the little engine—you are off. While the skipper steers, the other man cuts bait.

The outward voyage is exhilarating. With a refreshing breeze and gently swelling sea you bound over the billowy bosom of the deep, and try to remember about Keats or Kipling or Mark Twain or whoever it was that wrote about those things, and suppose you really feel like a Shelley, or a Galahad, or a Sir Francis Drake or Blackbeard or somebody, and tell the others the same unconscious lie. Swiftly passes the outward voyage. The land, the beach with the waves breaking

o'er it; the sand and the strand—your poetical sentiment succumbs to lack of vocabulary. Anyway, all the shore recedes and diminishes; seagulls swoop and soar around you; green waves surge; splendid light clouds play with the sunbeams; all the glory of Nature fills your soul, while the sordid mate cuts crabs and mussels for bait. You are at the grounds. How the men can tell is beyond you, but you don't argue about it.

You take a line wrapped around a small flat piece of wood, and a piece of bait, which you stick on the hook. You let out the line over the side of the boat until you think it has gone far enough; but it has, of course, not gone far enough; or perchance, it has gone too far—I don't know how anybody can ever tell. Then wait.

One of the ladies is uncomfortable, from all appearances. This is soon made painfully manifest. She retires to the two-by-four cabin and lies down, after going through the preliminaries. She is followed by another. To show your bravado, you eat a ham sandwich and a hard-boiled egg. Once in the whole time a fish has stolen your bait; but you have had no other occupation, aside from watching people be sick. Plenty of time is given for meditation. The waves are high, indeed; how they rock the boat! First backwards, now frontwards; now from side to side; while occasionally they send it around in a dizzy, swooping ellipse. For a moment you think of ellipses of various shapes, until the conic that is egg-shaped pops into your mind. Eggs are subjects which engage your mind; specialization follows, narrowing the field to the hard-boiled egg you just ate. Naturally, consideration of the ham sandwich succeeds. You surely were, you feel, a fool to eat them. They never did appeal to you; least of all on the water. Lack of appeal changes to positive dislike; the notion seizes you that you would be better without the sandwich and egg, which notion is soon carried into effect. Then *you* lie down. The clock says 10:14; you are to return at 1:30. Hours and hours later, you turn over; now it is 10:16. But this painful performance need not be dwelt upon at length. Imagination cannot overstep reality.

After some eons, the engine starts. Your heart leaps within you—your heart for sure this time; nothing else is left. At the motion of the boat your spirits revive; since the nauseating roll is over, you feel better. A bit later you feel able to get up, and see all the fish that everybody except your party of eight has caught. Truly, you observe, not a bad haul, considering the fact that two men not nearly as splendid as you, did the work. After an hour or two's voyage, again you round

the point towards the dock. Gratefully you watch the men tie up; joyfully you assist your friends to land; almost hilariously you pay what seems a small sum for your safe deliverance. The skipper asks you to divide the fish; you take some—lovely ones, too—and go your way rejoicing, nevermore to fish, nevermore to sail, nevermore to enter rashly into an unknown sport,—which last resolution sometimes holds out until sundown.

Regret

By Jacques Le Clercq

When death shall have removed me
To a far distant land,
The cold heart that reproved me,
Will understand.

Perhaps with slender finger
Some day she'll touch this page,
Where all my young dreams linger,
Yellowed with age.

She'll say, "He never moved me,
He and his verses mild,
But, oh! he must have loved me.
Poor child! Poor child!"

“When Knights Were Bold”

By G. E. Toogood

THE Park is still discussing the affair.—And it happened three months ago!” as Peggy Stetson remarked when she told me about it. She was as glad to see me as a young but highly-valued friend should be, and asked me all about my trip and how I liked Japan, and were the women really as cute as she had always heard they were; but I could see that something was agitating the back of her mind. At last, when the requirements of politeness had been sufficiently fulfilled, the great news burst out—

“Nan’s married!”

Try as I would, I could not work up quite the enthusiasm that was evidently expected from me. The truth was, I hadn’t the slightest conception of Nan’s identity. Therefore I smiled brightly and said, “Indeed?”

“Don’t tell me you don’t remember Nan,” said Peggy reproachfully, having easily perceived my feeble bluff. “When she was a wee tot she used to hunt for candy in your pockets, and we went riding in the same pony-cart. *You*,” pointing an accusing finger at me, “used to drive us. *So there!*”

I well remembered those rides over the mountains in the bumpy little pony-cart, and I was beginning to remember Peggy’s little playmate. The face was as yet indistinct, but I recalled the jumble of wind-tossed curls and the blue eyes that had such a disconcerting gaze as they regarded me. But Peggy gave me no time for this sort of recollection.

“—And her mother brought her back from Europe three years ago, just a month after you left. Oh, Mr. Audrain, what a *beauty* she was! It made me gasp just to look at her. Her hair was the most beautiful copper color that you have ever seen, and her complexion made all us girls simply green with envy. And when Hugh Macy and all those terribly blasé boys laid eyes on her they fairly besieged the house! She was such a little dear, with her demure little ways and just a touch of French accent.

“Well, just as soon as Mrs. Lloyd got settled down in the new house, and everything was running smoothly, she began her campaign to marry Nan well. You see she had lived in France so long she had gotten all those French ideas, and poor Nan was so well-trained that she never quite dared to oppose her, so she just helplessly watched

her mother pick out her husband and then angle for him. She used to come over and cry in my room, and I had read up all my novels that had similar situations in them, and I would tell her that she must not give in but bide her time and then flee with her true lover. But she always said she didn't have any true lover—and she didn't, till later. After that we would both cry, because it was so tragic and all.

"After about two months of this, Ted got home from college. He was terribly happy to be home and kissed Mother and Father and me about a thousand times and asked what was doing in the gay and sparkling social circles of Llewellyn Park, because he was going to be the roundest of all the rounders for about two short weeks. That night I had Nan over to dinner, and after that night Ted was her *slave*! He was simply *mad* about her! He went to everything she went to and lived the rest of the time in their drawing-room. When he went back to college she cried and told me he wanted her to marry him as soon as he graduated in June, and that she would, too!

"Well, my dear, it seemed ages before June came around. Ted arrived at the house and went right over to Nan's, and there he remained, coming home only to eat and sleep. I was as pleased and excited as could be, because I had visions of myself as maid of honor and had my frock all planned, something filmy with net overskirt and cream silk bodice, or perhaps all chiffon.

"Then one night Ted came home with a ghastly white face and went straight upstairs and locked himself in his room. I ran up after him and tapped on his door.

"'Ted,' I gasped, 'what has happened?'

"He wouldn't answer, so I got my own flivver and tore like one possessed over to Nan's. Through her closed door I could hear her sobbing on her bed, but she wouldn't answer me—and to this day I don't know what those foolish children quarreled about! In the morning Ted wrote her a note, and when the answer came he stood for a long time staring at it, then he crumbled it in his hand and went upstairs. That night he left for France!

"I shall never forget that next morning." Mother was prostrated in bed, and Father sat holding her hand and looking very tired and old. I had been crying all night, but when morning came, I got my flivver and drove in a white rage over to Nan's. I found her in the hall.

"'It's your work, Nan Lloyd,' I stormed at her. 'Just on account of your meanness and selfishness and *hatefulness* he's gone. Gone to get killed, probably; gone—'

"She was staring at me strangely. 'Gone?'

"Yes, gone. Gone to France, and I hope you're satisfied with your w—"

"With a little moan she fell, and I caught her. But I was so furious that I just laid her on a lounge, called Thomas, and marched out like the hard-hearted little beast I was.

"From his letters we learned that he had joined the Lafayette Esquadriile, and later that he brought down his fifth plane and became an 'ace'. You can imagine how proud we were! Nan begged me to let her read his letters, for he did not write to her. She would cry over them and press them to her breast and then kiss them and give them back. Gradually I grew to be as sorry for her as I had been angry, and once more we spent all our time together. Then his letters stopped! Father and Mother were frantic; when their inquiries brought no information, Father left for Paris, but cabled that the only news he had was that Ted's machine was last seen far across the German lines, engaged with three German aeroplanes. As a last hope, we wrote to all the German prison camps, but we never got any answers. As time went on, we slowly came to think of him as dead.

Nan seemed to lose all interest in everything. She spent most of her time down at Red Cross headquarters. Mrs. Lloyd had caught her fish, and when he proposed, Nan accepted him without a murmur. Poor dear! It's my belief she was stunned by it all, and moved in a kind of haze in which she and Ted lived and loved again.

"Mrs. Lloyd was astonished at her easy victory, and made the most of it by setting an early date for the wedding. Trouble just made Nan more beautiful than ever. Mr. Vance-Durdeen (he's Mrs. Lloyd's fish) was crazy over her, I'll say that much for him, but his millions hadn't done him much good intellectually. Uncle Phil said if he had twice as much brains as he had, he would still be half-witted.

"In the two weeks before the wedding, Mrs. Lloyd and I fixed up all the details of her trousseau and a million other things. All at once it came over me what might have been, and I almost made a spectacle of myself right there, but managed somehow. Nan didn't seem to realize what was going on, saying 'Yes' to everything and gazing out of her window all day long. It was to be an evening wedding, with a reception afterwards, and Mrs. Lloyd had certainly arranged everything to perfection. The last ten minutes before the car was to come to take us to the church I spent putting the finishing touches on Nan. I tell you, Mr. Audrain, any man would have carried her off on the spot. She looked so simply ravishing, standing there in her snowy veil with the big bouquet in her hands and over them her big eyes gazing at me

and yet hardly knowing I was there. Mrs. Lloyd had everything running like clockwork. The car rolled up on the tick and we all got in, taking care of our dresses, Mrs. Lloyd giving a last round of instructions and climbing in at last, and we were on our way to the church.

"My dear, that was an awful ride! Not one of us spoke a word except Mrs. Lloyd, telling Miles not to drive so fast (for he *was* setting a very warm pace). Each of us was busy with her own thoughts and I felt more and more like crying, although Nan's eyes were as dry as they had been since Ted's letters stopped coming. Finally we passed a long line of waiting limousines and drew up before the church. Mrs. Lloyd descended heavily and stepped under the canvas canopy over the sidewalk. *Then it happened!*

"The chauffeur reached around and slammed the door, the motor roared and the car simply *leaped* forward. I was just rising to get out and was thrown back on the cushions. I remember seeing the startled face of the carriage-starter and then we were racing through the streets with the lights flowing past us in dizzy streams. I was too frightened to move or speak, and Nan never uttered a sound. On and on we went, out through the country and through another town until suddenly the car stopped and the chauffeur opened the door and put his head in.

"'Is Nan all right?' he asked.

"It was *Ted!*

"Before I could say a word, Nan was on her feet, with her arms out to him. Her cloak fell away from her, and he just gathered her in, bridal dress and all, and my tears that had been gathering all evening burst out suddenly from sheer happiness. For a long time they stood that way, and then Ted picked her up as you would a tired, happy child and carried her up the walk and into a little parsonage that stood on the corner. They were married there, and then, for the second time I knew her, Nan fainted dead away!"

Peggy stopped, and I blew my nose. There was silence for a moment and Peggy meditatively stirred her orange-ade. Then she raised her damp lashes and asked, "Doesn't it sound like one of those sweet, impossible romances?" And I agreed that it did.

Fiddle and I

By Joseph Hopkinson Smith

MANY, many years ago, Roumania was divided into two provinces—Moldavia and Wallachia. Each had its own king, its customs and laws, and each harbored an intense rivalry and hatred for the other. Each realized full well that to conquer the other meant a place in the world and honor, forever. But the serenity of the country, the quietness of the happy peasant life—the old Picyhrr dances, the carding parties, and their suppers over their bowls of polenta—had all prevented open hostilities, and the wise people of Moldavia and Wallachia looked forward to a peaceful union.

There lived, at this time, in Bogdan of Moldavia, a certain boy by the name of Michael Sturdza. There had been a time when Michael was like every other boy of his age, but when his parents died during the plague, and no one would give him a home, his spirit rebelled and he fought and railed at all the customs that the good citizens of Moldavia cherished. He allied himself with a band of thieves and iconoclasts who destroyed and terrified. He became a byword for evil, and mothers would say to their children on a black night when a storm was raging, "Hush, my child, go to sleep. Michael and his Hellions are abroad tonight. Hush, quietly, he may hear you." And the child would tremble and go to sleep.

Michael, young as he was, was really the genius of the band, although his lieutenant Achmet was many years his senior. Michael planned, and Achmet, with a dreadful thoroughness, executed. There was just one softening factor in Michael's life—Doloren. She was a dark-haired beauty, impetuous and fiery, who had more than once got into trouble for defending Michael against the people. Their friendship was of a fierce nature. He often treated her brutally, but always she came back, and always their deep-rooted affection triumphed.

Things came to such a pass that the good citizens held a council one day and begged Michael's uncle to take him away to Perlep—the other city of Moldavia—so they might have some peace. Strange as it may seem, Michael agreed to go, and, at the suggestion of his uncle, to study the violin. "Who knows what may become of it?" Michael later explained to the band. "I shall probably become the saviour of my country. Ha! that sounds well—and all through a violin, mind you."

"'The water passeth, but the stones remain' is a very good proverb," said Achmet. "You will be back in a year—the same Michael as before." Then he left them. As he went out of the door, he turned and smilingly said, "Don't commit any crimes I wouldn't approve of, Achmet."

"Thank you, my majesty," he retorted with mock deference, "my bounds are limitless." So Michael left Bogdan and took up his abode far up on the side of the mountain that separated Perlep and the town of his boyhood days.

* * * * *

For many years no one heard of Michael. He remained a hermit in the hills, alone with his music. He only came down into the town to get provisions, and chat for a few moments with the old men smoking on their doorsteps. But if you asked a good housewife of Perlep some evening who Michael was, she would say, "Hark, do you not hear him playing? The wind humming through the pine trees—that is he singing my baby to sleep. He does it every night. Michael plays beautifully. He loves our little children."

Then one dark evening Trouble walked boldly into the peaceful town of Perlep. People gathered hurriedly in the market-place. Flaring torches lighted the scene. A man on a platform was talking excitedly to the crowd. It was Achmet. "To arms, to arms!" he shouted. "Strike now, Bogdan is with us. See here it is—this old treaty—Wallachia has wronged us. Our rights, *our rights!*" he screamed. "If we strike tonight, they can offer no resistance." He choked for breath. "Wait, hush!" someone whispered. In the dead silence that followed, one could hear the wind playing in the pine trees. "What will Michael say? What will the violin say?"

"Michael?" sneered Achmet, "I know Michael. He's got to be with us, or—. Strike now, strike now, *strike now!*" People took up the cry in a frenzy, and soon the streets were lined with soldiers. "Forward," shouted Achmet, placing himself at their head. And the soldiers, followed by old men, women, and children, started up the mountain to join Bogdan and together move on Wallachia.

In the confusion no one had noticed a dark-haired girl slip away from the platform and hurry towards the hills. It was Doloren, going to warn Michael of his danger. She ran feverishly, guided by the light of his cabin, never pausing until she stood on the threshold. She stopped for just a moment to listen to him playing a fantasie he had written. Then she opened the door and went in. "Michael," she exclaimed, and, rushing up to him, kissed him. "My Doloren," and he pressed her

closely to him. "How very beautiful you have become!" The confused murmur of the oncoming crowd reached their ears.

"Come," she cried, there is not a moment to lose. Achmet is leading them to war. He is the very devil himself and he—"

"No, Doloren," he said gently, "fiddle and I are not afraid. My fiddle (and he caressed it as he spoke) will tell her story straight." The people were outside, clamoring for Michael to join them. Achmet's voices could be heard above the rest, shouting, "Michael, now is the time to come back. 'The water passeth, but the stones remain.'"

Michael walked to the window and opened it to its fullest extent. "Good people," he said slowly, "I will not come with you." An angry hissing ran through the crowd. "My fiddle will speak for me. Listen, good people!" Standing at the open window, he began to play to them. The music was rapid and martial, with a ringing note of triumph. All the fame and honor of a thousand wars seemed to be contained in the clear, vibrant notes as one theme joined another in the swelling crescendo. Higher and higher soared the notes, until only the tenseness of the situation prevented the people from breaking out in tumultuous applause. "Michael is with us," was the thought in every heart. Then gradually the theme changed, losing its note of glory. A deep solemnity crept into the music; it was a funeral song, not of one person, but of a nation. The people saw before them the horror of war, bare hearthstones, and bitter, choking hearts. Here and there one could hear a stifled sob. A flood of pity seemed to pour from the music as each even tone added to the vision.

Then, so gradually that no one noticed the change, the theme softened and took on a harmony of such appealing sweetness and sublimity that the people scarcely breathed. *Peace*, the fiddle sang, with a clear note of happiness. Again the eyes of the people saw a picture, this time of Roumania joined with the fellowship of good-will. As the last caressing strains died away, the vision faded from sight. The fiddle had told her story.

Not a sound was made as the bow dropped at Michael's side. Not a soul dared to move. Suddenly Achmet cried out, "Shoot the traitor!" No one seemed to hear, no one stirred. Then he whipped out his revolver and shot. The bullet ripped the violin and struck Michael in the heart. He reeled and fell in Doloren's arms. With a cry of anguish the people turned on Achmet, and he fled for his life. Some gave chase, but most of them turned and went back to Perlep.

Today Roumania is a nation. They killed the dreamer and perpetuated the dream forever.

The Editor's Reflections

WE ARE generally thought of as a cheering, band-playing, flag-waving people. Perhaps we are in peace times, but America at war is quite different. I recently saw the departure of a group of drafted men from one district of Philadelphia. Of the hundred and seventy men in the quota, only twenty-five were native-born. Most of the rest were of Polish extraction. Fifty per cent of these could have obtained exemption on the ground of being aliens. I even saw one German among them who could speak scarcely five words of intelligible English. As the men marched to the station to await the train, there was no band-playing, no cheering, no flag-waving. Men kissed each other in the foreign manner, husbands embraced their families tearfully. The men walked in groups between files of their friends, the only sounds being those of calls of recognition or of blessing in a foreign tongue. I stood and watched them as they went by.

"This," I reflected, "is America going to war."

* * * * *

IT WAS an interesting Christmas Eve, and I was curious. I, too, went out to find the Voice of the City. It was raining, an irritating drizzle, just wet enough for the comfortably married people to put on their rubbers and open umbrellas. The streets were crowded; umbrellas rubbed and spun each other about; overshoes slushed through the water; the raindrops, like myriads of fairies, danced upon the asphalt streets in the glare of the arc-light and vanished; the drains gurgled with the melting snow.

I met a friend, and together we walked down a long business thoroughfare. Here were the massive chords of crashing traffic; the shifting beat of countless feet; the clang of bells; the slippery, stealthy hum of automobile tires; the piercing shriek of the newsboy and street-vendor; the whispered phrases of lovers, soft words lifted from books; the high, clarion notes of carolers on the street-corners; the low strum of wandering players; the rattling of wheels; the gay, festive laughter of the night; the wild, sinuous music of the dance; even the "blind crowder" was not lacking, serenading the city, now with fiddle, now with harmonica or voice, in the wheedling tone of the beggar; and above all could be heard the tinkle of rain upon the roofs and awnings, or the rush of water through spouts and gutters.

The rain stopped. Umbrellas popped from sight. Shops and

buildings and dwellings poured out sheltered families and friends. Everyone carried bundles; the flash of tinsel and gilt was everywhere. The clouds sifted away, and the moon pierced through, imperfect but clear, and silvered the wet pavements. Shop-windows poured forth their brilliancy of glowing red and green upon the passer-by.

"Friend," I questioned, "what is the city telling you tonight?"

He tramped on in silence; then, after measured thought, he said slowly, "It tells me the story of Life—and of Strife; but, after all, they are the same. It speaks of joy and sorrow in the same breath; of birth and death at the same moment; of prayers and curses in the last dying gasp. It tells of perfumed saloons and honey-flowered recesses; of filthy dens and haunts of putrefaction; of ripples of laughter, and the falling of a mother's tears upon the feverish, cracked lips of the infant at her breast; of the joyous cry of pleasure, and the languid moan of pain.

"And here passing by are all the elements of Life. Here with bold, brazen, or averted faces are typified the noblest, highest and the meanest and lowest of human passions. Here is a full, rapturous and high-swelling heart; behind there slink cowering, shivering, bloodshot eyes. A scene worthy of a Carlyle or Zola! Each seeks mocking, elusive peace or present, eternal strife. Each is playing his part in the greatest of all dramas, the most interesting of all novels, the wildest of all romances, and the most gruesome of all tragedies,—Life."

He stopped! We walked on in silence again, but my thoughts were not so pedestrian and composed. I gaped in amazement and surprise at Life in review.

"Listen!" my friend caught my arm. We halted. Traffic slowed down; people stopped and listened; the hubbub subsided. High up, oh, ever so high up, there sounded the silver-tongued voice of church chimes playing *Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht*. They tolled, in their unique way, the ever new old story of the coming of the Prince of Peace. But it had a different meaning for us on this, our first Christmas Eve of the war. It sang of the birth of that innocent Child, and we thought of His Calvary. We saw in a new light the relentless struggle against evil, and the many burdens imposed upon that purest life. We had a vision of the many crosses that we must bear before our doctrine of righteousness and justice towards all nations could be realized. Determination was reflected in the eye of every listener.

The chimes died away in the black void of night. Then a near-by clock sharply struck twelve. My friend clapped me on the back:

"Merry Christmas!"

Then I suddenly realized what the city was saying.

Ever notice how few fur coats and elongated cigarette holders stand in front of our chief hotels and cafés nowadays? The dilettante has found that even he can be useful in the world's work.

* * * * *

My gaze was arrested in the subway car the other day by a most alluring young girl. Her hair was of the light, blonde Scandinavian; her eyes deep, dark and languishing like the Sicilian; her face and features were Grecian; her cheeks of the ruddy, natural bloom of the Tyrolese. Her slim ankles were encased in tightly fitting steel-gray hosiery and boots.

"How refreshing," I thought, "to be in the company of such a natural creature! Most girls nowadays spoil whatever natural charm they possess."

I looked at her companion and received a slight shock. He was a most bourgeois, ordinary, non-intelligent person. I looked at the beautiful goddess again with admiration and pity.

"What a shame!" I muttered, and felt sorry for her and myself. Suddenly she leaned over to her companion, and I caught the high nasal tones:

"Pipe this guy across the way eyein' me up."

I averted my eyes—and a catastrophe.

* * * * *

A fox-furred, velvet-hatted, purple-coated young girl blocked my narrow passage to the aisle in a theatre the other day. As I climbed past, I begged her pardon. "Granted," she condescended, in a lovely tone of voice, and smiled. Life's not so bad after all, is it?

Extracts of a Letter from H. E. McKinstry

Paris, Nov. 10.

" . . . As for my 'experiences' of which you speak, I regret that I cannot give any harrowing stories of dodging shrapnel or hacking little pieces out of Teutonic vertebral columns, because ever since the 14th of September, when the good ship *Rochambeau* pulled into Bordeaux harbor, I have been hanging around the central office in Paris. However, I have seen lots of poilus and women in black, and soldiers in Belgian and Russian and Portuguese and English and Australian and Indian and Algerian uniforms—American engineers and quartermasters and medical men and field service boys—and even German prisoners. You see men without arms and men without legs and men without either arms or legs. Such is Paris. Gay Paris is not the word. Sometimes you see a little superficial lightheartedness, but beneath it all is the concealed suffering of the French people. But this spirit of the French is the most wonderful thing that I have come to know. They do not complain, they don't swear around as Americans would. They bear everything in quiet submission. "La, la," they say, "it is for France. C'est la guerre." When the soldiers pull out for the front they are not accompanied by brass bands, or cheered by crowds in the streets; they slouch

silently into the stations and climb into the trains. In place of bravado they have a quiet look of determination. Demonstrative as the French are about most things, their patriotism is a thing that you never see, but always feel, and I believe that 'Mort pour la France' means more to Frenchmen than any other phrase.

"The other day I saw President Poincare (the final "e" is pronounced in France, despite the fact that it usually isn't in America) and narrowly escaped shaking hands with him. There was a big crowd of Americans on the Champs Elysees, and our unit had an exhibit there. Fannie Sharpless and I were lucky enough to get tickets to the opening ceremonies, where lots of gentlemen with laundry hung all over their fronts stood up and talked French about how generous the Americans were, Brazil receiving especial mention as the latest love of the French. Well, the President was there, and I nearly fell over his feet on entering the hall. He unfortunately retained a discreet silence when the speeches were in order. He walked around and looked at all the exhibits, commenting on ours and remarking that he knew our work well. He shook hands with Shewell, the English secretary, and would have grabbed our mits in all probability had we hung around

until he arrived. The other night at the movies I saw the thing repeated on the screen.

"You see some very good war pictures here—front line trenches and all that sort of thing. A corps of American officers walking down Broadway always gets a hand. On American soldiers they do not count very much for several months, but they have great faith in American finance and munitions.

"I have been in Paris as 'Secretary of the American Personnel' in the central office of the committee—a job that has rapidly dropped to that of office boy and anybody's stenographer, so I long for the mud of the Marne, and expect to see it soon, as Dr. Babbitt is expecting to start a hospital in the Verdun country and I go along as 'secretary and pathologist.' My knowledge of pathology is about equivalent to that of the average blacksmith, but after years of study and experience it is possible that I may acquire the efficiency of His Excellency, Ralph Bangham. At any rate, there will be a good bunch there—Howland, for one.

"Fannie, Bill Crowder, '13, Dr. Babbitt and I are living in a little

pension on the top floor of an apartment house in the Latin Quarter. We are the only guests, and the landlady talks French to us at dinner time. I have learned to eat breakfast in bed without ever waking up at all. In fact, the French breakfast is not worth waking up for. All they serve is cocoa, war-bread and butter. The butter is a distinct luxury and costs eighty cents a pound, while one can obtain only one pound of sugar a month.

"Chic Cary was in Paris a few weeks ago and has wild tales of the front lines. He has been driving a motor truck, hauling shells for 'Ole Soisants-quinze,' and has some good descriptions of aeroplane duels. Yesterday twenty-eight new Americans rolled in, including 'Keedle' Brinton, '15, and Bowerman, '14. . . . And speaking of French pronunciation, Ernie Brown says he is chief of the automobile department of the 'am some was and ain't,' which is not far from the correct sound of 'Ham, Oise, Somme and Aisne.' There are two men in the department, by the way."

ALUMNI

'75

It is with great regret that we announce the death of Charles Edward Haines, who died on Saturday, December first, at his home in Philadelphia. Mr. Haines was formerly a member of the Philadelphia Stock Exchange, but retired from business for several years because of ill health. He was a well-known cricketer and a member of the Merion Cricket Club for many years, playing in a number of international matches. He is survived by his widow, two daughters and a son.

'76

F. H. Taylor is chairman of the Committee on Dental Instruments in the medical section of the Council for National Defence.

'89

Herbert Morris is a member of the American International Ship Building Corporation.

'90

On Saturday, November 24th, after the Haverford-Swarthmore game, the twenty-seventh annual

dinner of the class of 1890 was held at the Racquet Club, Philadelphia. H. P. Baily and W. P. Simpson had as their guests, J. S. Auchincloss, J. M. Steere, T. A. Coffin, P. S. Darlington, G. H. Davies, R. E. Fox, J. F. Lewis, and E. R. Longstreth. The class adopted for the evening the following members of the class of 1889: J. S. Stokes, D. J. Reinhardt, and L. J. Morris. After dinner the two classes had their annual rivalry in a bowling match.

The class of 1890 has the distinction of having met in reunion and at dinner each year since its graduation.

'93

G. K. Wright is in the Bureau of Personnel of the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A.

'96

J. Henry Scattergood, who has been in France organizing the work of the American Friends' Reconstruction Unit, has returned home. He reports that all the men have been assigned to their work now, and that things are running smoothly.



'01

William E. Cadbury is now associated with the Philadelphia office of the National City Company, which is the largest distributor of bonds to investors in the United States.

'02

We reprint the following from a recent issue of the *Haverford News*:

"The announcement has been made that Dr. Richard M. Gummere, Assistant to the President and Professor of Latin at Haverford College, has been appointed

to succeed Dr. Richard Mott Jones, '67, who died August 1st of this year, as headmaster of the William Penn Charter School.

"Dr. Gummere's appointment is to take effect at the close of the present school year. The announcement came as the result of the following action taken at a special meeting of the Overseers of the School.

"After thoughtful consideration and inquiry, Dr. Richard Mott Gummere was appointed headmaster of the William Penn Charter School, his duties to begin at the close of the present year. We are influenced in this selection



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by the scholarly and practical qualities of Dr. Gummere, as evidenced by his experience at Haverford College and for a short time at Groton School, by his sympathetic acquaintance with the ideals and principles which have guided the school in the past, and by the fact that our late headmaster suggested Dr. Gummere as a desirable successor.'

ALFRED G. SCATTERGOOD,
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'03

A. G. Dean is in the mechanical department of H. O. Wilbur and Sons, Philadelphia. His present address is, The Athens, Ardmore, Pa.

Reverend Otto E. Duerr, minister of the First Unitarian Church of Laconia, New Hampshire, is devoting a great deal of time and energy to the publicity work and financing of different activities connected with the war. Dr. Duerr is on the Civilian Relief Committee of the Red Cross, and is one of the Four Minute Men of the government's publicity committee in his district.

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about once in so often, the sick need cheering up, the dead must be buried, and once a week they demand a sermon. Not the dead, but the living. But in the confusion of the times I am not sure but that I may follow literally the instruction of the man who charged the young minister: 'Cast out the sick, heal the dead, and raise the devil.'"

H. M. Hoskins has recently taken a position with the United States National Bank in McMinnville, Oregon.

Howard M. Trueblood has an important research position with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. He is endeavoring to devise methods of dealing with the electricity that escapes from the third rail systems.

'06

Joseph J. Tunney was married on October eighteenth to Miss Maria F. Kelly, of Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Tunney are living at 328 South Forty-fifth Street.

'07

J. W. Nicholson has entered the Y. M. C. A. work at Camp Dix, New Jersey.

'08

J. B. Clement is a captain in the Field Artillery at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Georgia.

'11

Charles Wadsworth was married on October sixth to Miss Martha Clay Hollister, of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth are living at 720 Calton Ave., Plainfield, New Jersey.

'12

W. W. Longstreth is a lieutenant in the aviation section of the Army. He is now stationed at Columbus, Ohio.

'15

Cyrus Falconer is in the employ of the Michell Seed House, Philadelphia.

G. H. Hallett and E. N. Votaw are active officers of the Collegiate Anti-Militarism League. Mr. Hallett is organizing secretary, and Mr. Votaw, executive secretary.

E. L. Moore has enlisted in the medical department of the Army, and is in the Sanitary Corps.

Elmer Shaffer is in the Navy Base Hospital No. 5 of the American Expeditionary Force in France.

'16

James Carey is an acting sergeant of Battery E, 112th Regiment. He is stationed at Amiston, Alabama.

Bolton L. Corson is a first lieutenant in the aviation section of the Signal Corps, and has been stationed at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas. He is at present on the board of examiners.

A. H. Stone is a first lieutenant in the Officers' Reserve Camp.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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Freedom of Thought and the Colleges

By Henry J. Cadbury

THE war has scored one victory, at any rate. It has successfully won the attention of whole nations to a most remarkable degree. It pervades all our life. The very language which we speak is succumbing to the picturesque influence of its terminology. Every effort is now a drive; every opponent, a slacker; every pretense, camouflage. And so, to commandeer its own language, we may speak of a conscription of mind.

There are probably some who regret this diversion of attention keenly. It seems to them a pity that so little interest can now be aroused in simplified spelling, or Irish poetry, or other most worthy causes. But the real danger of our monomania does not lie in these forms of casual and temporary indifference, but in the suppression of judgment and in the mental and moral astigmatism that war inevitably brings. The bane of conscription whether of brains or of hands is the mechanical uniformity it produces. Its goal is something like the Liberty motor—one convenient, universal type of mind, with interchangeable parts and easy repairs.

The present writer has no thought of criticising such intellectual standardization as inefficient. No doubt military necessity justifies it in a fighting machine. Independent ideas would clog an army, as foreign matter injures the works of a watch. But what of non-combatants? Shall they too yield, by the same stern military necessity, to intellectual rations of canned political ideas? Must we erect our censor into a dictator of food-for-thought? And shall an imperious public opinion and patriotic propaganda control absolutely the manufacture and commerce of ideas—by the gentle pressure of the black hand and committees of safety?

In a militarized nation the answer to the questions is certainly "Yes," but in a nation opposed to militarism the answer as plainly is "No." In the United States ninety-eight per cent. of us, by reason of age, sex or conscience, are in the class of non-combatants. If we are not to be ruled by our Junkers, the non-combatants must determine the policy of our country, and must determine it with the freedom of thought for which our fathers made this land the asylum. And nowhere does the duty of such freedom make such a call as in our colleges.

Even before the war we had begun to hear a good deal about academic freedom. It was then something so largely "academic" as to seem a very minor issue. It was something quite commendable, to be sure, the right of scholars to seek the truth fearlessly without restraint or loss of station. It was a protest against the arbitrary treatment of professors according to the economic interests of trustees or the political prejudices of state legislatures. The war has made this need more apparent by certain flagrant cases of patriotic academic execution. But after all, this kind of liberty is not the greatest need. It is a question of rights; I would plead for academic freedom as a duty, and a duty for students more than for faculties. For to their youth belongs by right a greater freedom and to their future greater service. Theirs is the boasted leadership of the college-bred; but leadership, it should be recalled, is not supplying brains as instruments of a passion, it is supplying judgment and moral poise amid prejudice.

And the freedom is not merely a freedom from conscious slavery. Most Americans were shocked at the Manifesto of the ninety-three German intellectuals justifying the war. It appears to have been prepared and signed by imperial request. But how much more shocked we should be if such general agreement were due not to special pressure but to the more imperious force of a perverted public opinion. The latter is apparently our greater danger here. It is not that we are so coerced in our thinking that we chafe at our restrictions; but that our minds only too eagerly accept the current standards of opinion. We are suffused in a sentiment until it penetrates within, and, above all, we yield to the subtle temptation of taking sides for once and letting cool deliberation go. After the strain of nearly three years of official neutrality it was a welcome relief to plunge into violent partisanship,—a relief similar to that of him who plunges into battle.

This freedom is to be achieved certainly not by violent counter-partisanship. I would make it plain that I have no such counsel in mind. Freedom of thought is not to be defined as opposition to a prevail-

ing view. It is a certain detached point of view—detached neither because of smug aloofness, nor of selfish indifference, nor of moral neutrality, but because of a wholesome desire to see the whole issue. It allows the mind to consider other ways of meeting the problem than the way that is in vogue, and it directs the thought to the future.

The present situation seems to offer many fields for independent thought. The coming months will not only open many new fields, but will make manifest that this liberty is and was an imperative duty. There is first of all needed a more careful scrutiny of the military method as a means to an end. Does the means secure the end? Does the end justify the means? It is a great disadvantage—that by the sheer limitations of attention belligerent nations have not given sufficient consideration to the possible alternative use of non-military methods for securing both their respective war aims and an early and satisfactory peace. Both sides have unfortunately confused the right of their aim with the right of their means and so have come to identify war with right and peace with wrong. Some time these equations must be challenged, and every day they are retained without truth is a day of culpable waste.

A second almost contradictory result from absorption in the war is the obscuring of the aims of the war. As the end appears to justify the means without much consideration of the morality and effectiveness of the means, so in turn attention to the details of military endeavor leaves little place for considering the hoped-for fruits of the effort. There is certainly one thing more important than winning the war, as no one will deny; it is winning the noble things for which the war is fought, and which alone can to any extent justify the evils of the war. But these things are forgotten and need to be kept in mind. They are called war aims or peace terms—but they are more than either. For neither fighting nor the cessation of fighting will bring them: they are principles for reconstruction of the world, and can be secured only by new and united endeavor, unselfish, intelligent and based on the highest ideals. They, too, deserve some attention, perhaps priority of attention for non-combatants, if our dictator of thinking were really wise.

Of course some of our freedom of thought will have to be negative. There are many false emphases that war suggests that unbiased judgment must correct. For instance, the hysteria against all things German still feels somewhat strained even to many an ardent patriot. There is also the idol of democracy which is being exploited for the purposes of a war-cry. Perhaps it is not too soon to be throwing this useful

watchword into its proper perspective and defining more clearly its limitations as a merely tolerable working scheme. Last of all, one thinks with regret of the perversion of terms like loyalty and sacrifice—as of a noble unselfishness too often spoiled by the innocent ignorance of the victim. For the value of sacrifice depends not on the heroism displayed but in part at least on the goodness of the cause for which effort or suffering is endured, and the effectiveness of the effort and suffering finally to achieve their aim.

Sonnet

By Gilbert T. Hoag

What man can say there is divinity;
And who can prove we mortals rule supreme;
Or show the power that shaketh land and sea;
That I am I, and you are what you seem?
If God there is not, who did make the earth,
And who did formulate its endless laws?
Solve me the mystery of death and birth;
Read me the riddles Nature's pencil draws.
If God there is, can He be infinite,
Ever-existent, dread, omnipotent?
Through one dark maze with these two paths in it
We reach one wall, by different descent.
Grove ye, poor mortals, grope for evermore;
An aeon's roaming brings none near the shore!

The Ghost of the Black Forest

By J. Reiter

GREY thatched cottages, streets running at random, but all seeming to run into the cobbled platz; a smithy; a shop or two and a few stray dogs and children; a sprinkling of industrious, plump fraus—and you have the village of Machtenhagen. It lies between two high hills; a little curling, clear stream rushes through it from the Black Forest, bent on its way to the Rhine and the land of windmills. A rather imposing, yet small castle stands on the hillside like some granite boulder dropped by the whim of chance. Machtenhagen today is the same Machtenhagen of a century ago. The broad, rich fields that make up the fief have changed lords often, but the peasants, the town, and the fields remain. So do story and tradition.

In that glorious age when a gentleman was born, not made, and when a gentleman's only qualifications were a good liquid capacity and a love for hunting, this village had a mystery in which they gloried, they talked, and they feared.

The plutocratic Bomemanns were the lords of the castle then, and haughty lords they were. They feared not God or man. They were insolent and indolent, working only when they hunted in the nearby Black Forest. But—here was the mystery. . . The scions of the Bomemanns would go into the Black Forest and, sooner or later, on one of these visits, they would return with the sign of a cross branded into the flesh of their left cheek. Then and then only did a Bomemann fear. The Ghost of the Forest had gazed into his eyes. This ghost they described, but they knew not whether he was mortal or an apparition sent from the dead, to be a curse on the Bomemann freinschaft. Those eyes! The ghost was covered with a flowing white robe that completely enveloped his form. Only two holes were in it, and out from those peered two eyes. Brown, quiet eyes, of a brown that is rich, richer than gold or a fantasia of color. The brown softened imperceptibly into the black of the pupil and softened again at the outer edge to a circle of bluish grey. They were the eyes of a soulful woman, but slowly they would change. They snapped fire, a living, glowing, orange flame. And then came the cross for another Bomemann.

Villagers had seen the ghost, but he always turned from them and rode away on his fleet white horse. Parties had pursued him, and the ghost always eluded them; but he would leave his mark in the camp of the hunters.

But the proud Bomemanns still hunted, and many were the crosses. They were branded as they slept, or they were caught, and bound and forced to look into those eyes until the fire sparked from them—then came the brand.

And yet the villagers and the Bomemanns knew what had caused the curse. The grandsire of the House of Bomemann had stolen the fief. That was no secret.

Baron Karl Newhardt had been the lord then, and the Bomemanns were but rich vassals of Newhardt. The grandsire, Peter Bomemann, had plotted to get the castle and its land. He paid men to perjure that Karl Newhardt was a traitor and was about to rebel from his king and set up a new Rhine principality. Newhardt was tried and convicted. A T was branded on his left cheek and a red T sewn on to his shirt. Then he and his son, who had been punished in the same way, were taken to Spain and sold as slaves. Bomemann, having rid the section of the Newhardts, became lord of the fief. But Baron Karl, before he left, had sworn that eternal vengeance should come to the House of Bomemann for thus deceiving God. Ten years later the Ghost of the Forest branded the old sire of the Bomemanns, and he died of fright.

The Baroness Newhardt remained in a small cottage near Machtenhagen and raised her only daughter to hate the Bomemanns. But fate was cruel; for the daughter of Baron Karl was wooed and won by the new lord, the son of old Sire Bomemann. But this marriage, though happy at first, grew to be unfortunate. The new Baroness had eyes of brown, the same quiet brown of the ghost, and they flashed fire, a glowing orange flame, when anger was in her heart. They burned the heart of a Bomemann to a cinder. Yet there was a son from this marriage, and it was this infant alone that kept the unhappy couple together. But as the infant grew in stature, the more it resembled its grandsire, Baron Karl. The Newhardt eyes were there as ever to strike fear into the hearts of Bomemanns. And the curse of the brand was still haunting them.

Now—as the tale is told—this child, who had been named Karl Bomemann, went to the edge of the forest one day to shoot birds. He was but ten years old, yet he was expert with the bow. He roamed on and on into the forest and became lost. When he did not return to the castle at evening, the Bomemanns were worried. Alas for the poor boy of ten years, that he should receive the brand! Parties were organized and sent into the forest to search. They spread into a long line and winded their horns in the hope of hearing the small boy cry out in return. The wild animals of the woods were chased from their lairs and rushed

hither and thither throughout the vast forest in their fright. They mingled their cries with the sound of the horns. Still they did not find the youth, and they had penetrated far into the forest. Dawn came over the land, and the hunting line turned to re-scour the forest for the body of the little boy. He could not have survived the night, and not have been beset by a boar or some beast of prey—or the ghost.

The return brought no success. No little mangled form was found, but his little bow was.

The hunting party came together again just outside of Machtenhagen. The town had been deserted; even the women had joined in the search. But there in the platz stood a lone white rider, enveloped in a flowing robe and seated on a white stallion. In his arms was a small boy with restful brown eyes. Similar eyes, but eyes flashing an orange flame, were burning from the eyeholes of the white mantle. Then they softened to a restful brown.

The ghost got down from his horse and helped the boy to the ground. Then he pulled off his flowing mantle and there stood a straight, handsome man marred only by a scar on his cheek. On the breast of his shirt there was sewn a red T. He dropped the mantle to the cobbled pavement, stooped and kissed the boy, then simply said, "Karl, I am your uncle. Tell them I am leaving for ever. God be with you and them!"

A Fragment

By S. A. Nock

The whole is one majestic farce. Our gain
Or loss, our sorrows, misery, and pain
Mean but as much as a small bubble wrought
Upon the ocean by a drop of rain.

The Solution

By T. B. Barlow

AT LAST I have found the solution for the cares of college life, for its excitement and its speed. I have found the one and only place that will relieve one from the social and physical strain of our strenuous life, and at the same time give that much-yearned-for leisure in which to read and meditate.

We all know the unavoidable calls of our social life here. Who has not had that irresistible hurry-call to Ardmore? He may have gone to the movies, or he may have seen beauty in distress; but in either case the result is the same—he crawls into bed, a washed-out-wreck, in the small hours. The call of the metropolis near at hand appeals to many for whom Ardmore holds no attractions. The occasional appearance of dress suits at breakfast indicates the thoughtless way in which locals fail to run at all hours. Yet who would be so narrow as to say that these social activities are unnecessary? Just one more example of social exertion is the delightful little week-end houseparty which we all adore. It probably begins on Saturday morning, and there is a long motor-ride to the hostess's house. Often this is shared with a charmingly helpless captor, who is either seventeen or the hostess's daughter. And all through the next twenty-four hours she has to be amused. By twelve o'clock on Sunday night—that is, if the auto does not break down—one gets back to college to find the lights out and the room ruined. So even over the Sabbath one cannot always get the rest that one needs.

The physical strain of the social activities is very great, as I have already shown. But add to it the arduous work of football or soccer and none but the fittest can hope to survive. If, however, one can elude the above-named pitfalls, there are still as many more to be fought against. There is that strange and unaccountable form of endearing oneself to one's neighbours, called rough-housing. It may break out at any moment; even a harmless remark as to the shape of a man's nose may cause a perfect pandemonium to rage for a whole evening. But what is worse than all for our health, is the terrific strain laid upon our digestions—the way in which we eat our meals, alternately bolting our food and fretting with impatience while the waiter rubs the stamp off the margarine, or milks the cow so that we can have cream with our coffee. The strain is immense, and it is only with the aid of Dr. Beecham or Carter's Little Liver Pills that some can exist.

But the retreat that I have found spares one from all these strains, and, in addition, it provides time and material for reading. At present there is a large assortment of literature, varying from the *Saturday Evening Post* and THE HAVERFORDIAN to the *Alumni Quarterly* and the *Parisienne*. It also provides music of all kinds, and leisure to appreciate it, or to do some really good thinking. It is true that the music comes from a victrola, but the records make up for that. Some of the hymns are so soul-filling that one thinks of the next world immediately, and makes a mental vow never again to cheat the telephone operator or take spoons from the dining-room. Others produce much the same desire for harmony that church bells do on a dog, and one howls in unrestrained misery until the needle breaks or somebody shuts off the machine. A few choice records have the same invigorating effect that an electric shock produces. One forgets all fatigue in the desire to go and see whether it is raining, until that record is finished. One then sits down to a serious debate with oneself as to whether its author should be burnt alive, boiled in oil, or merely hung, drawn, and quartered. The debate is, of course, futile when one realizes that he has in all probability been roasting for the last ten years.

Is this place far away? Is it an expensive hotel? you may ask. No, it is not. It is at our very door. It is—the Infirmary.



Sensations of A Young Man With A Young Lady and A Nosebleed

By Samuel Albert Nock

I WAS not in the best of moods, anyway. Going down to her house, I had stepped into a shadow. Now, the evening was cold; a wind was blowing; the ground was covered with ice; and the ice with water. I do not like ice covered with water, as I have had, in my youth, many and many a sad experience with this infernal combination. At any rate, I stepped into the shadow. It was three inches deep.

I expressed myself fluently, and passed on, stamping my feet. Much as I should like to say that I stamped in another shadow, I must disappoint everybody, and say that I didn't. But my temper was irremediably damaged.

She and I started for the doolah that was to come off. It had taken skill and patience for me to pilot myself around; but when I had two people to steer, the task became Herculean. (That phrase is not original with me.) We had to walk the entire length of the town, which was usually not very great. But ah! how long it seemed that evening. You know, when you are walking with a girl, time and space are not—that is, if the girl is one with whom you wish to walk. And then, when you have to walk home by your lonesome, the streets are so endless, the hours so long, everything so tedious! Well, time and space were not for two blocks. Then I got a nosebleed.

Nosebleeds are all very well in their place. They will relieve a cold, a headache, tiredness, and feverishness, if used judiciously. When they come in the proper place, at the proper time, I am not at all loath to entertain them for a short while. Tact in nosebleeds, as in humans, is the secret of success. This nosebleed, needless to say, was tactless. Not only was it tactless, it was insistent. Often such a thing can be postponed to a more favorable time—say, from the five minutes before Latin class to the last quarter of an hour therein, when departure from the room is necessary. This is, however, not a dissertation on nosebleeds; it is a description of sensations.

I have seldom had so many sensations crowded into so short a space of time. Hastily remarking to her, "Gotta nosbld!" I tilted my head gracefully back, and modestly hid behind a pocket handkerchief. "That's too bad," she said, and giggled. In as dignified a manner as

possible, I remarked that I saw nothing funny. Then she snickered again.

With my head up in the unethereal dark blue, I had no chance whatever of knowing where I was stepping, or of guiding her. With my eyes to the ground, where they had to be, I had no chance of stopping the nosebleed, which naturally would not stop of itself, whether it could or not. Never, never until that evening did I know how many odiously and morbidly curious people there are in a small town. Not a village, you understand, but a runt city. People standing on the corners looked at me, escorting a pretty young lady through the streets while holding a handkerchief over my face, as if concealing my identity. Loungers in doorways gazed, apparently taking me for a fugitive from justice, or a detective, being guided in my way to salvation or triumph. Or perhaps they thought that I was so ugly that I was ashamed to have my physiognomy visible.

Pretty soon storekeepers looked at me through their half-frosted panes, and remarked things to one another which I should have liked to hear. People turned around and stared after me. Soon small boys were following at a safe distance, certain that some gory crime was about to be perpetrated. Autos began to slow down to keep in sight of me. The police force considered it his duty to look into the strange matter here; wherefore he, too, joined in the procession at a safe distance. People looked out at half-opened doors and shaded windows and peeped between shutters. Soon a couple of young brats brought out some torches to enliven the scene. And thick and fast they came at last, and more and more and more. Somebody had a bugle; its strident note called forth a vast array of horns, pans, and drums.

Meanwhile, she and I were rather unsuccessfully picking our way among the ice and shadows; and I was trying to look superior and unconcerned in all the fuss. She seemed to be unconscious of so many eyes, and told me that I was too sensitive because I was afraid that I should make a spectacle of myself. To which I gallantly replied that I feared making a spectacle of her. Again she laughed, although the statement was true. I once walked backwards through the whole of Ardmore.

. . . But this was different, damnably different.

Every crossing loomed vast and deep. There was no other curb; there was no ice or snow projecting its helping top from the water surrounding it. All was water, water, everywhere. I didn't have any rubbers. My father had worn them to Chicago a time ago, and I had never seen them since. Neither had he. My feet were unhappily wet; my nose was still bleeding; I couldn't see to navigate the treacherous

channel; and she was laughing at me. That was the most unkindest—but I won't afflict you with that; instead I shall say something original: that was adding insult to injury.

I had never had so complete a nosebleed before. I had not known that my nose was capacious enough to bleed that way. I restrained my vocabulary and pretended to be facetious and witty. It was all pretense; she laughed at me. Eventually we got to our destination, and I felt relieved, vastly, great-and-gloriously relieved. I didn't care whether my nose bled or not, now; I could contend with it on equal grounds. The desire for a fair and square fight thrilled me. . . .

My nose had stopped bleeding.



Where Marriage is Not

By Harold W. Brecht

AH, M'sieu' Surgeon, they say that war is a terrible thing. Surely they are much wiser than I, yet—" He could not shrug his shoulders because of his wound, but he finished his sentence with a quick smile. "Nay, do not condemn me for my heresy till you hear me tell you about Fleurette—my little flower, whom the Boches could kill, yes, but not stain.

"We grew up together in Couccy, on the Aisne. From a child she was pretty: a little girl with shy eyes and bare brown legs, who did not like to be kissed. I was an unlovely little boy. Her father had been dead since she was a baby; and I had never had a father, so my mother and I were as poor as she was. I used to fancy the whole world hated me—and it did, pretty much—and I returned it hate for hate—ah, yes, M'sieu', altogether I was a sullen, unlovely little boy. And I hated poor little Fleurette, because she seemed so happy, I think, and I used to throw stones at her furtively, up the by-streets, and she would weep. Mon Dieu! how she would weep, and stick out her red, red tongue at me!

"The years pass slowly in Couccy, but one twilight when my age was fifteen years and seventeen days, and she was about thirteen, I should say, I met her in the wood, hunting chestnuts. I picked up a stone, as usual, but she did not flinch from me. 'Why will you make it more miserable?' she said, her shy, deep eyes meeting mine fairly, and at that minute I knew that I loved her. So down on the soft ground I knelt, in the shade that was rich with the glow of evening, and kissed her on the bare arch of her ankle—very silly, you say, M'sieu', but ah! I have never been worthy to lift my lips higher.

"Then—but you will not believe me—she put her little hands under my chin, so, and bent her mouth down and kissed me, a long, long kiss, M'sieu' Surgeon." He smiled a slow, happy smile at remembrance of it.

"That was how we plighted our troth, and I was happy that night, I have never been so happy again until now. Do not look surprised, I will explain.

"I do not know how it is in your country, but in France we peasants work from the dawn to the set of the sun, hateful, bitter, hopeless work, M'sieu'. We are always in debt; we never hope to catch up; we never have enough of anything, only work. Men and women and

children work side by side in the fields, and ah! toil like ours pays little heed to beauty. So, as I grew still older, I could foresee for my little Fleurette only that cheerless future of work, until her smooth cheeks would be crisscrossed with wrinkles, and her dear little hands would be gnarled, her slender shoulders bowed, and her warm lips cracked, and she would drag herself painfully along, mumbling to herself, and thinking only if there would be enough soup for dinner—like my mother. It is not a pleasant picture, M'sieu', and I was unhappy those days. I wondered whether I should run away, for she was wonderfully, surpassingly beautiful, and for beautiful peasant girls like her the good God, or some one, has provided . . . But I crave His pardon for the words, for I know better now, and I wished to show you the kind of thoughts that I was thinking then. But I could not bear to leave her—my little flower with the deep eyes that had smiled upon some glory, I know—and the day was set for our marriage.

"Then the war came, her saviour and mine, as sure as I am lying in your wonderful bed. I shall not go through again the old, worn-out story of the first days, but I was called away, and our train as it left was covered with flowers. But flowers do not help one much, and the only thing that cheered me was Fleurette's whisper: 'I know you'll come home to me, dearest.' That was what she called me.

"The Boches crossed the Aisne valley, as you know, and for weeks I was tortured between hope and dread, trust and distrust. The fellows in our regiment called me the 'Worried.' Then I received a letter one day, from the cure, very short, very straggling, for he had lost his right hand. Fleurette's body had been found in her room, a bullet through her forehead, a dead German on the threshold and in her hand the revolver I had given her. But her face was very peaceful, the cure wrote, and my little flower had met death full in the face, with a smile on her lips, as I shall meet it.

"Then I went mad, stark, raging mad, and my comrades called me the 'Hater.' I cursed—pretty nearly everything, M'sieu', and presently the charge came—the push, you call it. With all hell aflame in my heart, I was first over the top of the trench. A German bullet—maybe one, maybe two—struck me there, and I knew no more till I woke up here. But I know that I am happy and at peace with God, for Fleurette's beauty is assured, and I am wounded to death. I know that every word I speak decreases my span of life—nay, do not look afraid, M'sieu'——"

The nurse turned suddenly and whispered to the Doctor. "I thought you said that you could—save him."

The Doctor put a warning finger to his lips. "Ssh!"

"— I know that at this time tomorrow I shall see again, kiss for the third time, my Fleurette . . . up there, where she will welcome me. Ah, M'sieu', it is good to die, but so slow.

"I was not really worthy to kiss her feet, you know, but, Fleurette," with the quick, happy smile on his face as he lifted it to the ceiling, "I'll follow you home."

The Doctor spoke. "See—see that this man is not disturbed for twenty-four hours." He turned and walked heavily from the room.

On Being A Duchess

By W. S. McCulloch

THIS introduction is an insult to your intelligence. It's not my fault. The Editor-in-Chief, being slightly less obtuse than most of his profession, claimed that he understood what I meant by a Duchess, but that you would not. He demanded an introduction, and obtained it by the law of the big stick. You see, he claimed that a Duchess should be regarded, and referred to, as feminine. I told him that I was a Duchess, I produced an advertisement of "DUTCH-ESS TROUSERS." He only laughed; so we have to call the Duchess "IT." I am sure that the old saying is, "What is the use of being a Duchess if you can't wear an old bonnet?" and I never heard this phrase substituted—if you can't wear trousers. Of course, "IT" can wear trousers! The Editor does not know what he is talking about. His own words show that. This essay defines a Duchess. That is what I wrote it for. Now, when this brilliant one had read it, to the very last word, he said, "You will have to write an introduction, describing what you mean by a Duchess!"

Personal reasons—known to all who know me—have induced me to drive forth my bleeding-footed pen, over the mountains of prejudice, into the unknown lands beyond. In search of gold? No. In search of glory? No. In search of freedom. I shall follow his trail easily, for it is written in his life's blood. Behold him traveling! Now he halts to take breath at a comma, or a semicolon; now reaches a lofty hill-top. Ah! An exclamation! Now he scrutinizes the new country from

his vantage-point; searching for what? Is every new height gained an interrogation point? No. He has seen the goal of his labor—off with a dash to the sea—freedom. He halts for a period. Here he is free—free to do as he will. Others' opinions bind him no more. He stands alone; self-justified, self-admired, self-sufficient. There have been martyrs to freedom since the world began; freedom of body, mind, soul. But freedom of dress—a little freedom from the claims of fashion—such things are not to be hoped by any save the Duchess. The Duchess is unshackled. O Blessed Condition, how can man attain thee?

Well, gentlemen, I, your humble servant, am a Duchess. That's right; hold up your hands in befitting horror. You despise me for such conceit. None of you, surely none, consider yourselves better than your neighbors. You did not imply that when you indicated your contempt for me. No, you merely meant that I was even worse than you. But that is the other side of that same conceit. If I told you that Shakespeare could not write even as well as I could, it would sound just as conceited—and far more obnoxious—than if I said that I could write even better than he could.

But I am not willing to admit that conceit is undesirable. It is a God-given talent, and should be doubled before the account is called for. I'll leave it to you. The turtle could not live without his shell; nor the rhinoceros without his hide; nor man, without conceit. Oh, how our hearts go out to those poor people who lack it!—people who hide in dark corners when they hear a strange tread on the stair; people who think that every harmless word we utter contains a covert sneer which they are too dull to understand, so they wince all the more. Isn't that your idea of a man without conceit? I call such an one most hopelessly conceited; for he is unwilling to let us see himself, his ideas, the things he admires, for fear we should laugh, and hurt his pride. He is unwilling to cast his pearls before swine.

Excuse me, gentlemen, I never meant to use that word. I assure you that I recognize that you are inmates of the seventh heaven of society, members of the Three Hundred, high priests of the altar of Fashion. I am sure you are all nobles—yes, perfectly sure. Why? Well, you are born gentlemen. You are well read, both in the classics and the literature of the time. Your clothes do not attract attention and comment. The dull mahogany furniture in the parlor has stood in its place for a hundred years, and it had a history before that. The queer, old graceful bowl on the side table has engraved on it the names of your forefathers, reaching back for centuries—men known in art, in war, in the church. Your family is still before the world in the person of your

famous uncle, the poet of the old school; and in the person of your esteemed brother, the architect who designed the church at the corner. It is a beautiful building, and is in keeping with its surroundings, for you live in what used to be the fashionable quarter, which still retains the best part of its reputation. Society comes to you. You need not seek it. You are not exhibiting, with someone to take tickets and count noses at the door.

Mr. and Mrs. Maloney, on the other hand, think that to have money, and not to exhibit it, is to waste it. Mrs. Maloney gives three balls a week, and a card-party every Sunday (the rest of the time she goes out), all for no other reason in the world than to show the modern style of an expensive house in the new residence section. Of course, she cannot afford to waste her time and effort on those who lack wealth and fashion to return the compliment. The only way of reaching the house is by a drive. Everybody comes in cars. The officious gate-keeper is always a little hilarious. The stained-glass windows on either side of the rosewood front door are the color which is all the rage—bilious yellow. When the servant in his gorgeous livery opens that door, a strange and striking scene presents itself. There is music, without harmony; luxury, without comfort; grandeur without beauty. The lady of the house puts down her dainty cigarette and sidles over to greet you. We take her hand with an indescribable sensation. It might as well be a cordial jellyfish. When we reach a place of seclusion, we have a violent argument as to the location, shape and number of all her beauty-spots. She was almost too endearing at first, liked sofas too well, straightened my tie too often—until our conversation turned to ancestry. It came out—by accident, of course—that she was descended from the First Earl of Kildendale. But I, I was descended from nobody who was called Sir. Then Jack Frost himself could not have been colder. My friend fell from grace because he let slip that he lived on the far side of the avenue which divides the fashionable from the hoi polloi. And you, nob though you are, will come to grief, for you have no car. Archibald alone will make good; he lives in sanctum sanctorum of fashion; he has an automobile; his father was a German count—he is a boob!

The night after that ball, I had a vision; and behold, there came a woman, clad in cloth of gold. In her hand she bore an offering, bought from them that sold in the temple. Eagerly she brushed past the high priest and laid her sacrifice on the fire which burns forever on the altar of Fashion, her god. Then she fell on her knees, and cried with a loud voice:—

"O Fashion, from my youth up I have served thee. Night unto night have I desired thee; day unto day have I sacrificed unto thee.

"2. Thine enemies have I utterly destroyed; the Gentiles have I driven from thy holy hill.

"3. My life is spent; my purse is empty.

"4. If now, O Fashion, I have found favor in thine eyes, let the offering of my gold, and the burnt offering of my flesh be savory before thee.

"5. Hearken unto my cry, and incline thine ear unto thy handmaid;

"6. For I would that I might serve thee in the stead of this, thy high priest; in this, thy holy of holies.

"7. Fulfill now, O Fashion, the desire of thy servant, that I may make a glad noise in all the earth.

"8. But Fashion, her god, was angered, and breathed the fire of his wrath upon that woman.

"9. And, behold, the bloom of her youth became like to dust upon her cheek;

"10. And the grace of the hue of her hair faded, like to straw;

"11. And the lustre of her eyes perished; and her feet shrank, so that she could no more walk upon them;

"12. And the priests, the anointed of Fashion, drave her from the Temple.

"13. And I awoke; and, behold, it was a dream."

Thank Heaven! I would hate to think that that was the end of all my fashionable friends. I am sure that nothing of that sort will happen to Mrs. Maloney. Yet I cannot help feeling glad that I am neither the high priest of such a god, nor its demented worshiper; neither nob, nor snob; neither you, nor Mrs. Maloney.

I see your smile. You think that I am just the other kind of a snob; the kind that considers itself superior to the decrees of Fashion, that despises those who wear good clothes. You are exactly and beautifully wrong. The true Duchess has friends in every walk of life—Mr. Fitzosborn, and his waitress; Mrs. Maloney, and their gardener; longshoremen, great financiers; the great cardinal, the saloon-keeper; society's outcasts, society belles:—all these call the smiling Duchess friend, than which there is but one more endearing name—one too sacred for print. Yet the Duchess does not lose caste by these associations, any more than a nob by patting his dog.

Ah! Now you have discovered what I meant by saying that I was a Duchess. I meant that I was to a man what a nob was to his dog; more of a nob than the greatest nob! Why will you always jump to conclusions, gentlemen? You are further from the track than ever. The nob is the highest caste among the worshipers of Fashion; but, inasmuch as he has caste, he can lose it. The Duchess has no caste, and so can never lose it.

Doubtless that is what you thought all the time. You always knew it was the lowest order of fashion. That is why you despised me when I admitted that I was that detestable thing—a Duchess. You have always known that I and your ashman were of the same social caste. You could tell it from the similarity of dress. Well, gentlemen, I compliment you on your powers of penetration, and thank you from my heart for your kindly intended concealment of that knowledge. Your talents are immense. You have penetrated my disguise. I wish to call your attention to this fact, which might so easily be overlooked; the thing you saw beneath my disguise did not exist.

An ashman is not necessarily a Duchess; for, if he is proud of his rags, he is a snob, in embryo; or, if he is ashamed of them, he is a nob, in embryo. I never said that a Duchess was the lowest caste of the worshipers of Fashion; I said it had no caste at all. Can you tell me to which of the species of the horse family belongs the cow?

The Duchess does not belong to any caste of the worshipers of the god, Fashion. It is an unbeliever. Sometimes the orthodox invite it to dinner, partly out of curiosity, partly out of missionary zeal; but more often they convict it of heresy, and either convict it to the cheerless dungeon of Coventry, or roast it alive in the Scandal Column of the Society Buzz-buzz. All are the same to the Duchess, for it has the bleeding-footed pen over the mountains of prejudice into the Elysian Fields beyond. Behold, then, the Duchess, standing triumphant, alone; by the sea of freedom; self-justified, self-admired, self-sufficient.



He Who Laughs Last

By Alan W. Hastings

THREE girls were chattering over their tea, or rather, one was chattering very fast; she was a tall, dark-haired person. One was chattering very fast when she got an opportunity; she had brown hair. And one chattered not at all, unless she had something to chatter about, which is not chattering. Therefore, I repeat, she chattered not at all; and she was a little person, with light hair. What is more, she had a dimple.

"Richard Harding has been calling on Marguerite Lance for more than three weeks now, ever since the Humphreys' dance. I guess Marguerite will be wearing a ring on her third finger pretty soon." She giggled. It was the first girl, of course.

But woe to that giggle! The other girl seized her chance. "Yes, nobody in the world could stop that love affair now."

"Do you really believe that?" It was the light-haired person this time.

Scorn came into the dark-haired girl's voice. "Believe that! I'll bet you a spring hat that if anybody tried to meddle with their love affair, those two would be engaged inside of twenty-four hours."

"All right, I'll take you," laughed the light-haired girl. "You know," she added, "I don't know either of them. I don't know how I'm going to do it either, but I will win that hat."

* * * * *

Now, everything might have gone well with that light-haired person's plans, but the chubby, blue-eyed god of love heard what the girls said at their tea, and straightway his brow was knit with thought. He had planned that Marguerite and Richard should love; he had shot two winged arrows and watched with satisfaction their work; and now he, Cupid, did not propose to be thwarted by an insignificant person with light hair.

At last his brow cleared.

Richard sat in the glare of his office light. He gave a sigh of satisfaction; his desk was cleared at last. It was fifteen minutes until the office closed; it was three hours and fifteen minutes till he would see Marguerite. He smiled at a little spot in the ceiling. He wished the time was already come to mount a certain long flight of steps and lift the knocker of a certain door. He smiled again at the little spot. Old Jane, as dignified as the Pope, would show him in, and three minutes

later—just three minutes by the stately clock in the hall—there would be a rustle on the stairs and——. He laughed this time at the little spot. His mind filled out the picture of the evening. There would be a fire in the big fireplace, a glowing, breathing fire, that had little playing flames; and he would sit deep in the big leather rocker and look across at two sparkling eyes and a beautiful face framed with soft brown hair.

Yes, Marguerite was his ideal.

Then he frowned. No, she did not have a dimple, and Richard, being a hard-headed business man, adored dimples.

But the spell of his dream and of the fire came back and he resolved that he would ask Marguerite something that evening, a certain very important something.

The bell rang in the outer office. He rose and, after closing his desk, went out.

He had hardly gone before the waste-paper basket rustled and out stepped Cupid. He blew a kiss after him and vanished with a tinkling laugh.

* * * * *

Marguerite was pretty. Indeed, everybody admitted it.

Mary, her new maid, was pretty. But nobody notices maids.

And Marguerite was not only pretty but wise, for she was playing the game for love.

Also, Mary was wise. One has to be very wise if one wishes to win. And she was playing the game for a new spring hat.

Richard, being a hard-headed man who adored dimples, was, nevertheless, in love with Marguerite. As proof of the fact, there was a little square box in his vest-pocket.

Now, Marguerite had been dressing—I dare not say how long, because you would not believe me. But she told Mary to go to the door when he came, although she would rather have gone herself. Hoyle, however, to the contrary.

Richard, being a hard-headed business man who adored dimples, was, nevertheless, in love with Marguerite. As proof of the fact, there was a little square box in his vest-pocket, when he mounted a certain long flight of stairs, two at a time, and lifted a certain knocker.

A moment's pause, and the door swung open, revealing Mary in a demure maid's costume. He looked at her, and a vague feeling that he had made a mistake seized him. This was not the Jane of yore. She smiled, and Richard realized with a start that she had the prettiest dimple that he had ever seen.

Still he hesitated, and, as the pause had passed all bounds of propriety, she prompted him by asking, "Do you wish to see Miss Lance?"

He started, and said he did.

She opened the door wider. "Who shall I tell her?"

"Tell her—ah—Richard."

"Won't you step in, Mr. — Richard?" Again the dimple came and was not.

"I guess I will."

One must wait at least three minutes before coming down. "The effect of this wait is to impress the visitor with the extreme condescension of one's presence."

Richard, however, did not spend those three minutes in being impressed, or in thinking of Marguerite. (Here lieth Hoyle!) He was mentally swearing in a helpless manner at the dumb way in which he had acted at the door, until the dimple, like a vision, put other thoughts to flight.

Cupid, hidden behind the vase on the mantel, began to get worried. This would never do. But soon there came a rustling on the stairs, and he smiled again.

Marguerite found Richard very hard to talk to that evening. He was so absent-minded. He asked her about her new maid. Hoyle did not stipulate against conversation about maids, but why talk about maids, when there was another subject which you wanted to talk about very much; when instinct told you there was something you wanted very much in a certain vest-pocket?

At last the firelight, dancing on soft brown hair, wrought its spell about him, and he remembered.

A silence longer than usual followed this remembering, and Marguerite's heart went faster, ever so much faster. Cupid smiled a self-satisfied smile, and came out and sat down at the base of the candlestick. They wouldn't look his way for a while.

Just when Richard's hand was wavering about his pocket, the telephone rang with vehemence. A half-minute later, Mary stepped into the room.

"Mr. Brenniman says he must speak with Miss Lance."

Cupid had scrambled behind the vase; he was very angry indeed. Just at the crucial moment, too! Marguerite was so vexed that she could have cried.

"Tell Mr. Brenniman that I am not at home, and also any others who may call."

"All right, Miss Lance." Mary smiled—at Richard—and the dimple came and disappeared. Richard was again aware that Marguerite had no dimple.

This time he was looking the facts in the face; Cupid could not deceive him with a dream. She did not have a dimple. He began to talk about the war. Marguerite would almost as soon have had him talk about maids.

Meanwhile Cupid, behind the vase, sat down in thought. A man loves to see a pretty face across a little table, with a small, shining, steaming pot of something (tea, or cocoa, perhaps) on it. Marguerite suggested cocoa.

She touched the bell, and Mary soon appeared, with a little tray which she set on the little table drawn up between them. Marguerite proceeded to pour. This time Richard neglected to look up, as Mary went out, and the smile was unheeded. Richard was watching a pretty face across the table and those deft fingers as they poured chocolate.

Mary realized with a frown that, if she did not do something at once, all would be lost.

Cupid came out and sat on the mantel and kicked his heels over. Richard's hand again strayed towards his pocket. Marguerite's cheeks became flushed and her eyes sparkled more brightly. She poured out two little cups, and prattled foolishly all the while. Then she needs must carry Richard's cup around to him. In the transfer of the cup that soft little hand touched his, and somehow,—they stayed thus for a full five seconds.

Meanwhile Mary in the little kitchen had been planning desperately. Her eyes fell on the plate of cookies which she had forgotten to take in. Quickly she snatched it up, and—she was none too soon. The swinging door opened on the two as there they stood. Richard started; Marguerite snatched away her hand, and—Crash! The little cup of cocoa broke on the arm of the chair and splashed.

I give you my word of honor that Cupid swore.

Mary almost laughed right out, but the door swung back in time.

Like a child about to cry, Marguerite stood looking at her hands, stained with cocoa. Richard was looking too, and he thought how beautiful those hands would be with a little ring—. Quick as thought, he drew forth the box and slipped the little ring on the third dainty finger.

By some caprice of Chance, Marguerite's waist had escaped the flying deluge of cocoa, but Richard was not the man to stand aside for Chance. Five minutes later, there was an exceptionally large amount of cocoa on Marguerite's waist.

I give you my word of honor that Cupid laughed.

The Editor's Reflections

IT is my habit, being of a somewhat dreamy nature, that verges more often toward sentimentality, I fear, than toward anything better, to find pleasure in the most innocent of pastimes; forgetfulness, even, in waters that smack not at all of the waters of Lethe; and to search for redemption in my vision.

On a midsummer Sunday, when the sultry air seemed sweet with the memory of a half-forgotten happiness, yet oppressive, as though presaging a sorrow that is to be, I had been tramping wearily along a dusty, apparently interminable road, and found myself at about ten o'clock in the morning, at a little white country village. It was a straggling little place, with a white old tavern in the center that had been licensed centuries before the Revolution, and old men with white beards and white clay pipes were sitting in a semicircle in front of it, dozing through a drowsy conversation. Gardens bordered the street, sedately riotous with old-fashioned flowers; modest pinks and the low-flowering jasmine, sweet-williams, and my untrained eyes saw marjoram, heartsease and rue. The air had a delicate sweetness, like that which lavender gives a drawerful of old linen, and a sleepy cat lifted a reluctant paw, trying to catch flies—whose every buzz seemed labored, to blend with the universal lassitude.

But all this brought little solace to me. There was always the thought of tomorrow, of Blue Monday and its cares, of the devil's own Monday and the rest of his weekdays. So I turned my steps into a little, whitewashed church, sheltered behind some pines that made the air heavy with yet another scent. I sat in a pew, with heavy, mahogany varnish clinging in beads to its cracks, and the strong savor of pine. I shook myself to forget the visions of my childhood, which my surroundings had recalled to trouble me, and I betook myself to observing the people who were filing into the church.

The tired man, with the cheap celluloid collar and the kind of tie to hook on, ready-tied, and his tired wife, and the three tired children, who would presently intone praise of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in tired voices, go home to sleep after their dinner of boiled potatoes and ham, and wake up tired. What visions could they have? The Vision of Rest, perhaps, which had been put aside from them by the Genius who presided over their poverty.

The fat little man, with the thick gold chain, and the jingle of money in his tight pocket. His was the Vision of Gold, which is the Vision of Dross.

The girl, with the ostrich plume which she had curled herself, shading eyes that were a little too innocent, not ignorant enough. Hers was the Vision of Love, which the kings of the Jews bought, some thou-

sands of years ago, and we have hawked on the streets, from Bagdad to Pittsburgh, ever since.

So my thoughts went, and I asked myself, as the most optimistic of you ask yourselves, now and then, what was the true vision, if there were one? Was it Art, "there is none"; or Beauty, which can be bought by the barrel, and sold by the hundredweight; or Honor, which is a byword; or Truth, which is a mockery; or God, who made a hell?

Then, (perhaps I fell asleep and dreamed, I do not know), a little girl entered the church. She was clad in slender white, with a white silk ribbon like a halo about her bright head, and an indefinable grace about her whole person. The Spirit of the little white town must have given it her, for an aureole. Her dark, enigmatic eyes roved the church, as though they were looking for some one, and rested on me with faint disapproval troubling them. She sat down between her mother and father, in the pew in front of me.

An insurgent little curl strayed out upon her neck, and while the sensuous part of me watched, I wondered if the mother and father knew what a gift the good God had vouchsafed them when He trusted them with this little girl, whose feet did not touch the floor; or whether they regarded her merely as one who would do the dishes. The Vision of Childhood, that happy birth-time of memories, was it not then the Vision of Travail? The Vision of Children: the vision of aloof strangers separated from their parents by a gulf that one cannot shout across.

Presently a little boy came in, in knickerbockers and a bow tie, with fair skin that had a tendency toward freckles, and a nose that had more than a tendency toward snubness. He sat down beside me, and immediately the little girl turned and smiled at him; the kind of smile the Master must have seen, just before He told of the kingdom.

Often through the service she sent him that flashing smile, and he smiled back, and scratched his initials on the bench. Presently the dreary sermon was done. She dropped demurely behind her parents, and her soft eyes beckoned him.

He put his arm about her slender shoulders, very gently, with a calm disregard of the worshippers at another shrine, and the man who had a Vision of Gold smiled as he passed them, and the girl with the tawdry plume and the shifty, wistful eyes turned away. I murmured, somewhat haltingly, (for my lips were little used to the words) a benediction; for on the midn'ght of my sadness had broken the light of a little child, and the white walls with the sombre shine of the pine-trees through the windows, seemed to echo, or perhaps it was I who echoed, "Benedicite."

(It must have been a dream.) Then I saw that each has unto himself the true Vision.

ALUMNI

'63

William M. Coates, president of the Philadelphia Board of Trade, has been appointed one of the American Committee of the Lyons Sample Fair, which maintains an exhibit of American-made goods at Lyons, France. The fair proved very successful last year, and has stimulated the sale of American products throughout France.

'70

The Rev. Charles Wood, pastor of the Church of the Covenant, Washington, D. C., will give the Noble lecture at Harvard University for 1918. Dr. Wood has been active in the training camps and for the American Red Cross, and has written "Some Moral and Religious Aspects of the War, 1915."

'72

Dr. F. B. Gummere has been appointed a member of the Committee on the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences of Harvard University.

'88

Thomas J. Orbison is a captain in the Medical Corps of the United States Army and is stationed at Camp Kearney, San Diego, Cal.

'89

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Lewis, of Millville, Pa., entertained President Comfort at a supper party on Wednesday, January 16th, the night of the Glee Club concert, before the Fathers' Club of Millville. William H. Nicholson, '92, and George H. Thomas, '02, helped in planning the affair.

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'92

Dr. Christian Brinton, author of "Modern Artists," delivered an illustrated lecture on January 16th before the Washington Society of the Fine Arts on the "Russian School of Painting."

'93

W. W. Haviland, principal of the Friends' Select School, Philadelphia, presided at a meeting of the Friends' Educational Association before Christmas. The meeting was addressed by Dr. Lida B. Earlhart, of New York City.

Ex-'93

Among recent publications of Haverfordians is "A Maid of Old Manhattan," by A. A. Knipe.

'97

Alfred M. Collins and Emmett R. Tatnall, '07, respectively president and treasurer of the Haverford Alumni Association, have entered the government service, the former as a major, field inspector of ordnance, U. S. R., the latter as a member of the non-flying corps of the Aviation Service. Mr. Collins has the last two years been president of the Main Line Citizens' Association, and has delivered lectures on big game hunting in Africa, South America, and Alaska.

'99

In the *Standard* for December appears an article by Royal J. Davis, "The Press in Time of War." The kernel of Mr. Davis' article is the need for constructive criticism in dealing with any public evidence, and that it is easy enough to check obstructive propaganda and, at the same time, keep an open-minded attitude which is really an aid to the government.

'00

Major Grayson Murphy, M. P., vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, has resigned his position as head of the Red Cross Commission abroad, giving place to Major J. H. Perkins, a Harvard graduate, and will take up work in the regular army. Mr. Murphy, after leaving Haverford, graduated from West Point, and feels that he should give the government the benefit of this military training. As European Commissioner of the American Red Cross, Mr. Murphy was a guest of honor at the dinner of the Harvard Club of London at Claridge House, on October 1st.

'02

A poem, by C. Wharton Stork, "The Flying Fish," has been printed in W. S. Braithwaite's *Anthology of Magazine Poetry* for 1917.

'06

James T. Fales has been appointed City Attorney of Lake Forest, Ill.

'07

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Evans are being congratulated on the birth of a son, Nathaniel Hathaway Evans. Mrs. Evans is a sister of Nathaniel Hathaway, ex-'19.

'09

A son, Alfred Lowry, 3d, was recently born to Alfred Lowry, Jr., and his wife, Grace Bacon Lowry, who are on Y. M. C. A. service in France.

The engagement of Jane Watson Taylor, of Langhorne, Pa., to R. Newton Brey, of Philadelphia, has been announced.

'10

Willard Pyle Tomlinson was married to Cornelia Jessie Turner, of Woods Hole, Mass., on December 5th.

'11

John S. Bradway has been attending the Naval Pay Officers' School at the Catholic University, Brookland, D. C. He is a ranking ensign.

Philip B. Deane is superintending the purchase of chemical supplies for the English armies in Bombay and Simla, after finishing similar work in Sidney, Australia.

David S. Hinshaw is the executive secretary of the special Army and Navy Fund of the American Bible Society.

On January 7, 1918, a son, Charles Frederick, 2nd, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Miller, of Lancaster, Pa.

Irvin C. Poley has been chairman of the Weekly Conference held by the Germantown Branch of the Society for Organizing Charity.

Victor F. Schoepperle has the position of assistant sales manager in the National City Company, New York.

Edward Wallerstein has been made a first lieutenant in the National Army.

'16

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Carroll D. Champlin and Miss Helen Karns, of Bryn Mawr. Mr. Champlin is an instructor in the University of Pittsburgh.

'15

Edward L. Farr has recently been awarded a commission as second lieutenant at Fort Meyer, while Albert Stone, '16, has been appointed a first lieutenant at Fort Oglethorpe.

'16

Ralph V. Bangham, Assistant Professor in Biology, has received notice from his local board of examiners that he has been accepted for special service in the army and will be called at a later date. Bangham will probably serve as a bacteriologist in the government service.

Frank W. Cary recently received a commission in the Aviation Service, and is now an inspector in that branch.

Lawrence E. Rowntree was killed in action in Flanders on November 25, 1917. He was the son of J. Wilhelm Rowntree, a well-known Quaker preacher, and was born at Scarborough in Yorkshire. He was educated at the Bootham School, and spent his Freshman year, 1912-1913, at Haverford College, where he played on the soccer team. The next year he spent at Cambridge, and at the declaration of war he joined the Friends' Ambulance Unit. The following year was spent in the ambulance service at York Hospital, and the next year he volunteered in the British Army Motor Corps.

'17

Willard M. R. Crosman, who was with the City Troop at Augusta, has received his appointment for the Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Camp Hancock, Ga.

Among the pall-bearers at the funeral of Kenneth Hay, of Pennsylvania Base Hospital Unit No. 10, in France, were L. M. Ramsey, '17; H. L. Jones, '17; R. B. Greer, '18, and W. B. Moore, '18. Altogether there are twenty Haverfordians in this unit.

Arthur C. Inman has a poem in W. S. Braithwaite's *Anthology of Magazine Poetry* for 1917, entitled "The Picture."

Roland Snader has enlisted in the Medical Reserve Corps of the United States Army.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. La Rue, of Pelham Road, Germantown, have recently announced the engagement of their daughter, Margaret La Rue, to Justus Clayton Strawbridge.

'18

J. M. Crosman and J. A. Hisey, ex-'18, who were in the Headquarters Department at Camp Meade, have been appointed to the Officers' Training Camp, which will be held at Camp Meade, and will undergo a three months' course of study in preparation for their examinations for commissions.

Evan J. Lester, Jr., of the Senior Class, has been awarded the Clementine Cope Fellowship for 1918. The fellowship permits graduate study in any university, though Haverfordians in the past have generally taken the extra year of study at Harvard. This year the faculty has made a special ruling which will enable Lester to take up war work on his graduation and take the fellowship when he can.

Percy S. Thornton, ex-'18, and Samuel Wagner, '16, who are at

Augusta with the City Troop, have been assigned to the Officers' Training School at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.

Ex-'21

C. A. Brinton has entered the Aviation Service in the Flying

Department, and has left college for the training camp.

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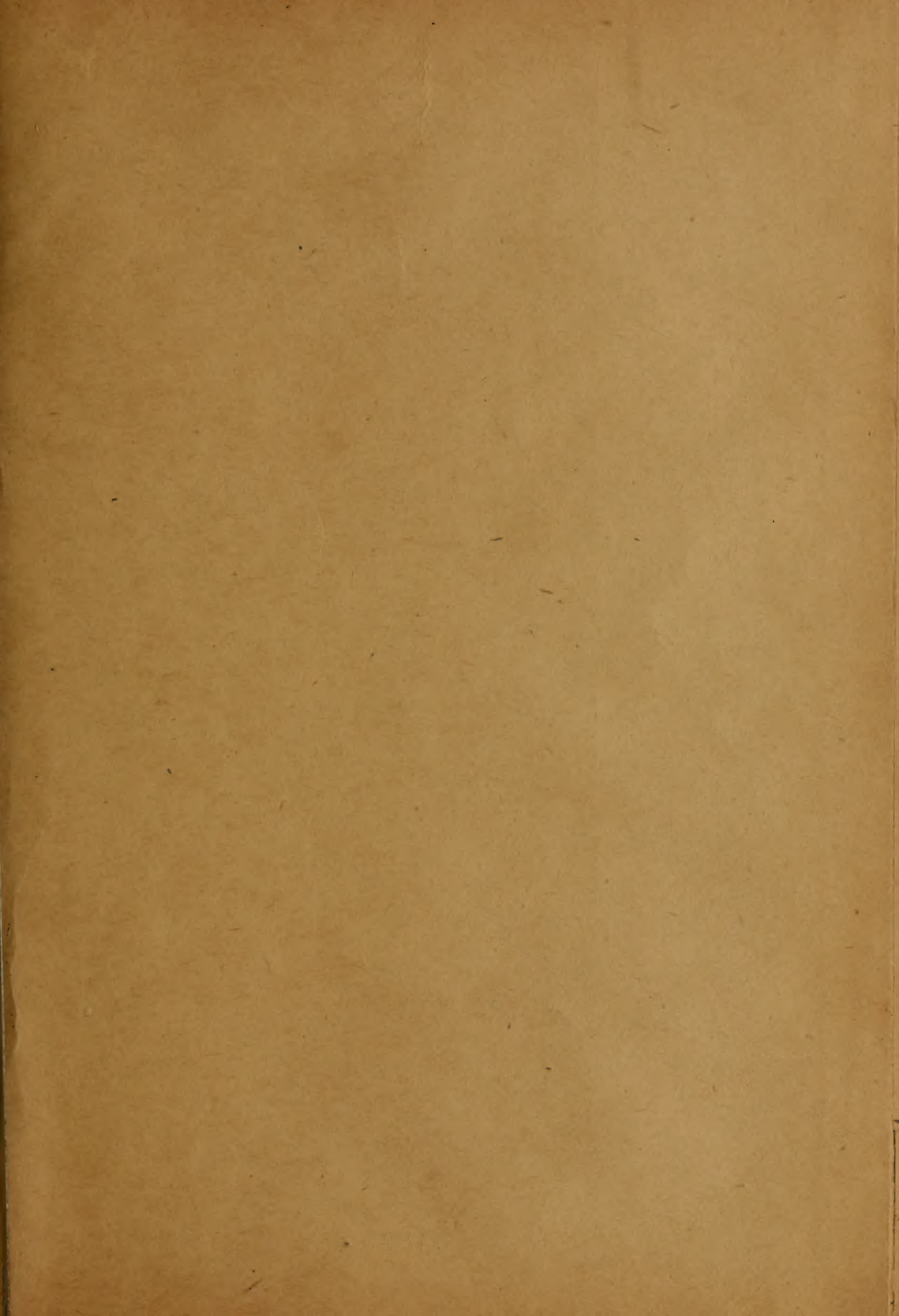
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